OVER THE GARDEN WALL™

TOME OF THE UNKNOWN

JIM CAMPBELL

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OVER THE GARDEN WALL™

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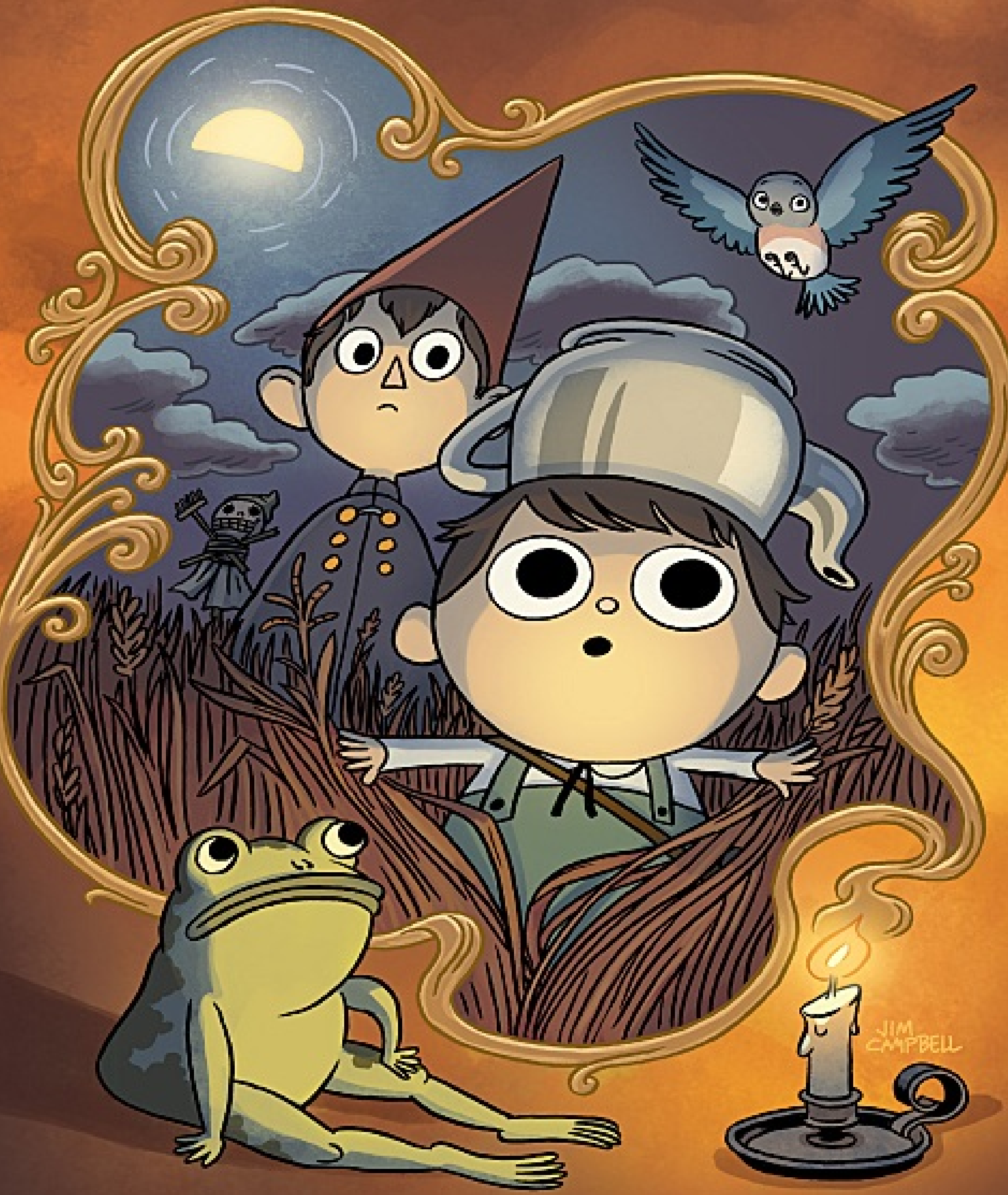
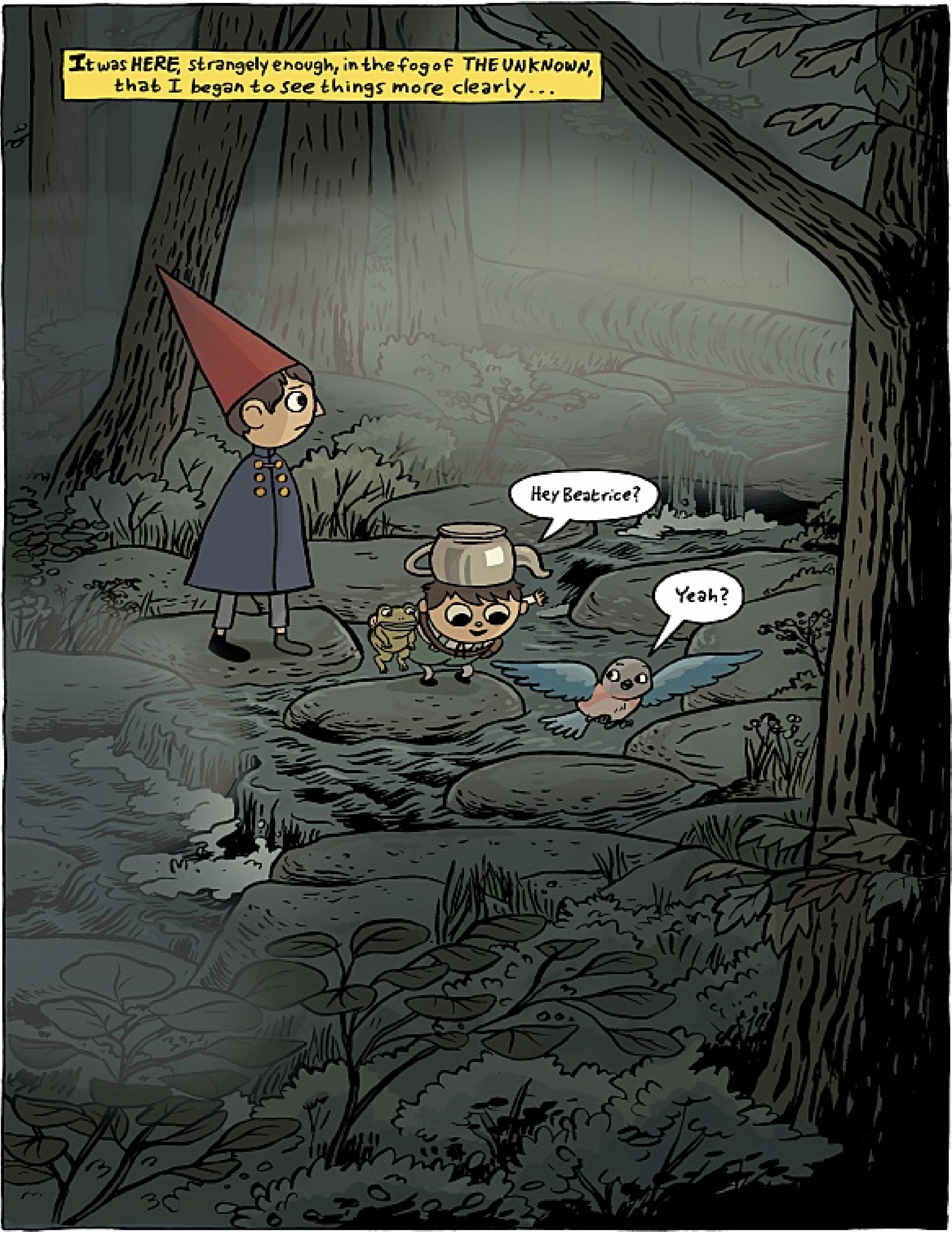
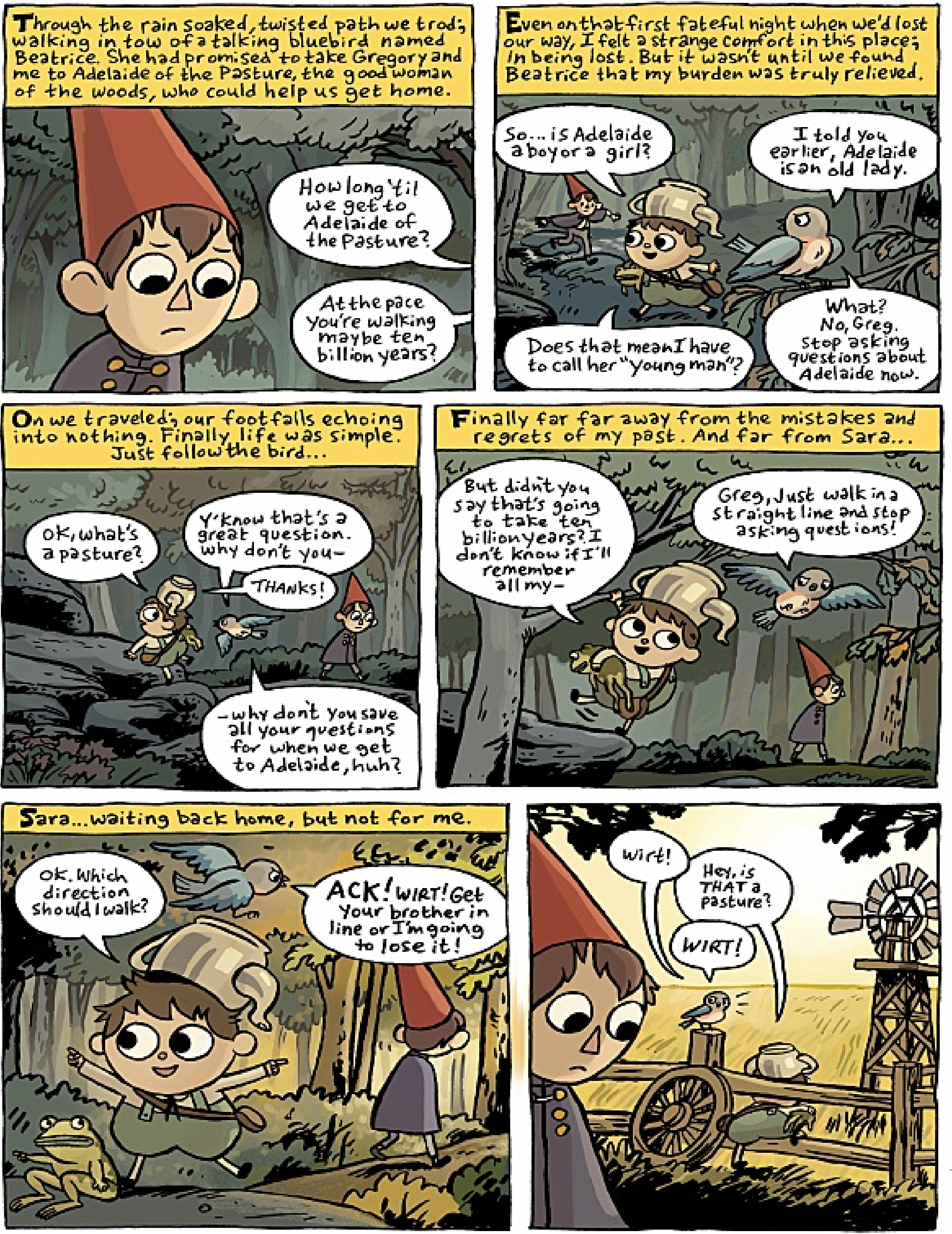
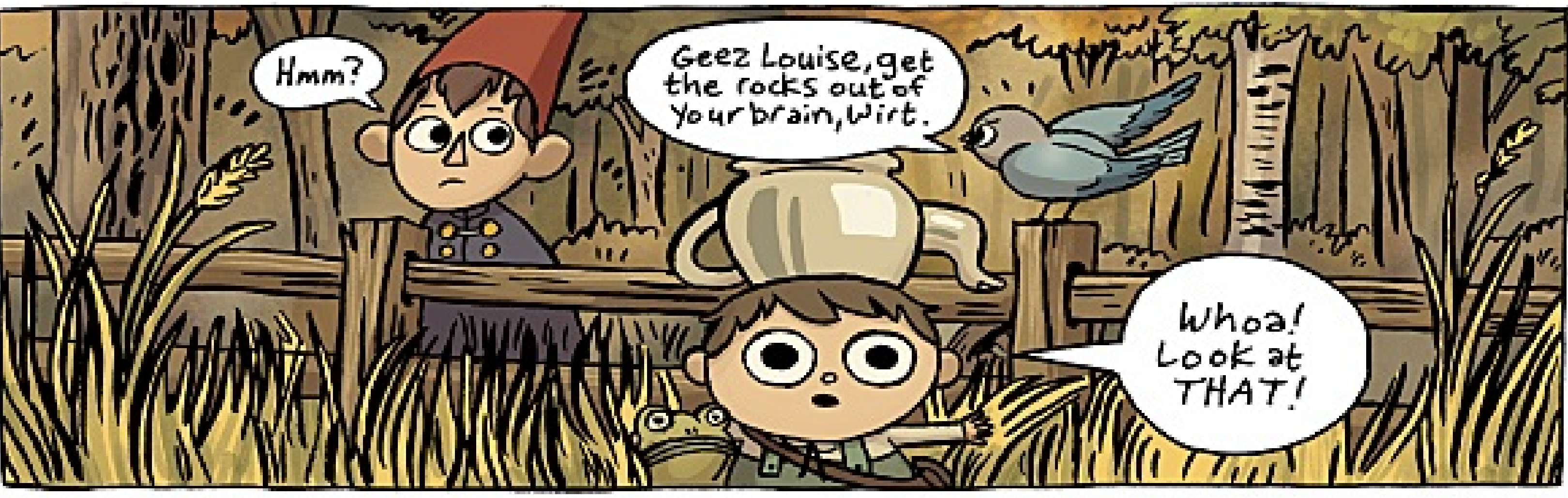
FOUR WAYWARD SOLDIERS

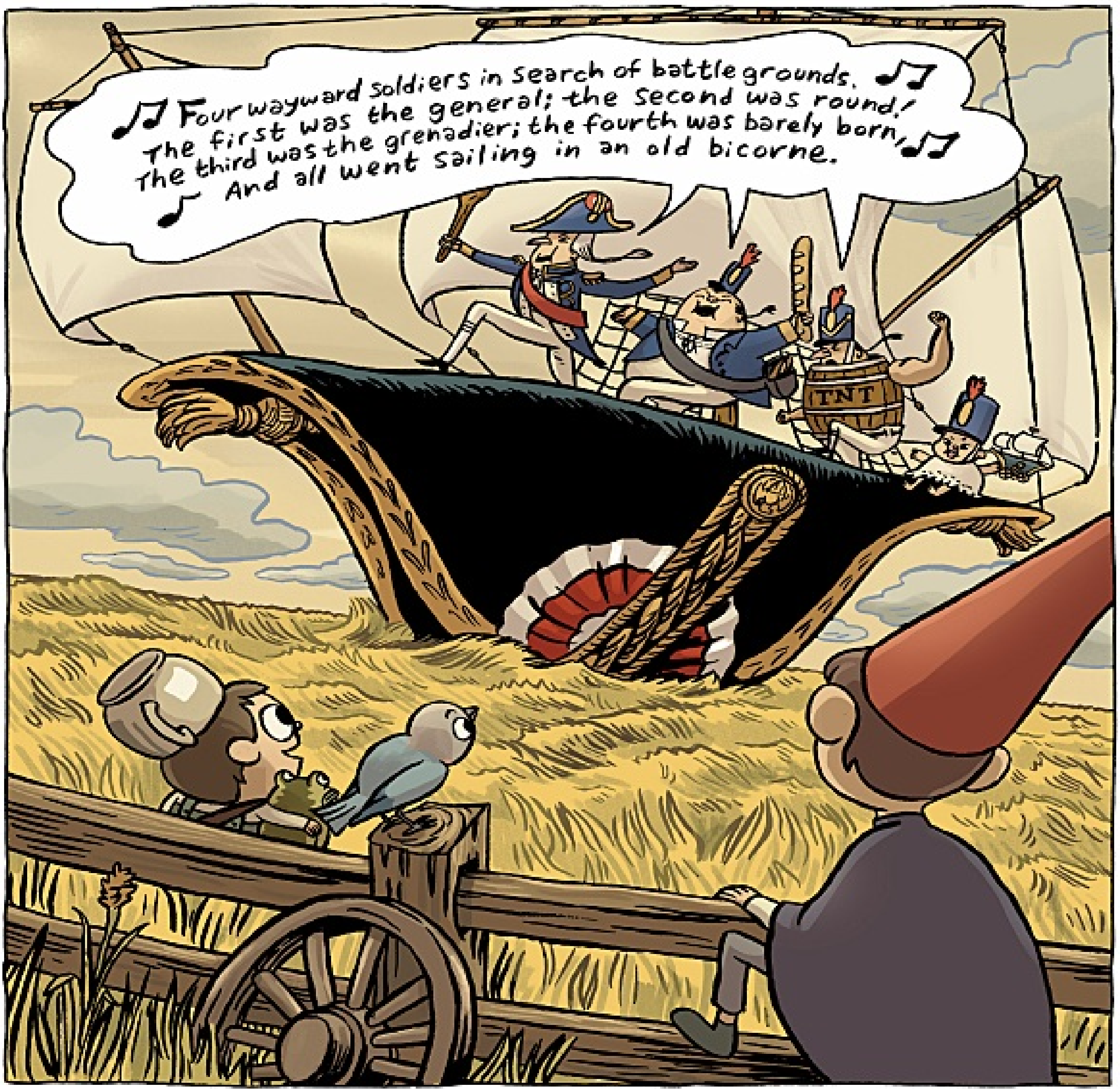

JIM CAMPBELL

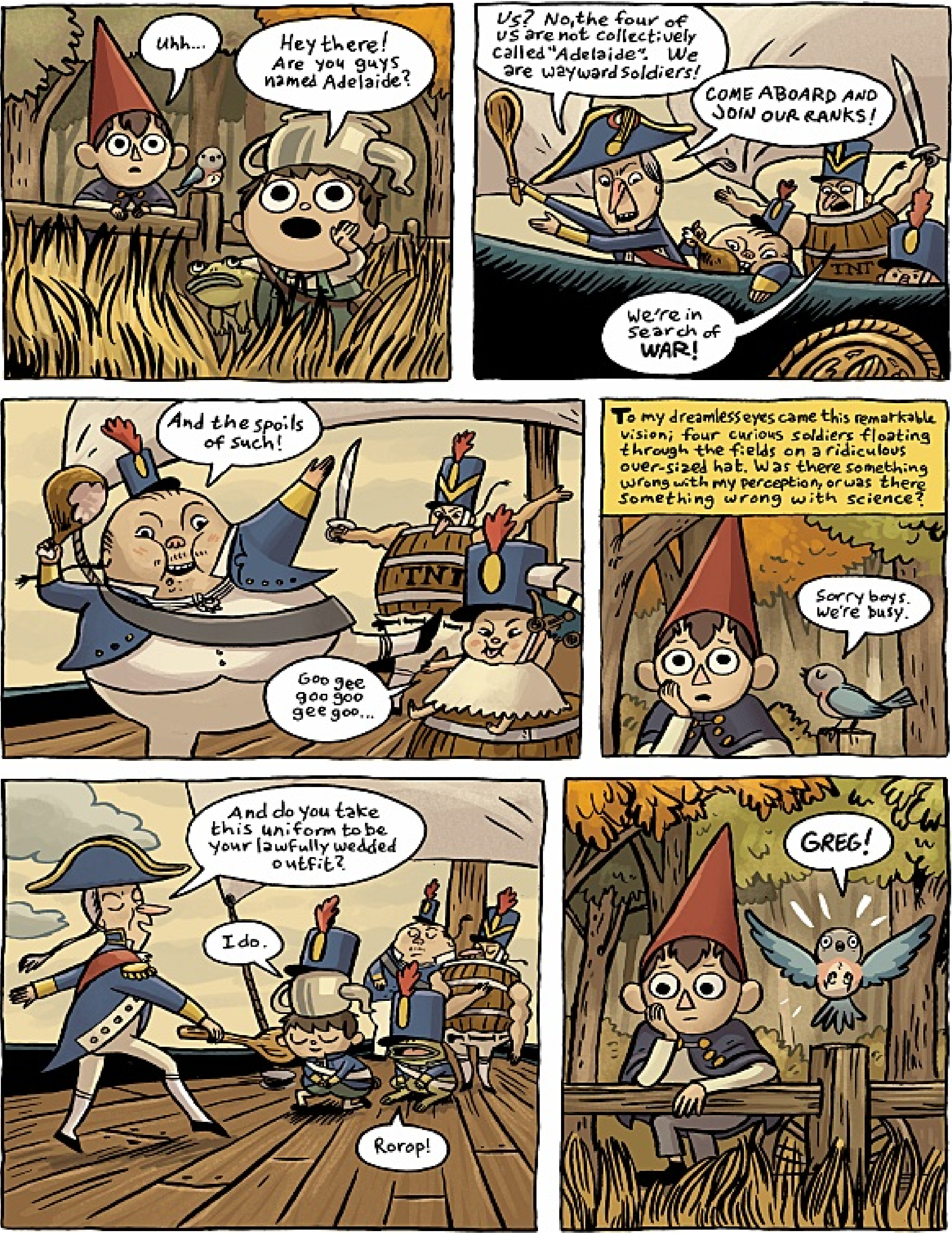
SPECIAL #1 COVER BY JIM CAMPBELL

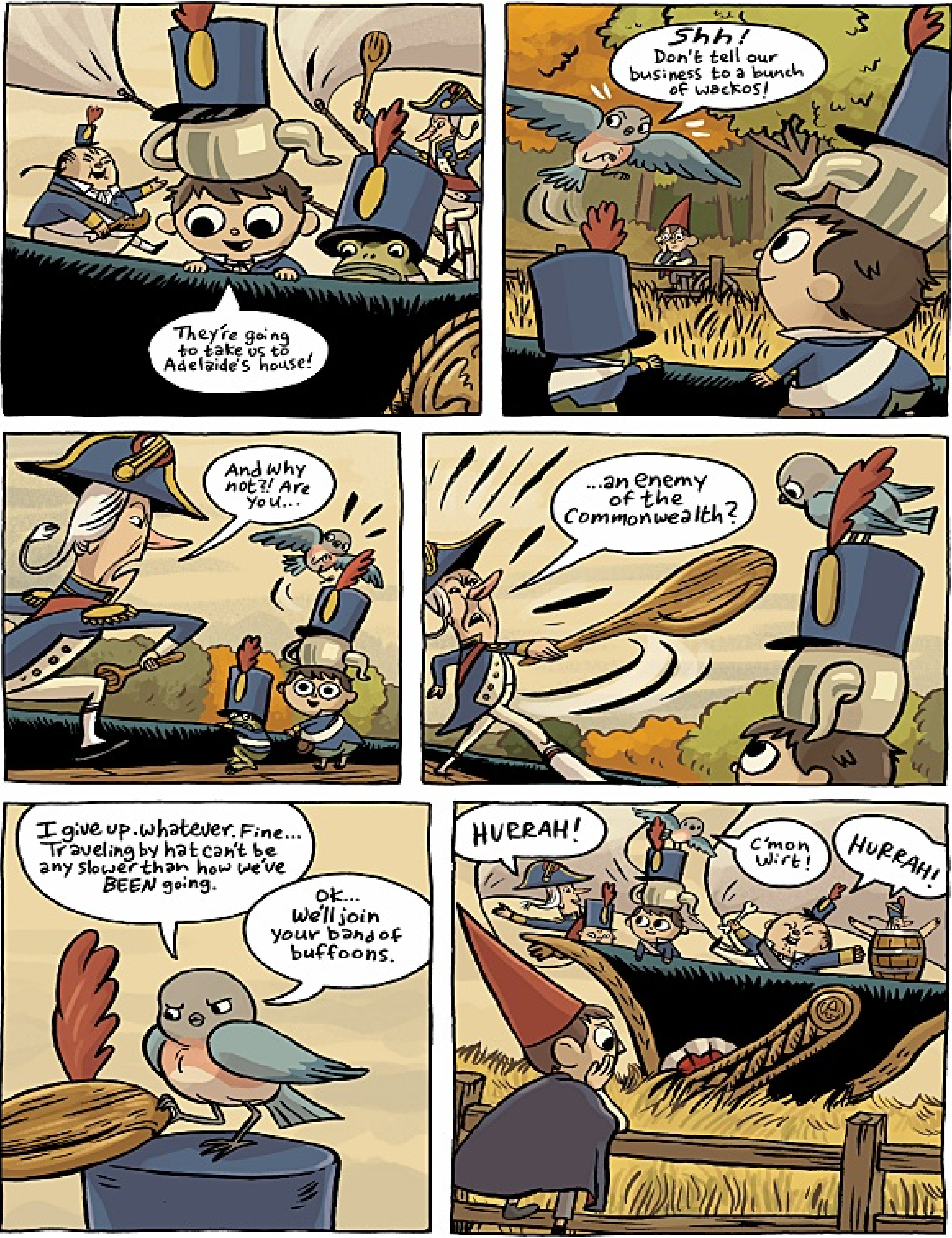

It was HERE, strangely enough, in the fog of THE UNKNOWN, that I began to see things more clearly...
Hey Beatrice?
Yeah?

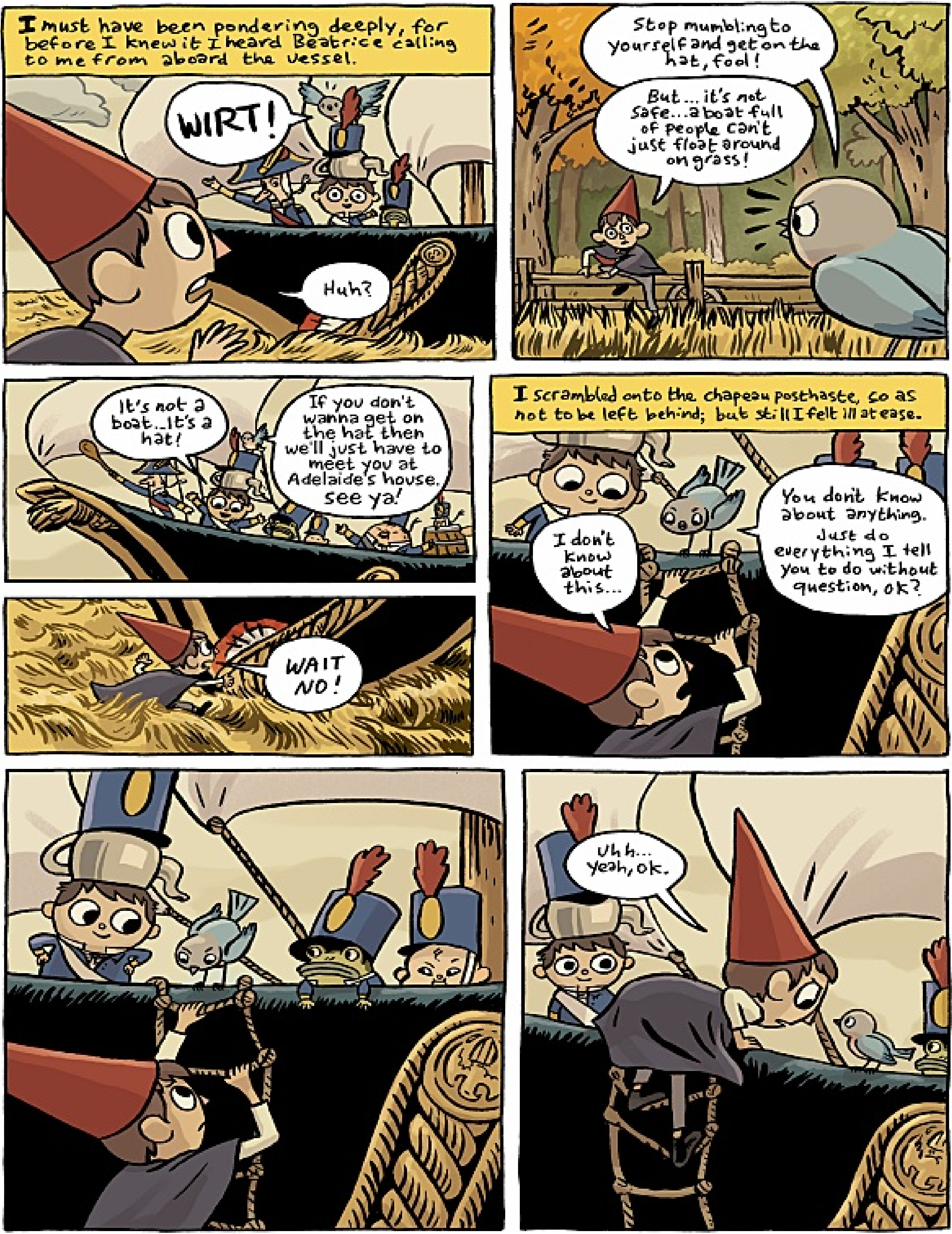

Through the rain soaked, twisted path we trod; walking in tow of a talking bluebird named Beatrice. She had promised to take Gregory and me to Adelaide of the Pasture, the good woman of the woods, who could help us get home.
How long 'til we get to Adelaide of the Pasture?
At the pace you're walking maybe ten billion years?
Even on that first fateful night when we'd lost our way, I felt a strange comfort in this place; In being lost. But it wasn't until we found Beatrice that my burden was truly relieved.
So... is Adelaide a boy or a girl?
I told you earlier, Adelaide is an old lady.
Does that mean I have to call her "young man"?
What? No, Greg. Stop asking questions about Adelaide now.
On we traveled; our footfalls echoing into nothing. Finally life was simple. Just follow the bird...
OK, what's a pasture?
Y'know that's a great question. Why don't you—
THANKS!
—why don't you save all your questions for when we get to Adelaide, huh?
Finally far far away from the mistakes and regrets of my past. And far from Sara...
But didn't you say that's going to take ten billion years? I don't know if I'll remember all my—
Greg, Just walk in a straight line and stop asking questions!
Sara... waiting back home, but not for me.
OK. Which direction should I walk?
ACK! WIRT! Get your brother in line or I'm going to lose it!
Wirt!
Hey, is THAT a pasture?
WIRT!

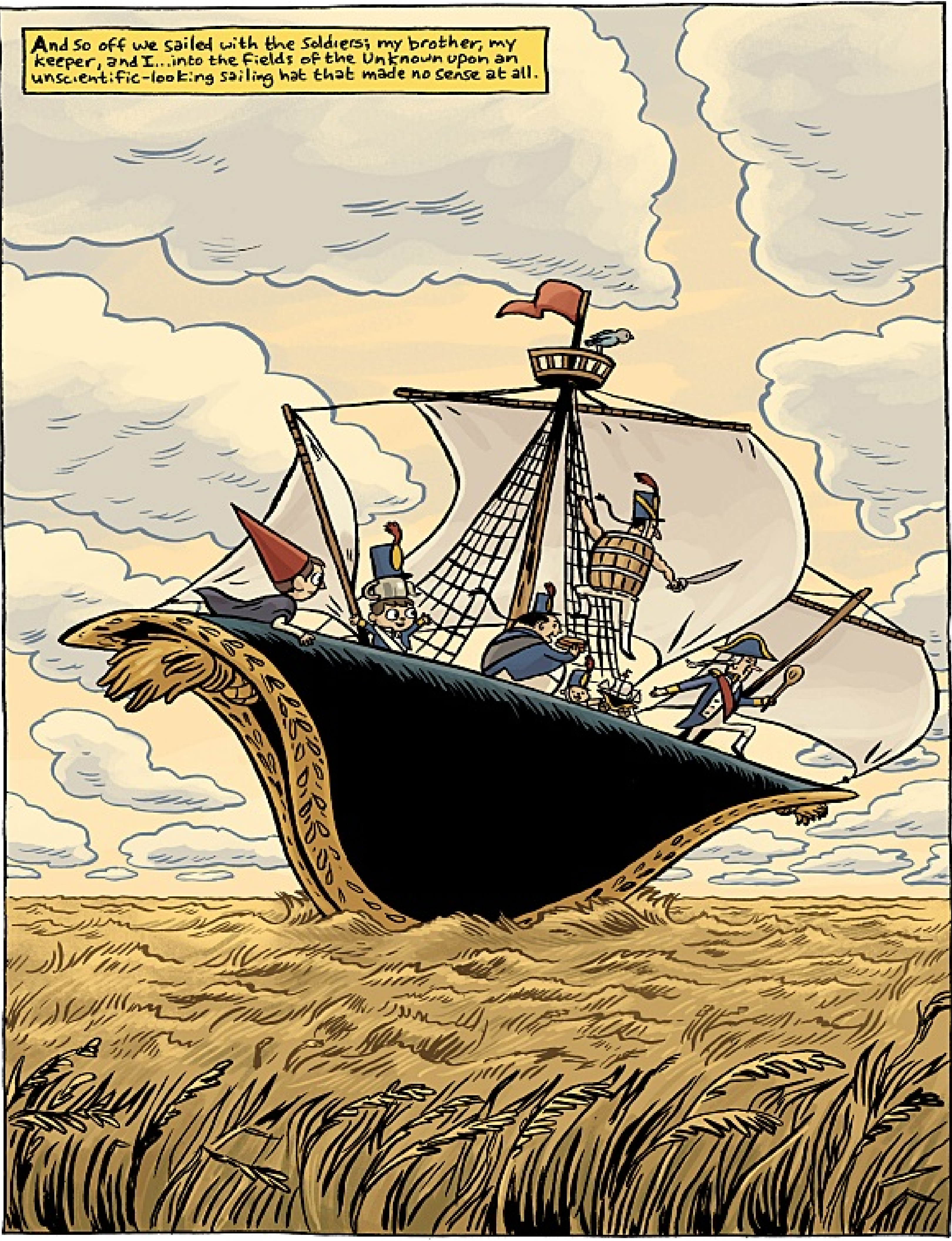

Hmm?
Geez Louise, get the rocks out of your brain, Wirt.
Whoa! Look at THAT!

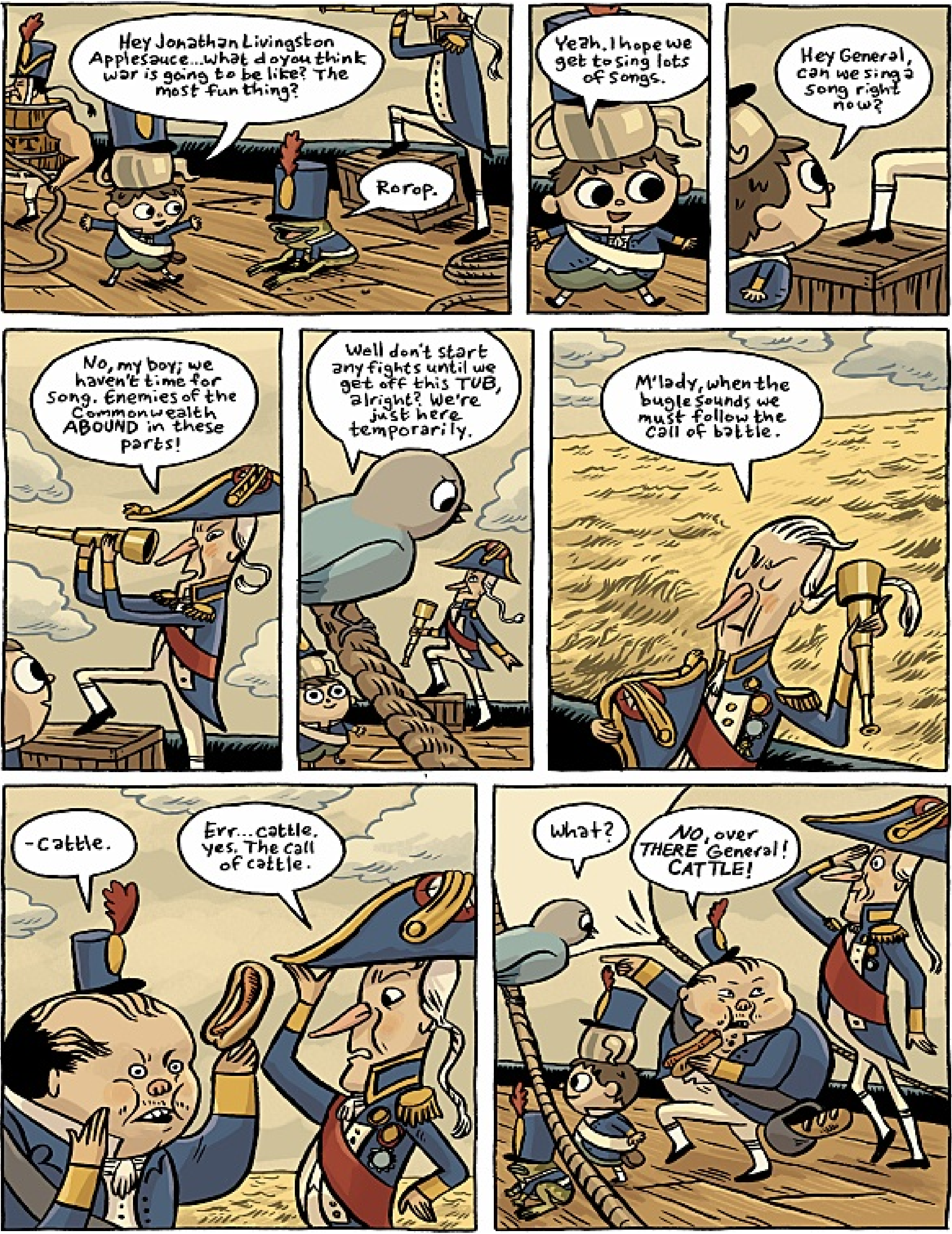

♫ Four wayward soldiers in search of battle grounds. ♫
The first was the general; the second was round!
The third was the grenadier; the fourth was barely born, ♫
♪ And all went sailing in an old bicorne.
TNT

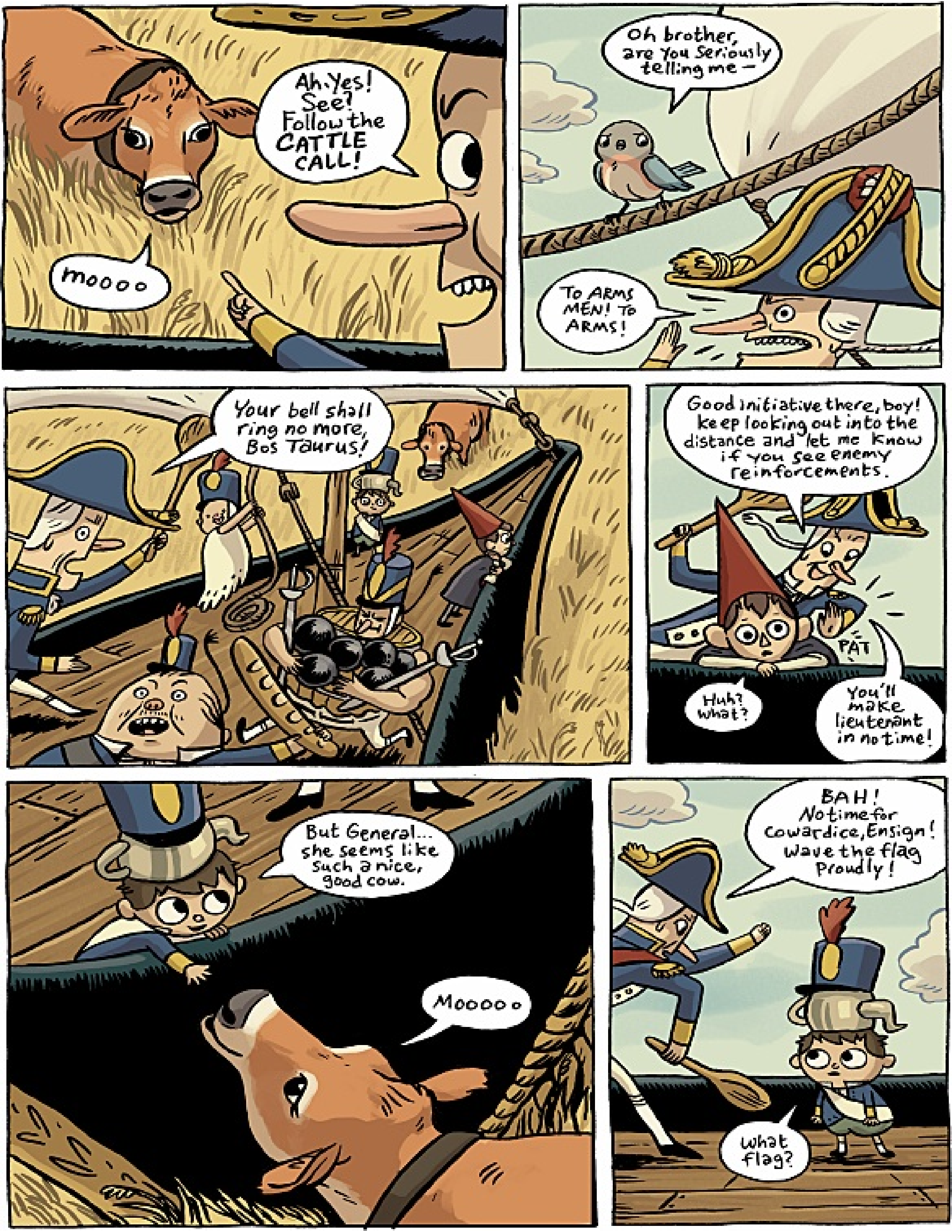

Uhh...
Hey there! Are you guys named Adelaide?
Us? No, the four of us are not collectively called "Adelaide". We are wayward soldiers!
COME ABOARD AND JOIN OUR RANKS!
We're in search of WAR!
And the spoils of such!
TNT
Goo gee goo goo gee goo...
To my dreamless eyes came this remarkable vision; four curious soldiers floating through the fields on a ridiculous over-sized hat. Was there something wrong with my perception, or was there something wrong with science?
Sorry boys. We're busy.
And do you take this uniform to be your lawfully wedded outfit?
I do.
Rorop!
GREG!

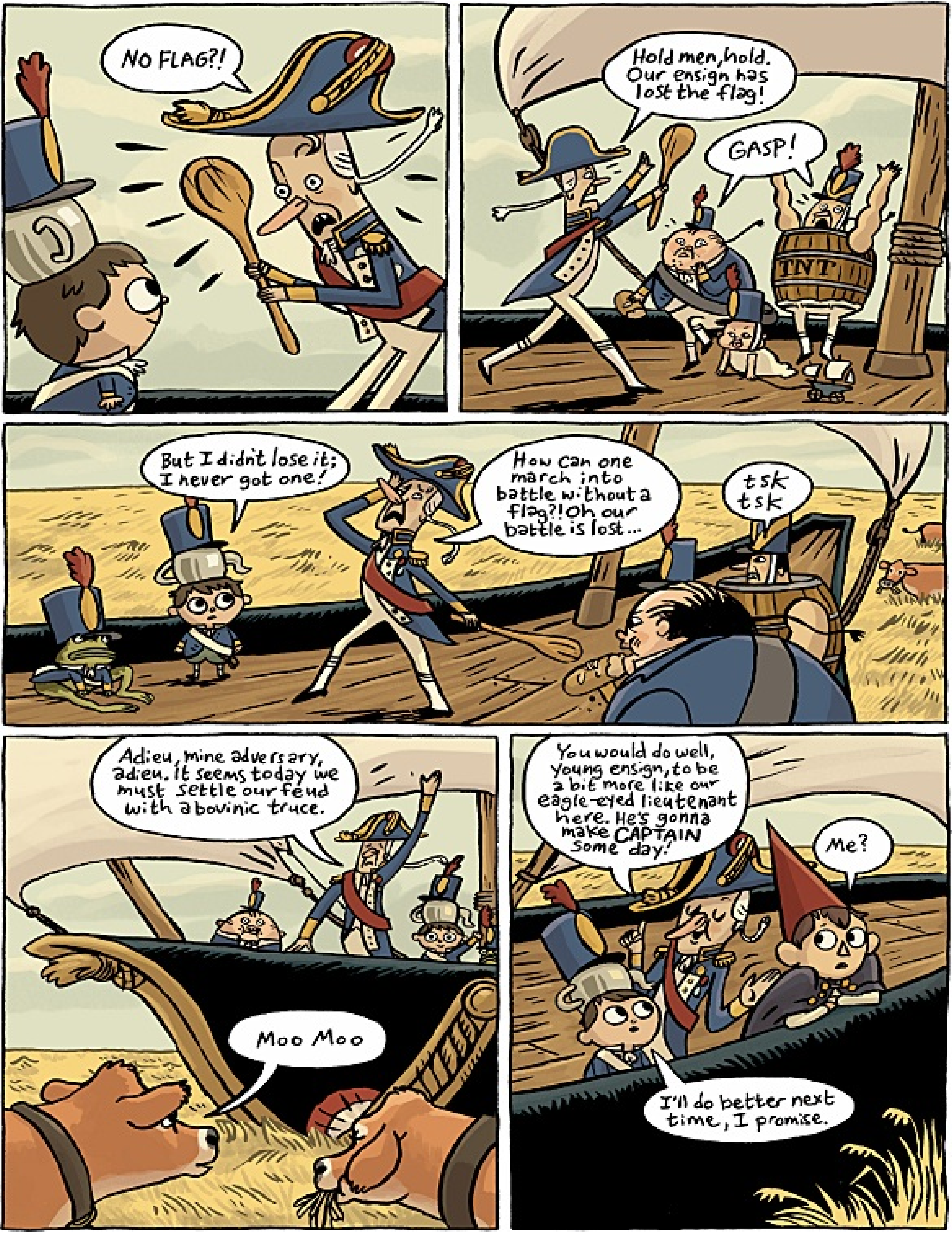

They're going to take us to Adelaide's house!
Shh! Don't tell our business to a bunch of wackos!
And why not?! Are you...
...an enemy of the Commonwealth?
I give up. whatever. Fine... Traveling by hat can't be any slower than how we've BEEN going.
Ok... We'll join your band of buffoons.
HURRAH!
C'mon Wirt!
HURRAH!

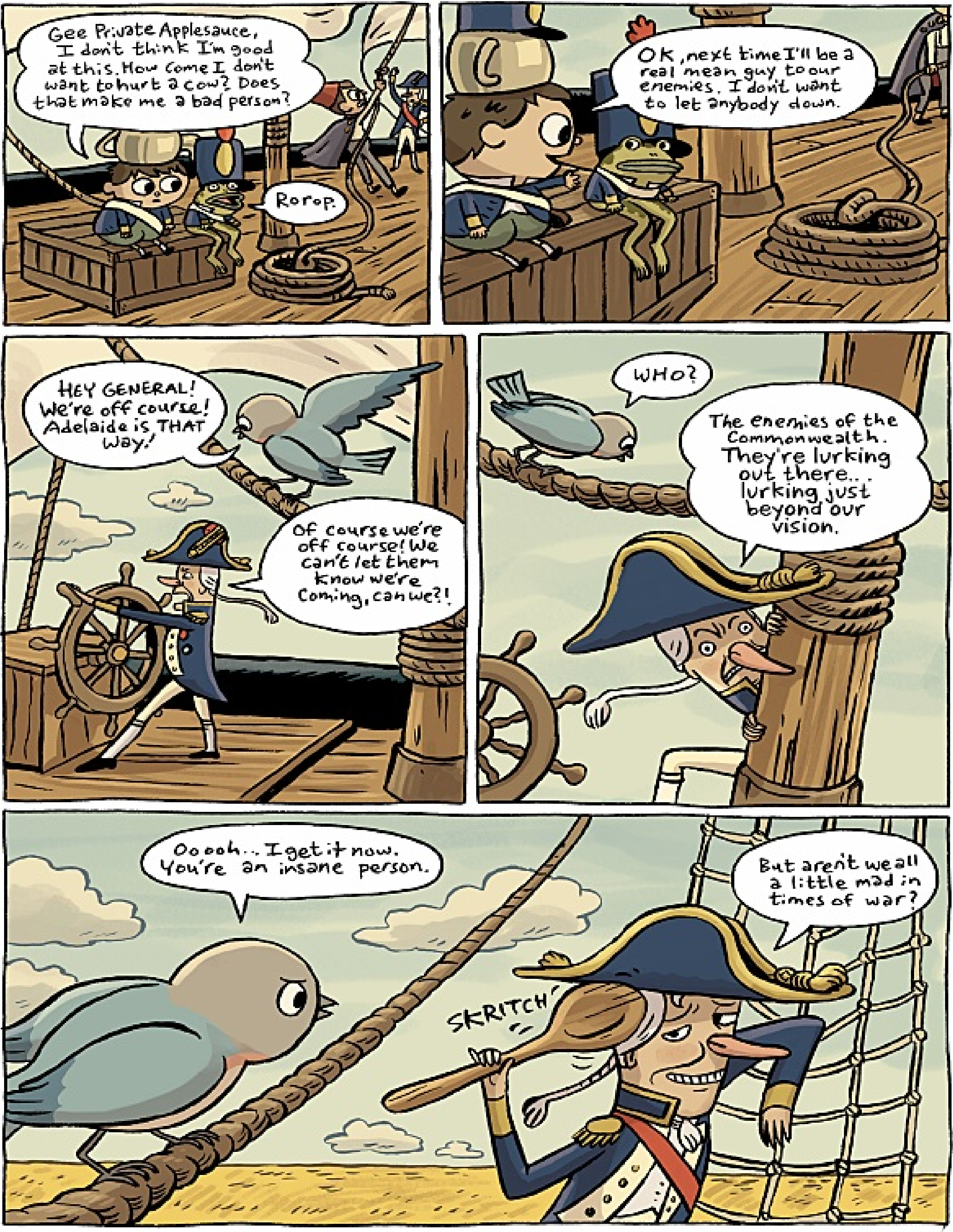

I must have been pondering deeply, for before I knew it I heard Beatrice calling to me from aboard the vessel.
WIRT!
Huh?
Stop mumbling to yourself and get on the hat, fool!
But... it's not safe...a boat full of people can't just float around on grass!
It's not a boat...It's a hat!
If you don't wanna get on the hat then we'll just have to meet you at Adelaide's house. See ya!
WAIT NO!
I scrambled onto the chapeau posthaste, so as not to be left behind; but still I felt ill at ease.
I don't know about this...
You don't know about anything. Just do everything I tell you to do without question, ok?
Uhh... yeah, ok.

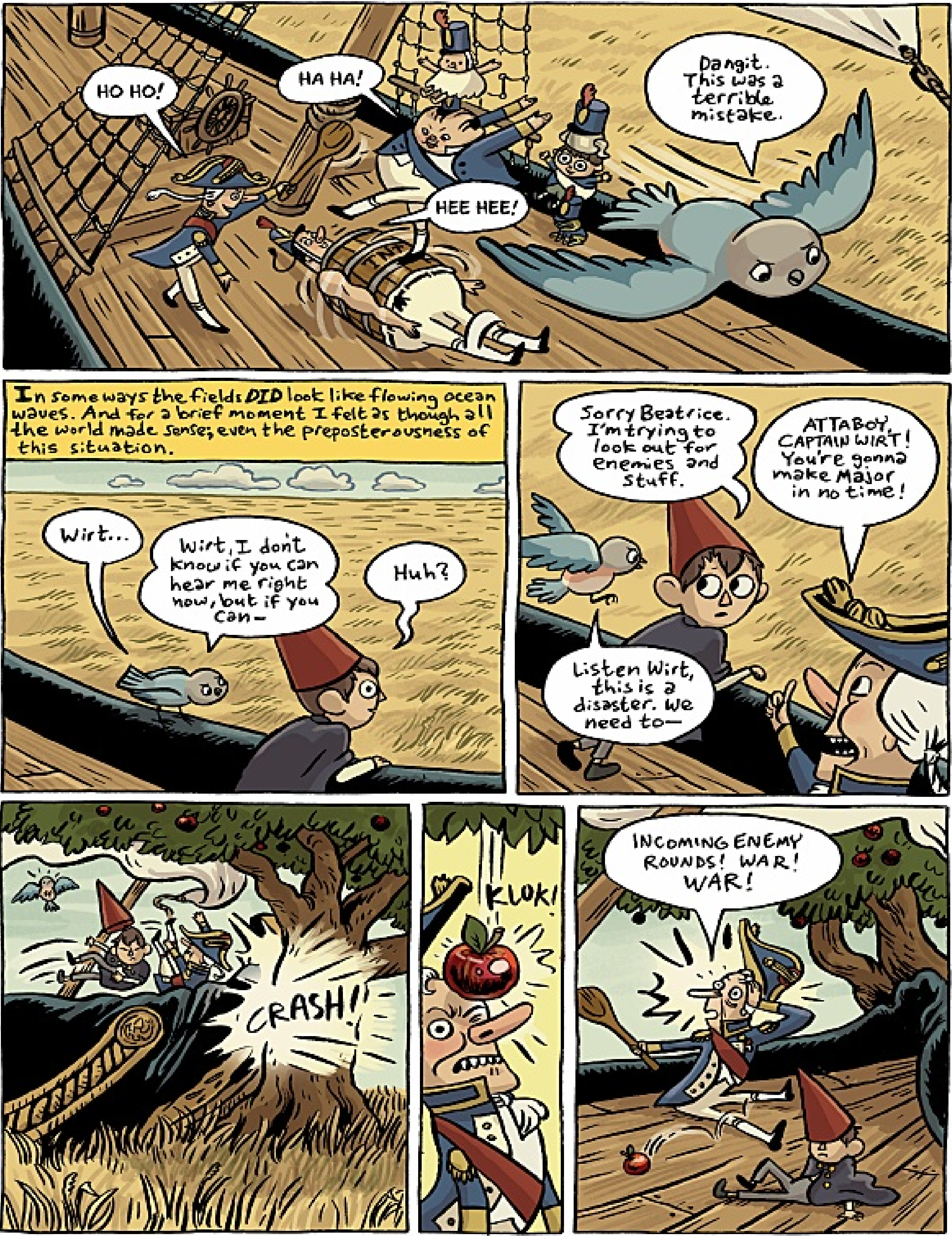

And so off we sailed with the soldiers; my brother, my keeper, and I...into the Fields of the Unknown upon an unscientific-looking sailing hat that made no sense at all.

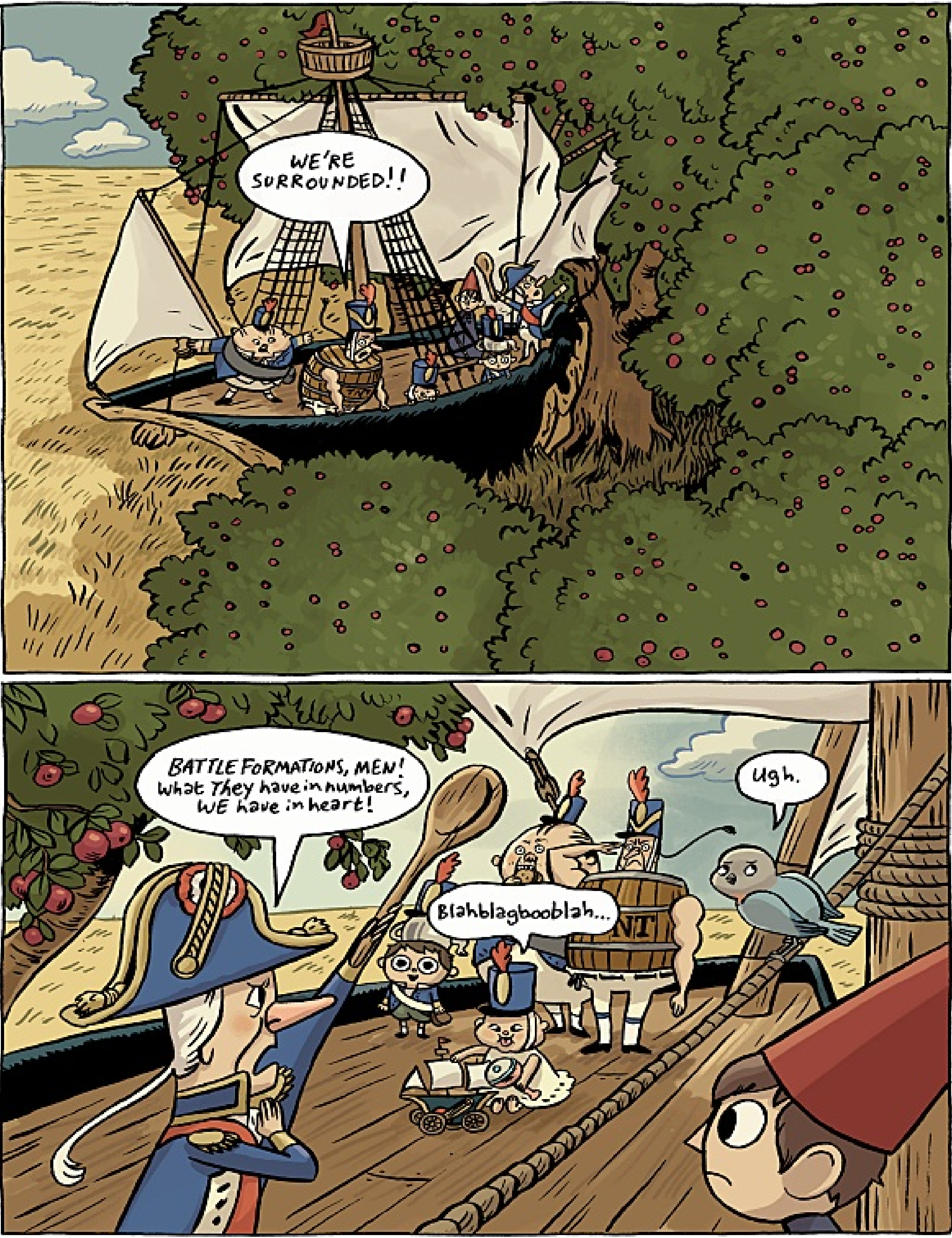

Hey Jonathan Livingston Applesauce...what do you think war is going to be like? The most fun thing?
Rorop.
Yeah, I hope we get to sing lots of songs.
Hey General, can we sing a song right now?
No, my boy; we haven't time for song. Enemies of the Commonwealth ABOUND in these parts!
Well don't start any fights until we get off this TUB, alright? We're just here temporarily.
M'lady, when the bugle sounds we must follow the call of battle.
-Cattle.
Err...cattle, yes. The call of cattle.
What?
NO, over THERE General! CATTLE!

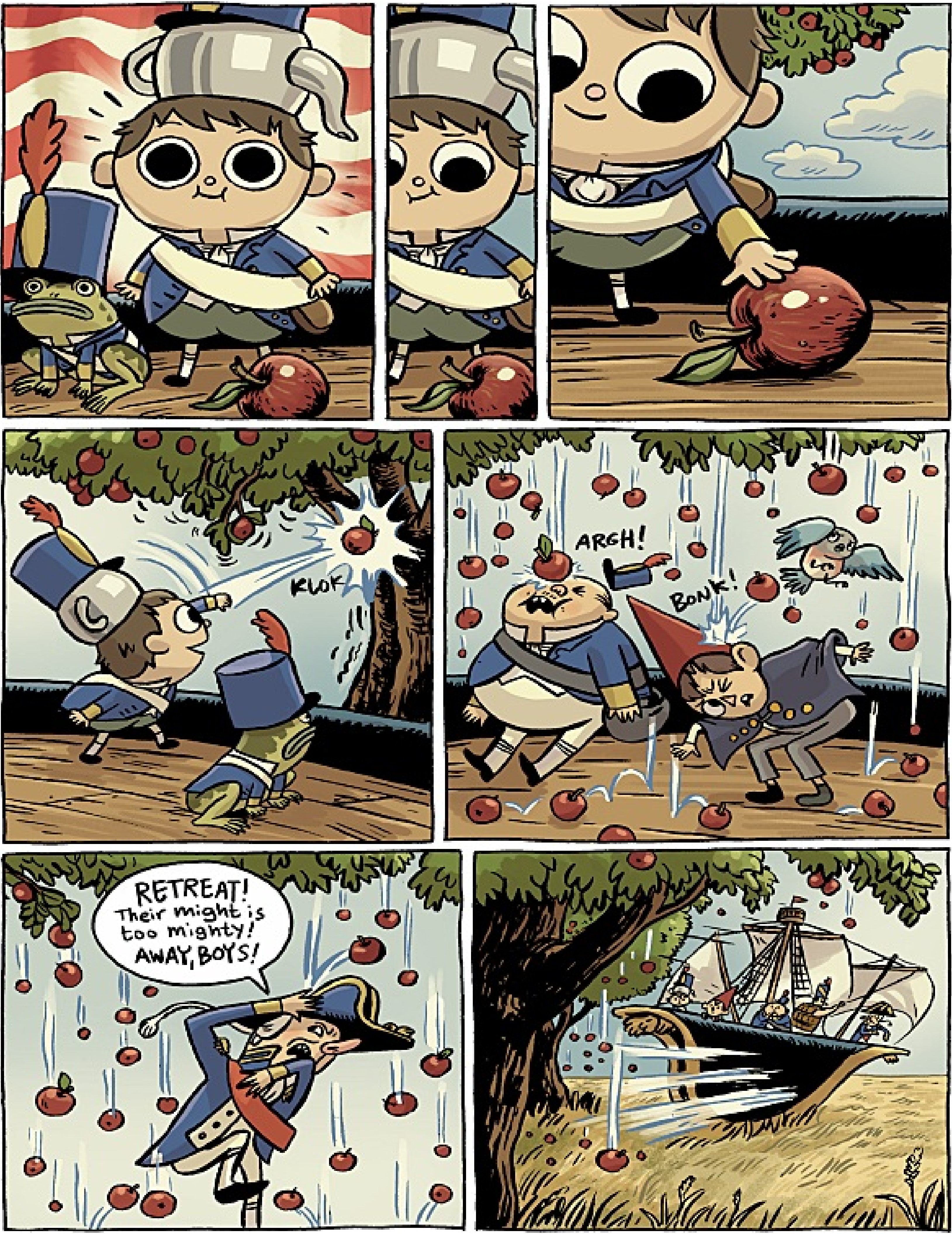

Ah, Yes! See? Follow the CATTLE CALL!
moooo
Oh brother, are you seriously telling me—
To ARMS MEN! To ARMS!
Your bell shall ring no more, Bos Taurus!
Good initiative there, boy! Keep looking out into the distance and let me know if you see enemy reinforcements.
PAT
Huh? what?
You'll make lieutenant in no time!
But General... she seems like such a nice, good cow.
Moooooo
BAH! No time for cowardice, Ensign! Wave the flag proudly!
What flag?

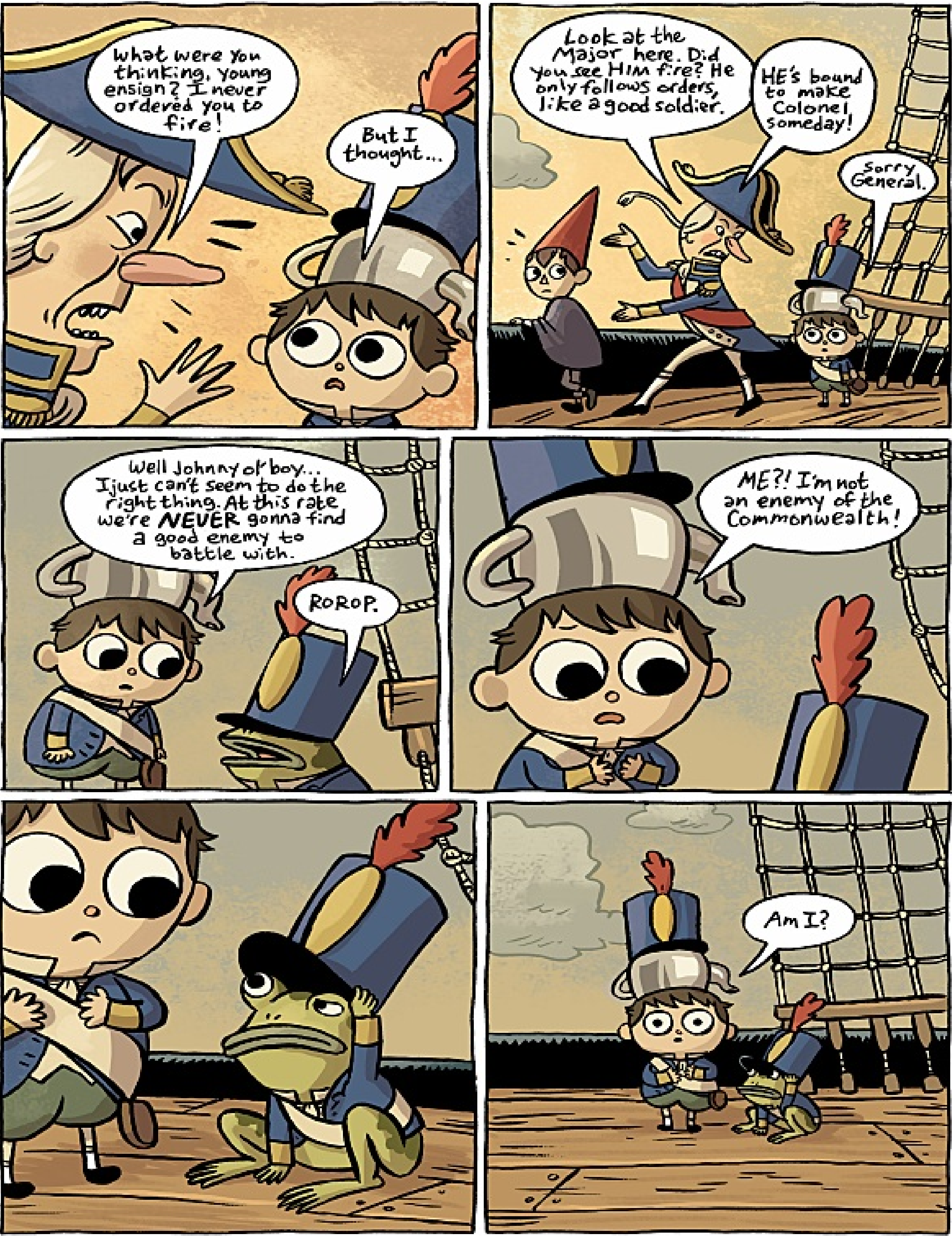

NO FLAG?!
Hold men, hold. Our ensign has lost the flag!
GASP!
TNT
But I didn't lose it; I never got one!
How can one march into battle without a flag?! Oh our battle is lost...
tsk tsk
Adieu, mine adversary, adieu. It seems today we must settle our feud with a bovinic truce.
Moo Moo
You would do well, young ensign, to be a bit more like our eagle-eyed lieutenant here. He's gonna make CAPTAIN some day!
Me?
I'll do better next time, I promise.

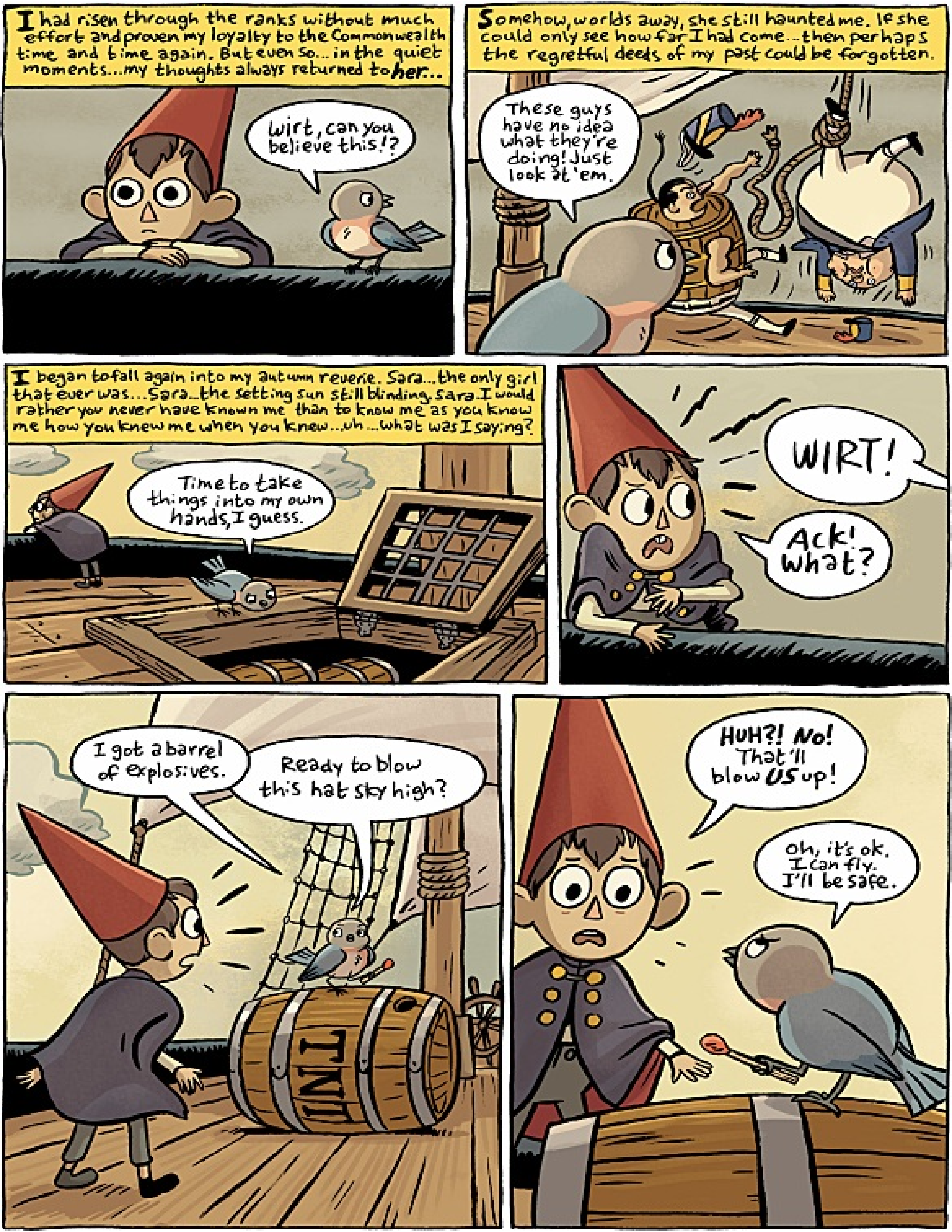

Gee Private Applesauce, I don't think I'm good at this. How come I don't want to hurt a cow? Does that make me a bad person?
Rorop.
OK, next time I'll be a real mean guy to our enemies. I don't want to let anybody down.
HEY GENERAL! We're off course! Adelaide is THAT way!
Of course we're off course! We can't let them know we're coming, can we?!
WHO?
The enemies of the Commonwealth. They're lurking out there... lurking just beyond our vision.
Ooooh... I get it now. You're an insane person.
But aren't we all a little mad in times of war?
SKRITCH

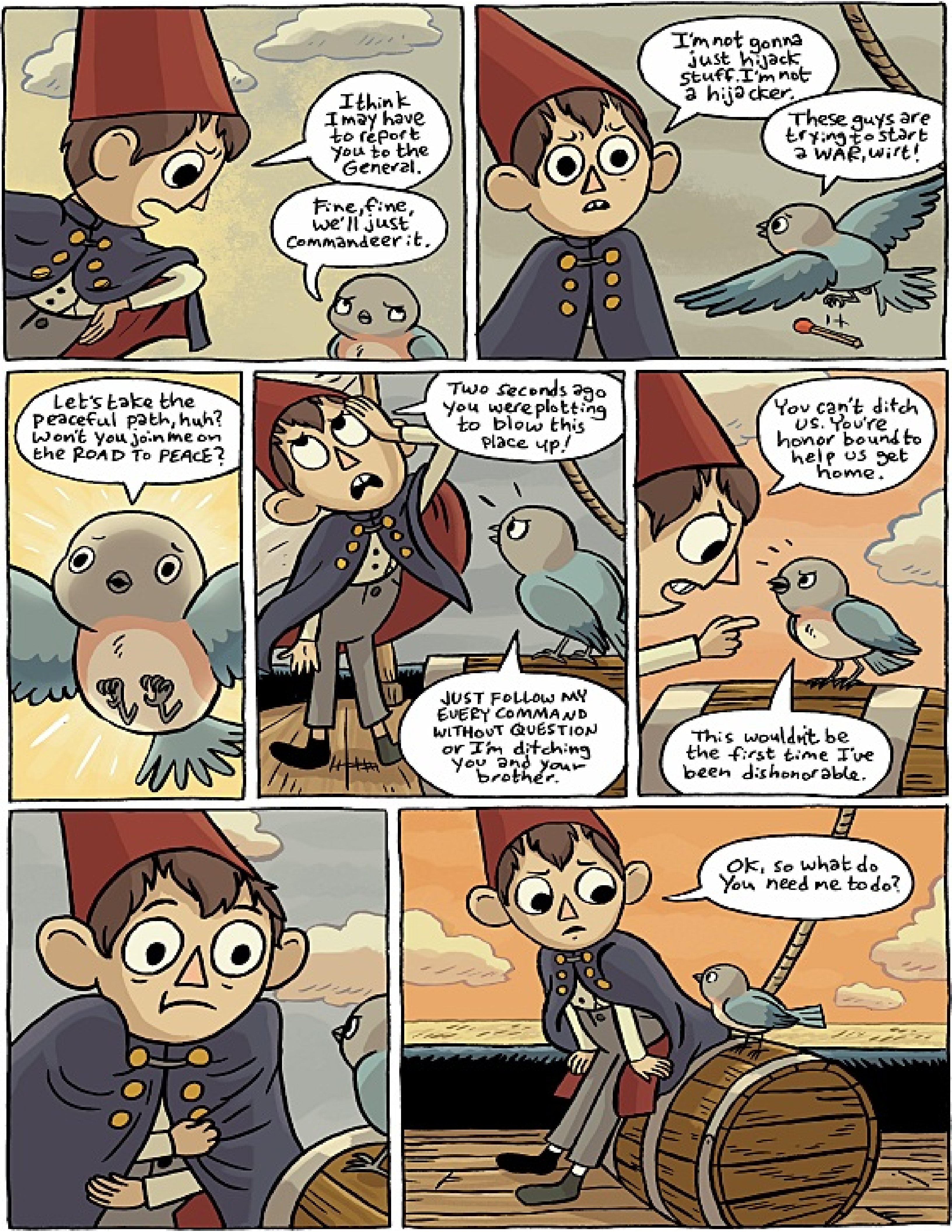

HO HO!
HA HA!
HEE HEE!
Dangit. This was a terrible mistake.
In some ways the fields *DID* look like flowing ocean waves. And for a brief moment I felt as though all the world made sense, even the preposterousness of this situation.
Wirt...
Wirt, I don't know if you can hear me right now, but if you can—
Huh?
Sorry Beatrice. I'm trying to look out for enemies and stuff.
ATTABOY, CAPTAIN WIRT! You're gonna make Major in no time!
Listen Wirt, this is a disaster. We need to—
CRASH!
KLOK!
INCOMING ENEMY ROUNDS! WAR! WAR!

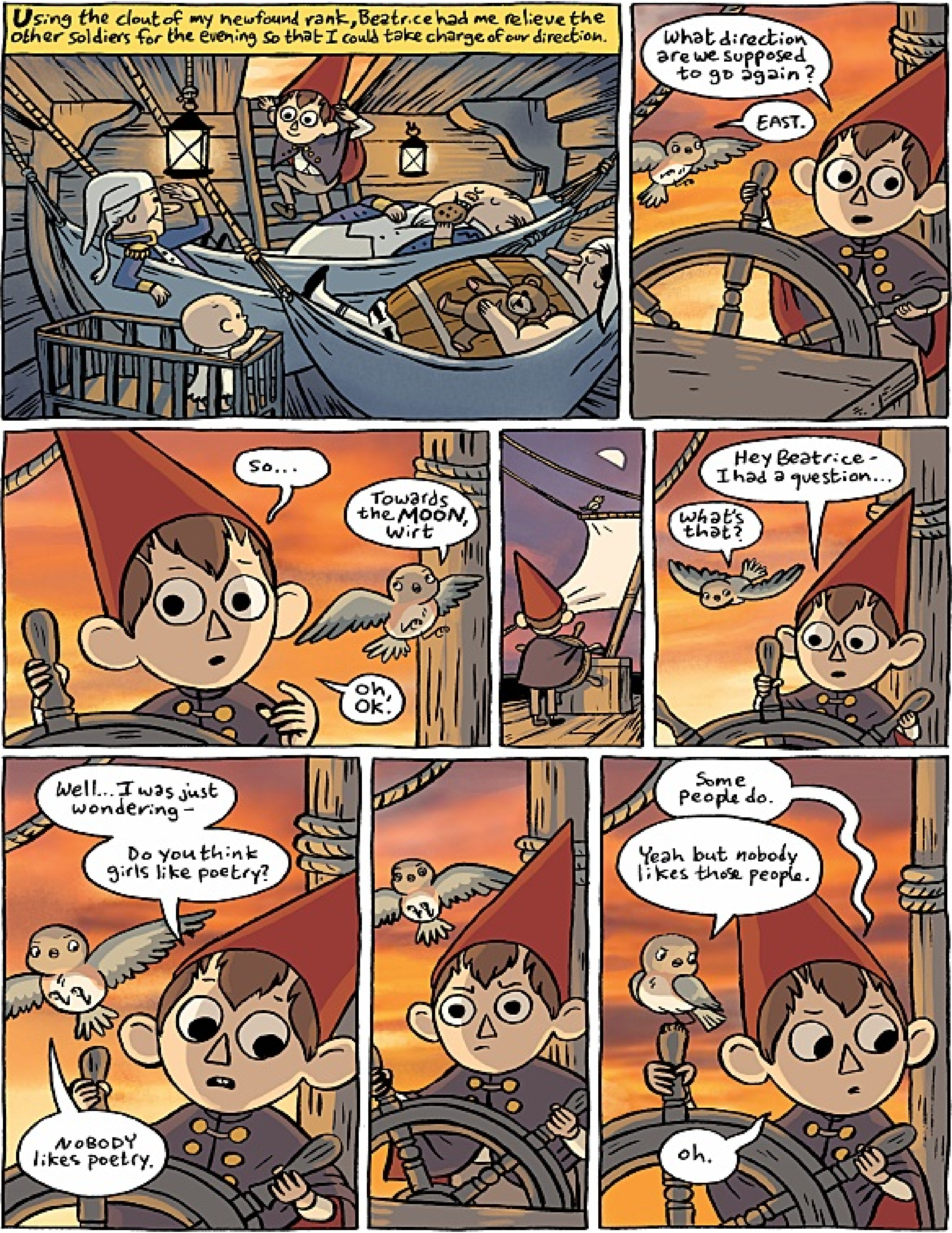

WE'RE SURROUNDED!!
BATTLE FORMATIONS, MEN! What They have in numbers, WE have in heart!
Ugh.
Blahblagbooblah...
NT

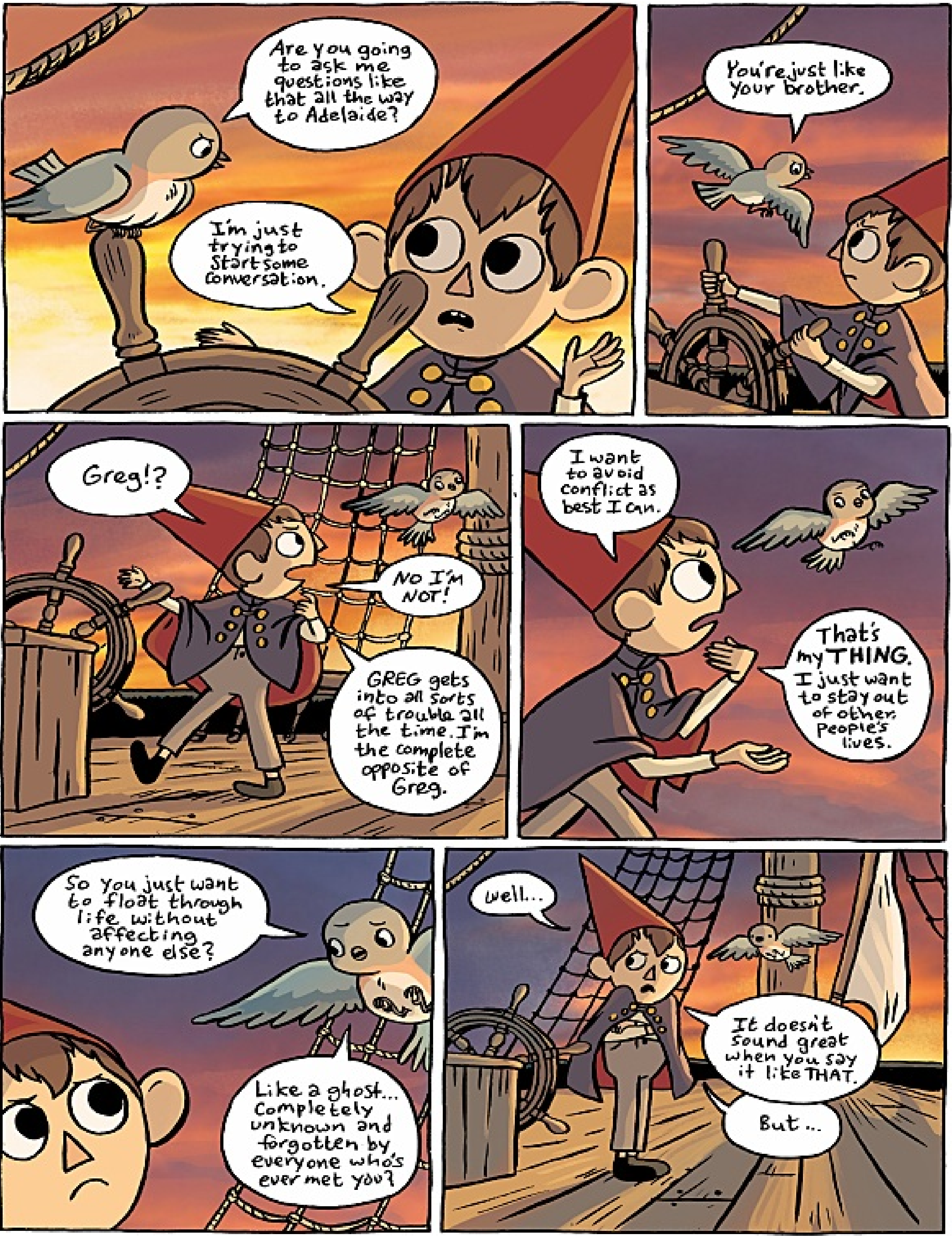

KLOK
ARGH!
BONK!
RETREAT! Their might is too mighty! AWAY, BOYS!

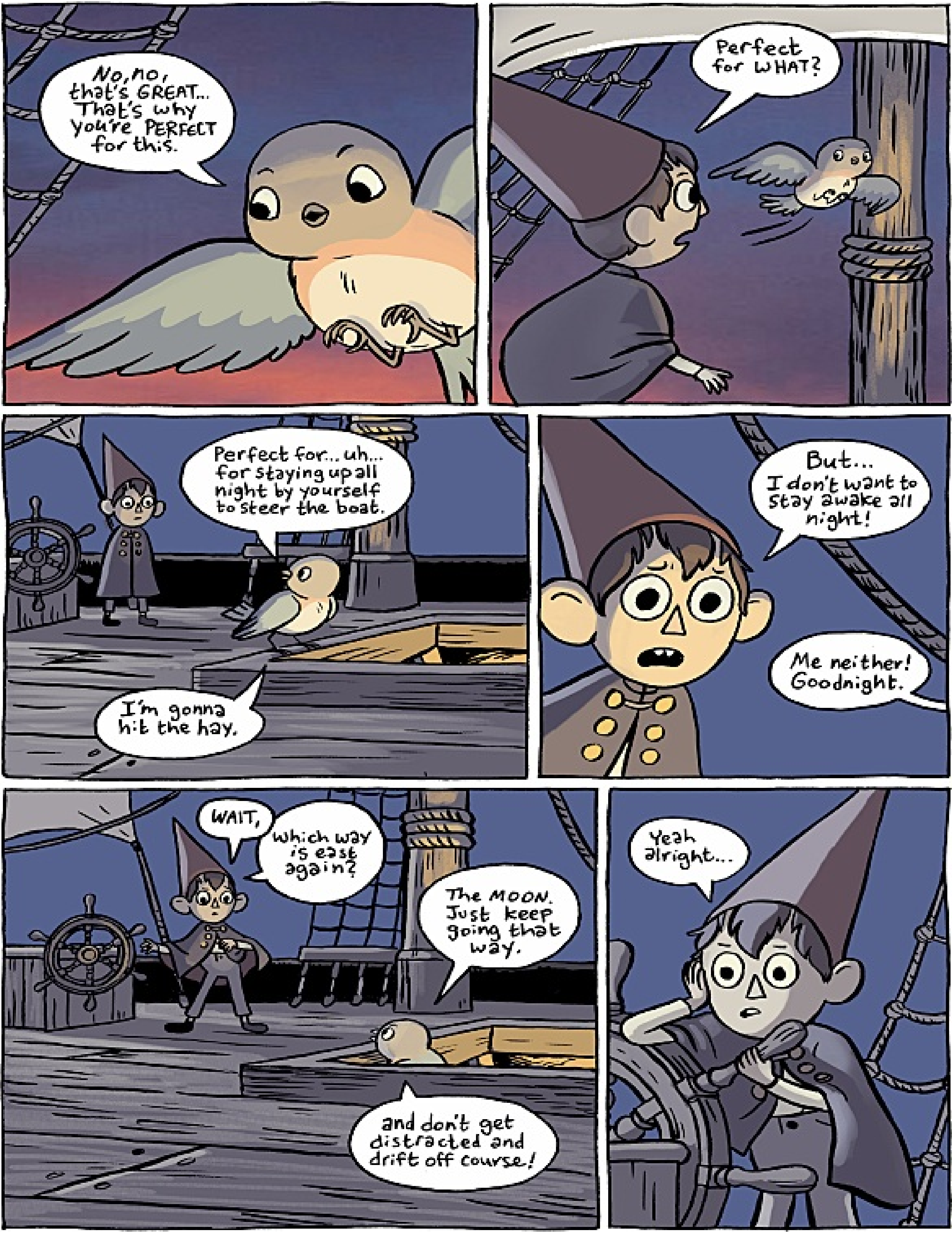

What were you thinking, young ensign? I never ordered you to fire!
But I thought...
Look at the Major here. Did you see HIM fire? He only follows orders, like a good soldier.
HE's bound to make Colonel someday!
Sorry General.
Well Johnny ol' boy... I just can't seem to do the right thing. At this rate we're **NEVER** gonna find a good enemy to battle with.
ROROP.
ME?! I'm not an enemy of the Commonwealth!
Am I?

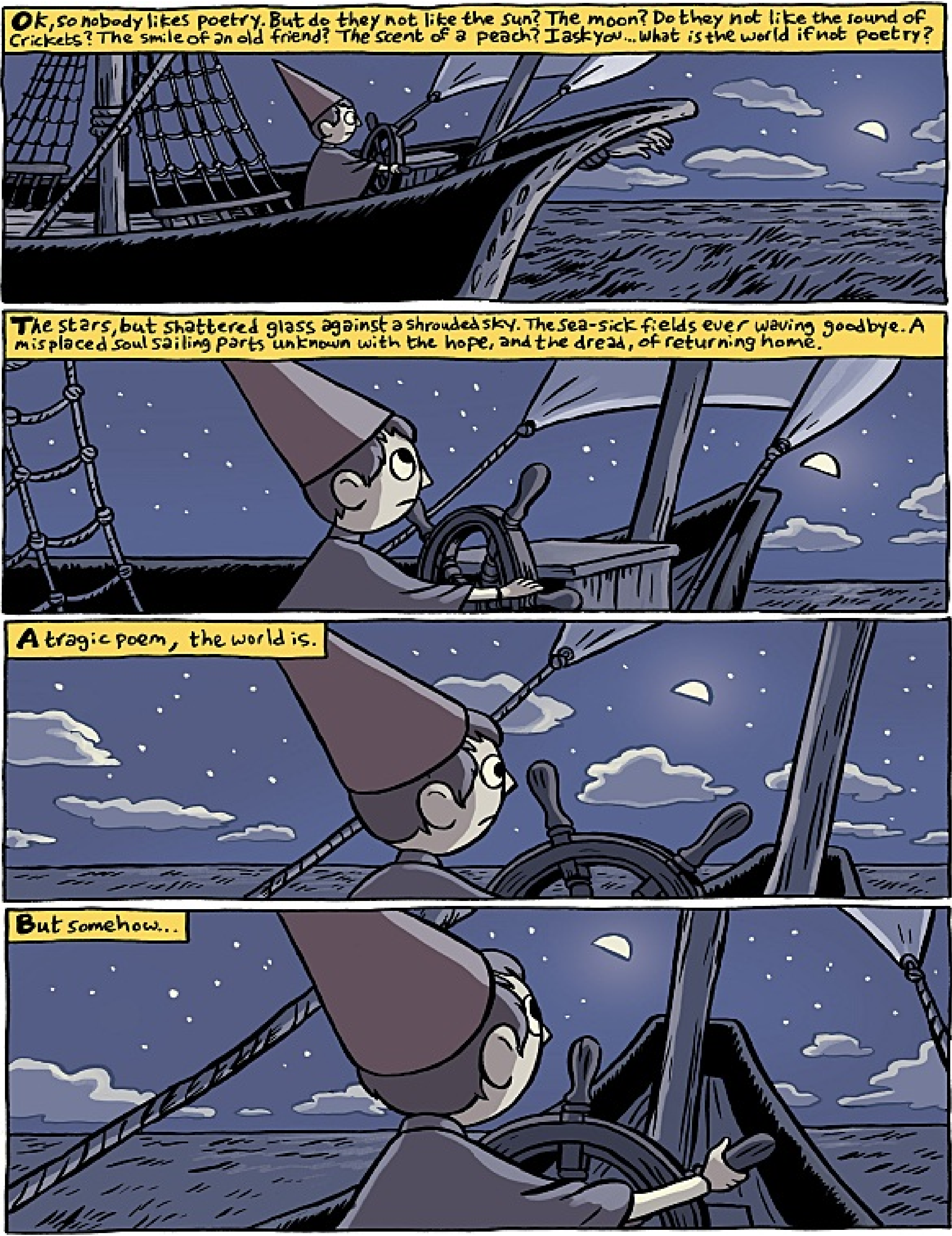

I had risen through the ranks without much effort and proven my loyalty to the Commonwealth time and time again. But even so... in the quiet moments...my thoughts always returned to **her**...
Wirt, can you believe this!?
Somehow, worlds away, she still haunted me. If she could only see how far I had come...then perhaps the regretful deeds of my past could be forgotten.
These guys have no idea what they're doing! Just look at 'em.
I began to fall again into my autumn reverie. Sara..., the only girl that ever was... Sara...the setting sun still blinding. Sara...I would rather you never have known me than to know me as you know me how you knew me when you knew...uh...what was I saying?
Time to take things into my own hands, I guess.
WIRT!
Ack! What?
I got a barrel of explosives.
Ready to blow this hat sky high?
TNT
HUH?! No! That'll blow **US** up!
Oh, it's ok. I can fly. I'll be safe.

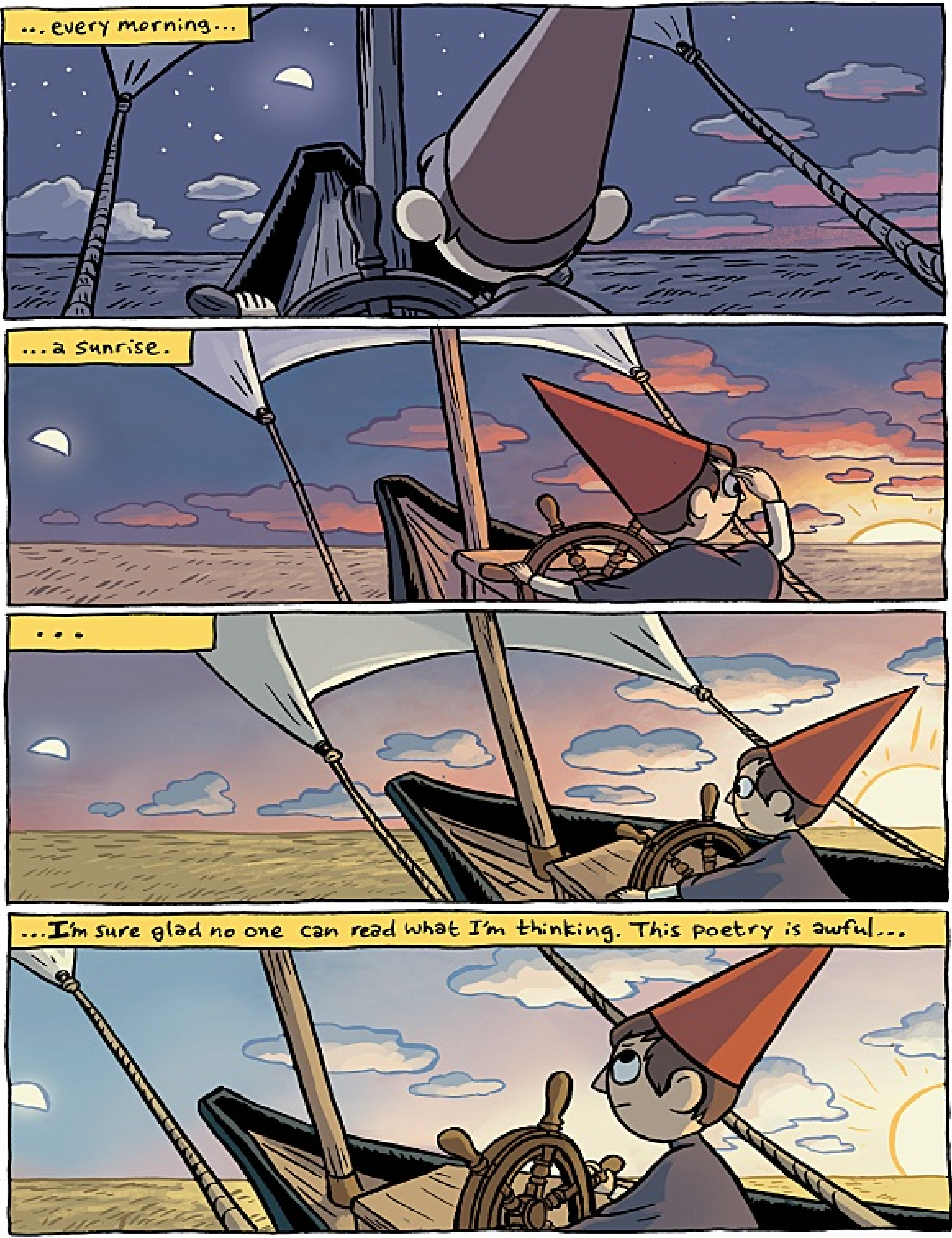

I think I may have to report you to the General.
Fine, fine, we'll just commandeer it.
I'm not gonna just hijack stuff. I'm not a hijacker.
These guys are trying to start a WAR, Wirt!
It
Let's take the peaceful path, huh? Won't you join me on the ROAD TO PEACE?
Two seconds ago you were plotting to blow this place up!
JUST FOLLOW MY EVERY COMMAND WITHOUT QUESTION or I'm ditching you and your brother.
You can't ditch us. You're honor bound to help us get home.
This wouldn't be the first time I've been dishonorable.
OK, so what do you need me to do?

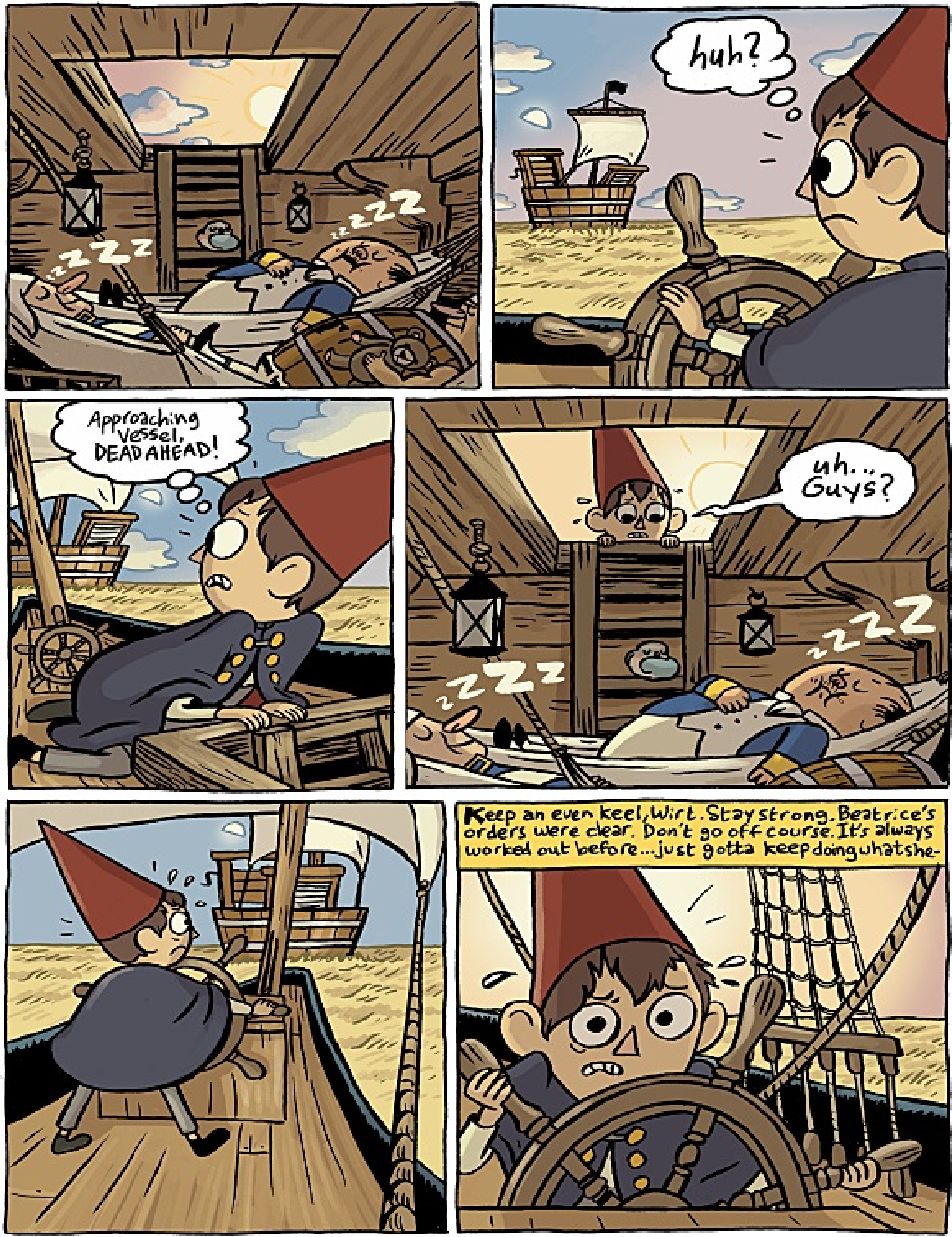

Using the clout of my newfound rank, Beatrice had me relieve the other soldiers for the evening so that I could take charge of our direction.
What direction are we supposed to go again?
EAST.
So...
Towards the MOON, Wirt
Oh, Ok.
Hey Beatrice - I had a question...
what's that?
Well... I was just wondering -
Do you think girls like poetry?
NOBODY likes poetry.
Some people do.
Yeah but nobody likes those people.
oh.

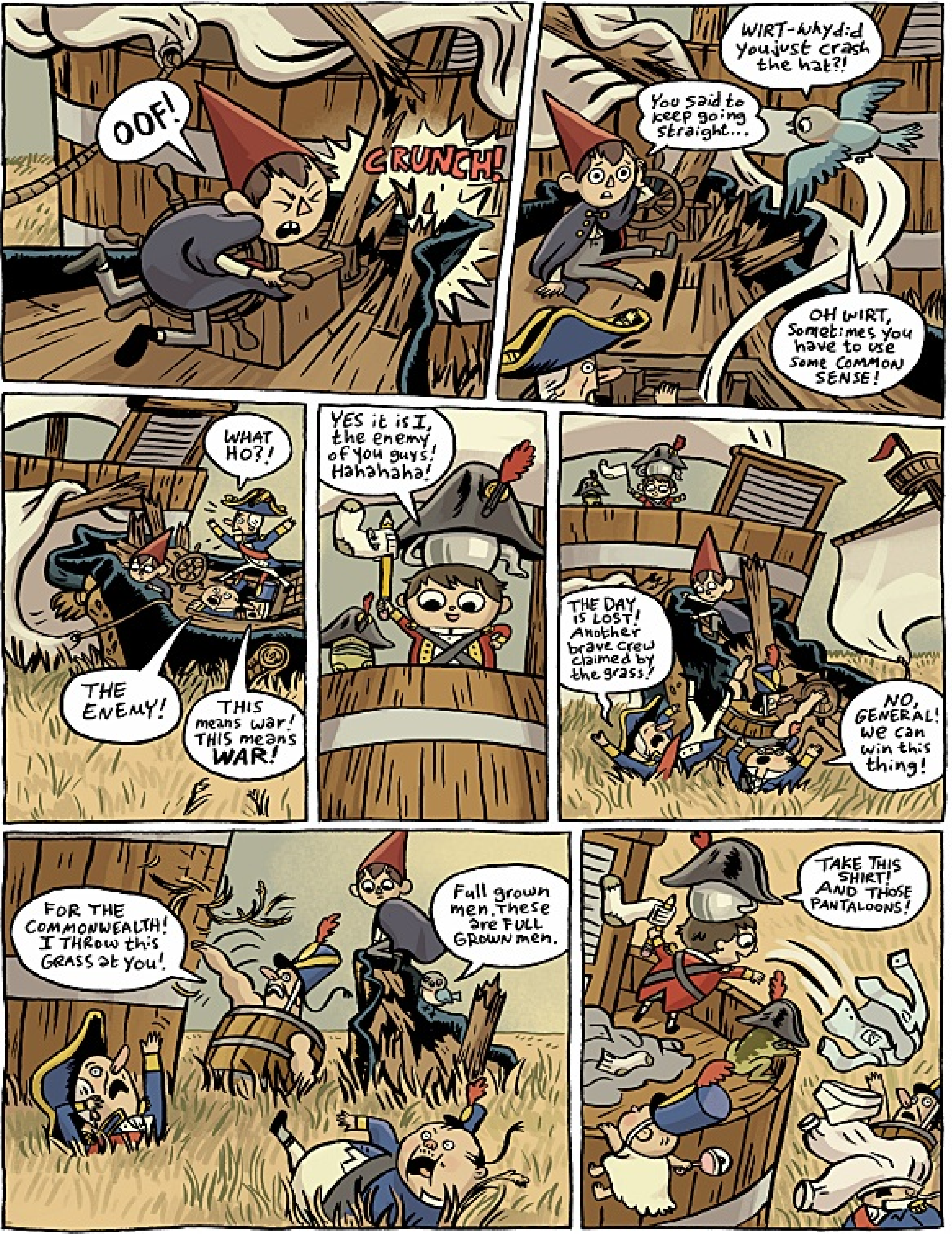

Are you going to ask me questions like that all the way to Adelaide?
I'm just trying to start some conversation.
You're just like your brother.
Greg!?
No I'M NOT!
GREG gets into all sorts of trouble all the time. I'm the complete opposite of Greg.
I want to avoid conflict as best I can.
That's my THING. I just want to stay out of other people's lives.
So you just want to float through life without affecting anyone else?
Like a ghost... Completely unknown and forgotten by everyone who's ever met you?
Well...
It doesn't sound great when you say it like THAT.
But...

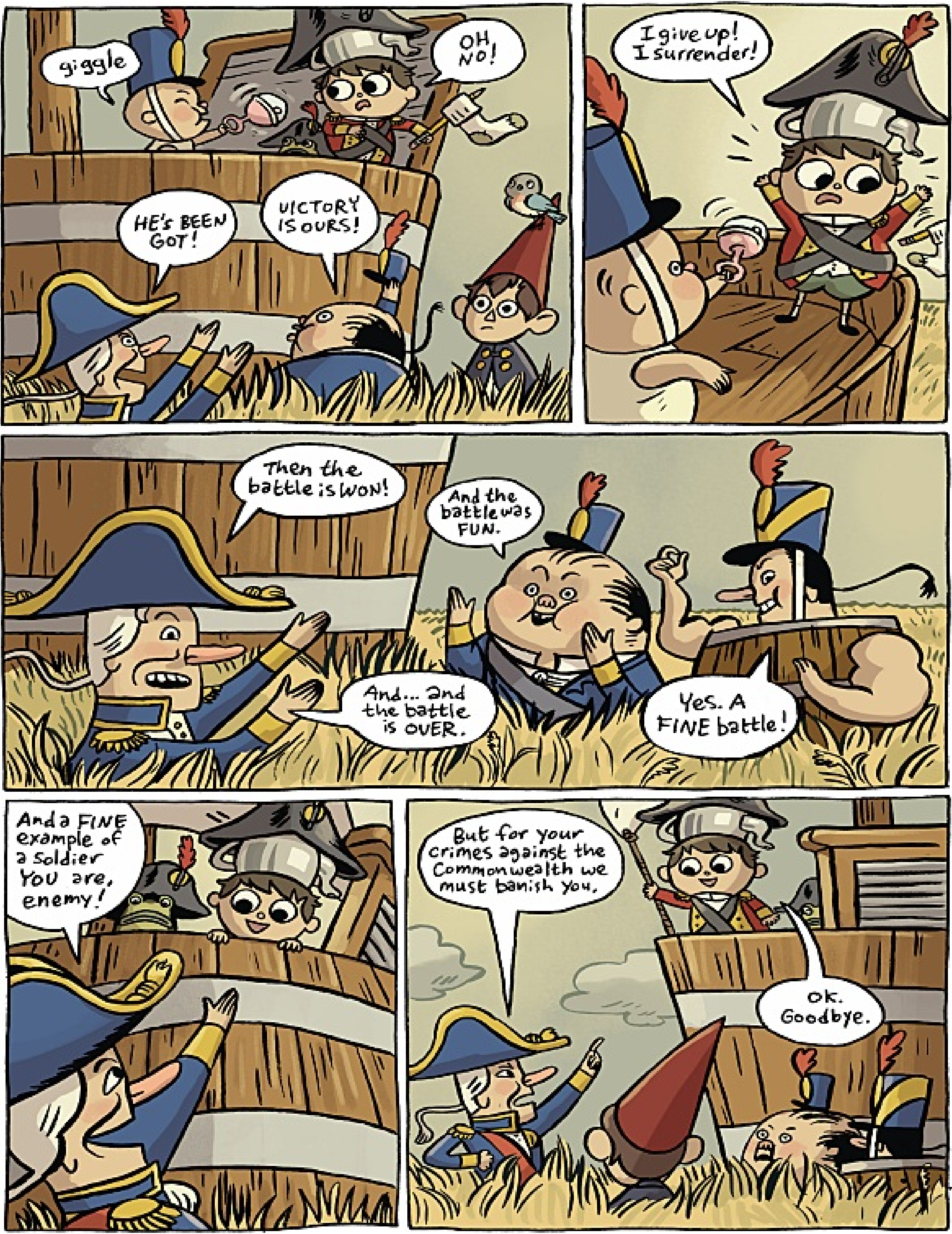

No, no, that's GREAT... That's why you're PERFECT for this.
Perfect for WHAT?
Perfect for... uh... for staying up all night by yourself to steer the boat.
I'm gonna hit the hay.
But... I don't want to stay awake all night!
Me neither! Goodnight.
WAIT,
which way is east again?
The MOON. Just keep going that way.
and don't get distracted and drift off course!
Yeah alright...

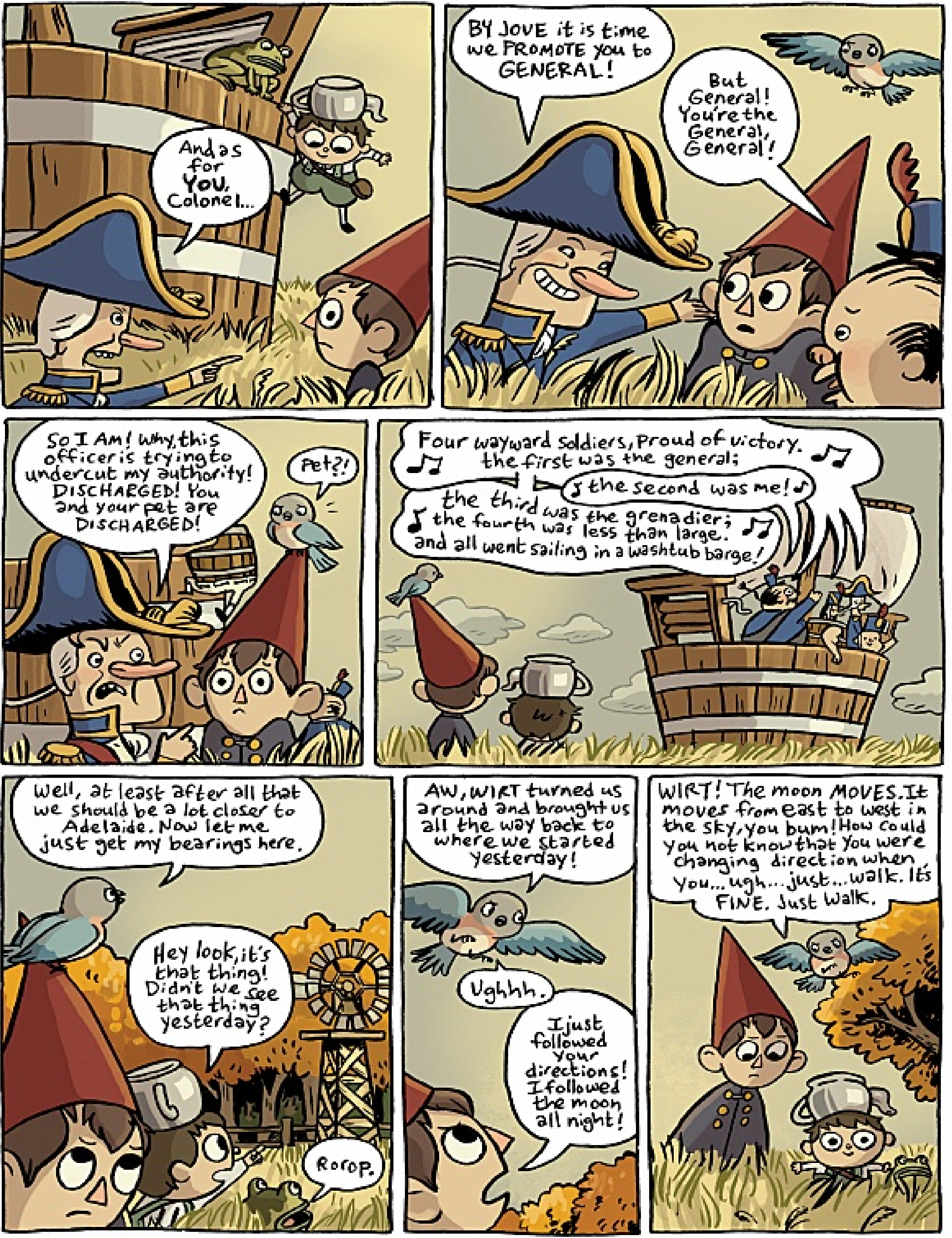

Ok, so nobody likes poetry. But do they not like the sun? The moon? Do they not like the sound of Crickets? The smile of an old friend? The scent of a peach? I ask you... what is the world if not poetry?
The stars, but shattered glass against a shrouded sky. The sea-sick fields ever waving goodbye. A misplaced soul sailing parts unknown with the hope, and the dread, of returning home.
A tragic poem, the world is.
But somehow...

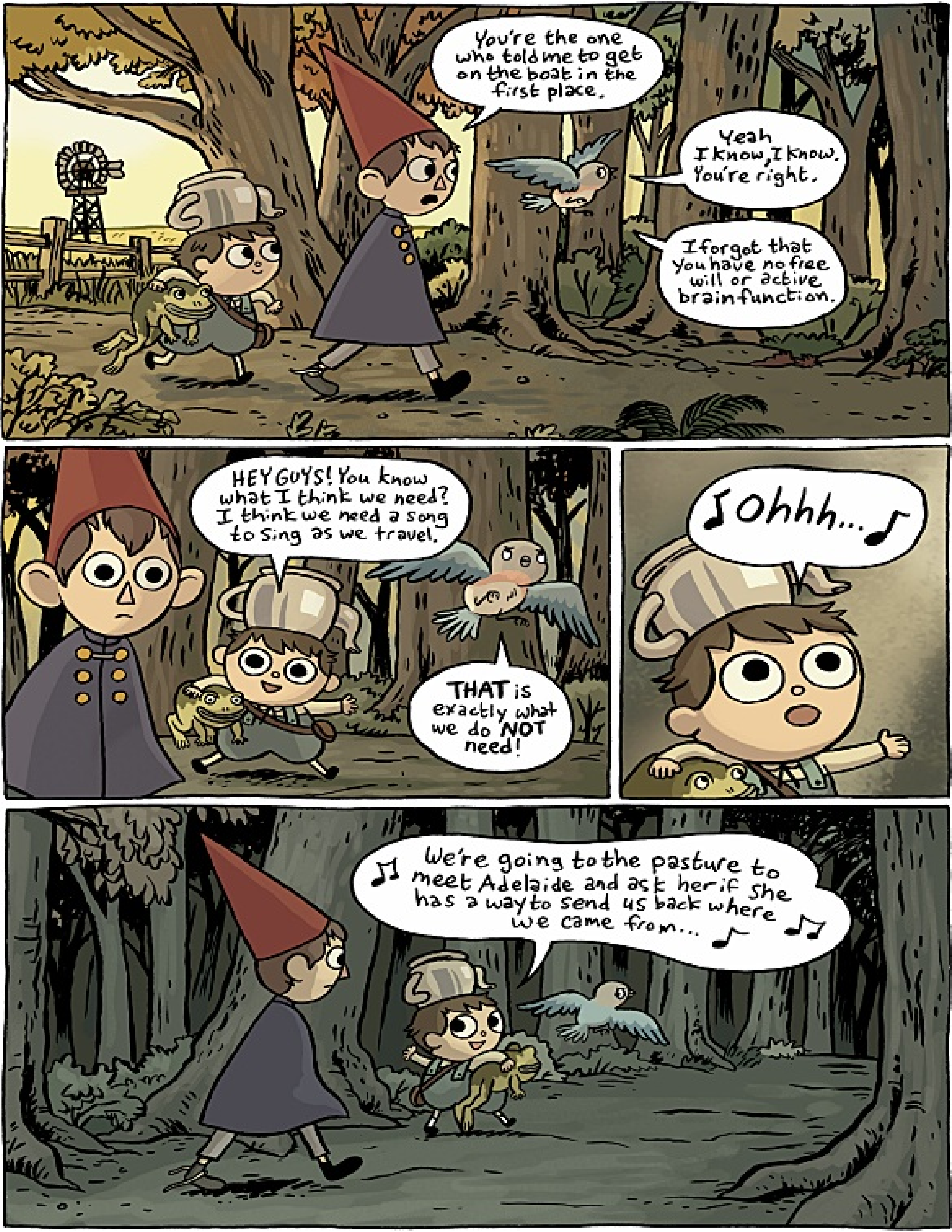

...every morning...
...a sunrise.
...
...I'm sure glad no one can read what I'm thinking. This poetry is awful...


zzZZZ
zzZZZ
huh?
Approaching vessel, DEAD AHEAD!
uh... Guys?
zzZZZ
zzZZZ
Keep an even keel, Wirt. Stay strong. Beatrice's orders were clear. Don't go off course. It's always worked out before... just gotta keep doing what she-

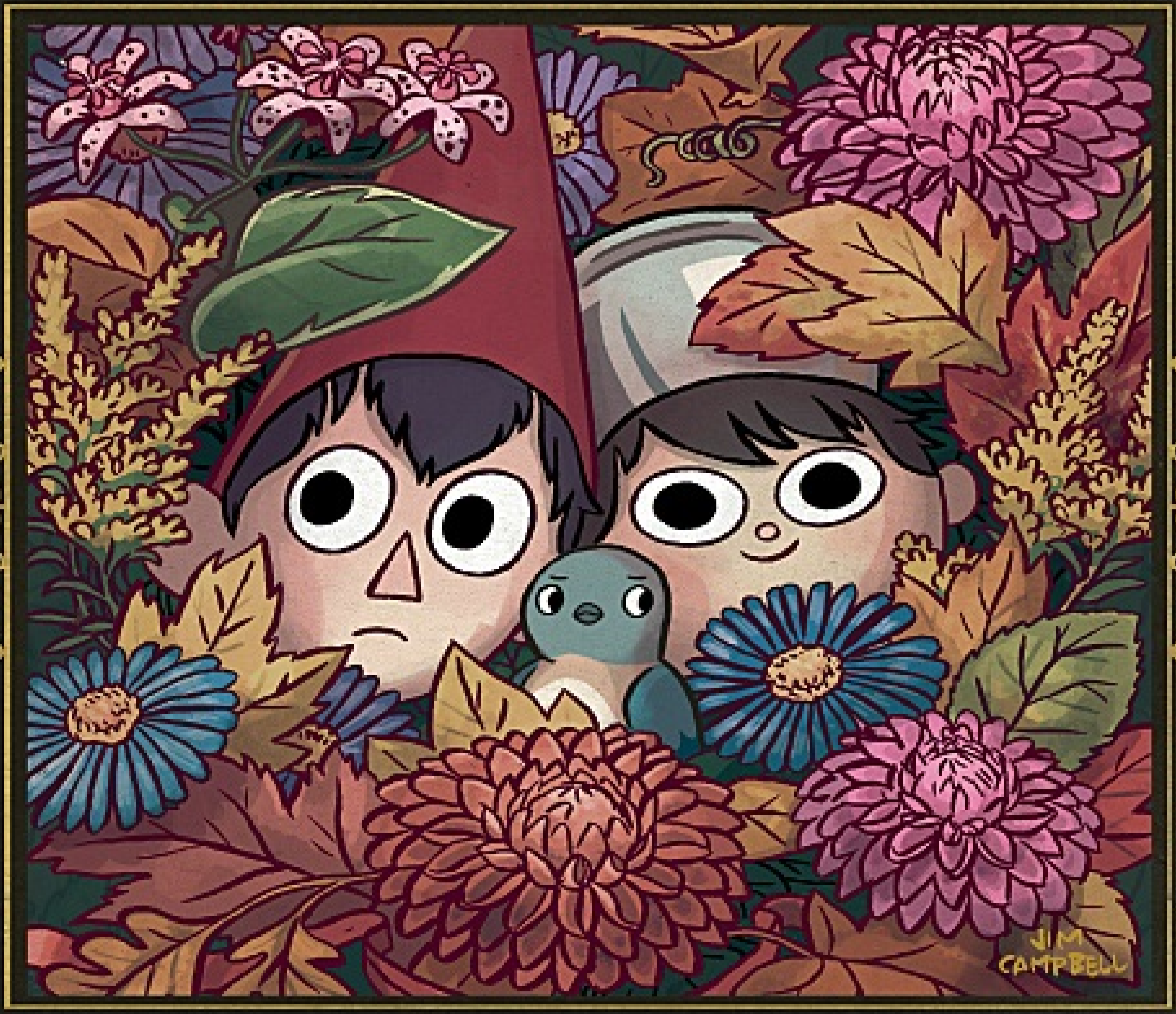

OOF!
CRUNCH!
WIRT-Why did you just crash the hat?!
You said to keep going straight...
OH WIRT, Sometimes you have to use Some COMMON SENSE!
WHAT HO?!
THE ENEMY!
THIS means war! THIS means WAR!
YES it is I, the enemy of you guys! Hahahaha!
THE DAY IS LOST! Another brave crew claimed by the grass!
NO, GENERAL! We can win this thing!
FOR THE COMMONWEALTH! I THROW this GRASS at you!
Full grown men. These are FULL GROWN men.
TAKE THIS SHIRT! AND THOSE PANTALOONS!


giggle
OH NO!
HE'S BEEN GOT!
VICTORY IS OURS!
I give up! I surrender!
Then the battle is WON!
And the battle was FUN.
And... and the battle is OVER.
Yes. A FINE battle!
And a FINE example of a soldier you are, enemy!
But for your crimes against the Commonwealth we must banish you.
OK. Goodbye.


And as for YOU, Colonel...
BY JOVE it is time we PROMOTE you to GENERAL!
But General! You're the General, General!
So I AM! Why, this officer is trying to undercut my authority! DISCHARGED! You and your pet are DISCHARGED!
Pet?!
♫ Four wayward soldiers, Proud of victory. the first was the general; ♫
♪ the second was me! ♪
♪ the third was the grenadier; the fourth was less than large. ♫ and all went sailing in a washtub barge!
Well, at least after all that we should be a lot closer to Adelaide. Now let me just get my bearings here.
Hey look, it's that thing! Didn't we see that thing yesterday?
Rorop.
AW, WIRT turned us around and brought us all the way back to where we started yesterday!
Ughhh.
I just followed your directions! I followed the moon all night!
WIRT! The moon MOVES. It moves from east to west in the sky, you bum! How could you not know that you were changing direction when you... ugh... just... walk. It's FINE. Just walk.


You're the one who told me to get on the boat in the first place.
Yeah I know, I know. You're right.
I forgot that you have no free will or active brain function.
HEY GUYS! You know what I think we need? I think we need a song to sing as we travel.
THAT is exactly what we do NOT need!
♩Ohhh...♪
♫ We're going to the pasture to meet Adelaide and ask her if she has a way to send us back where we came from... ♪ ♫

DON'T TELL PAPA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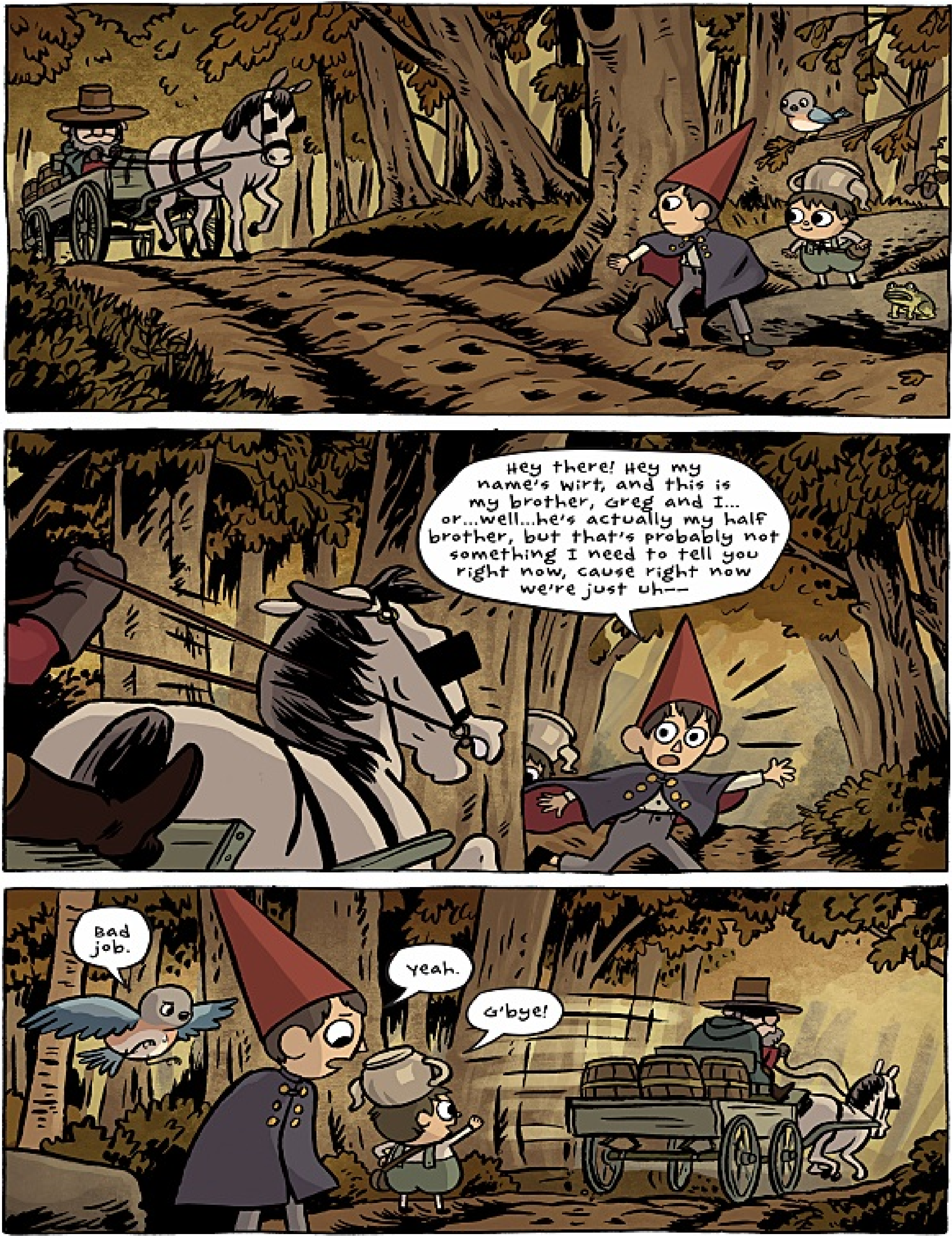
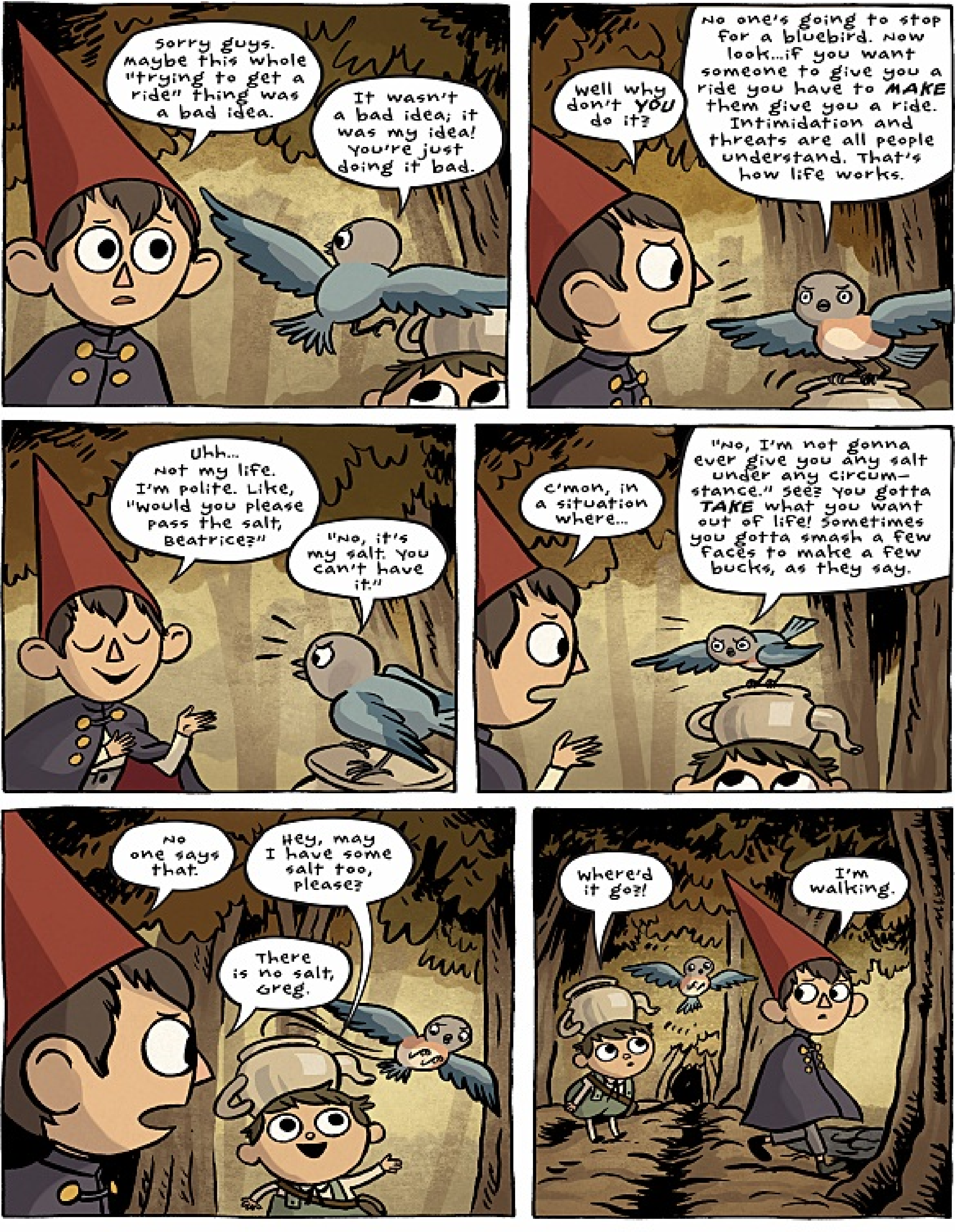
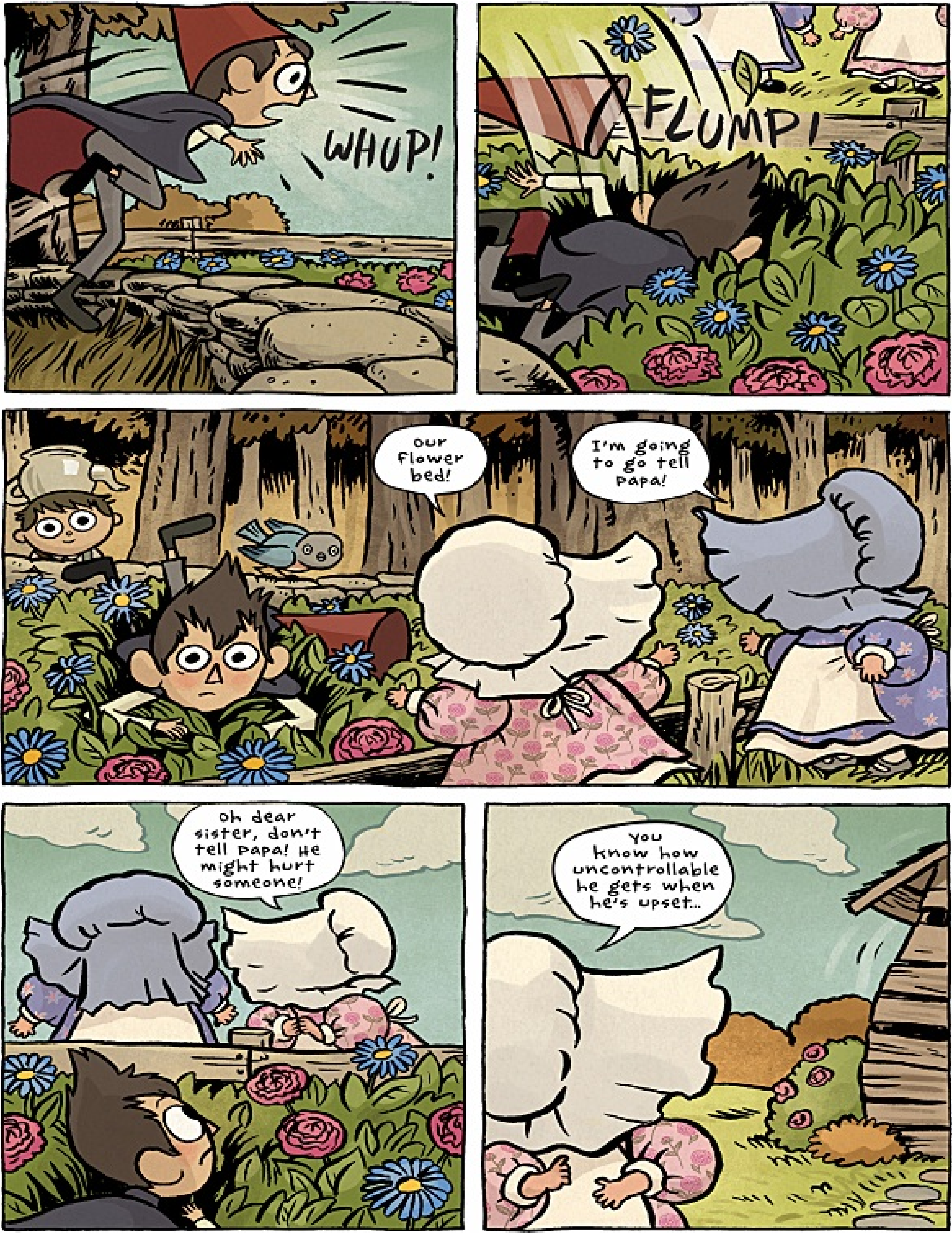
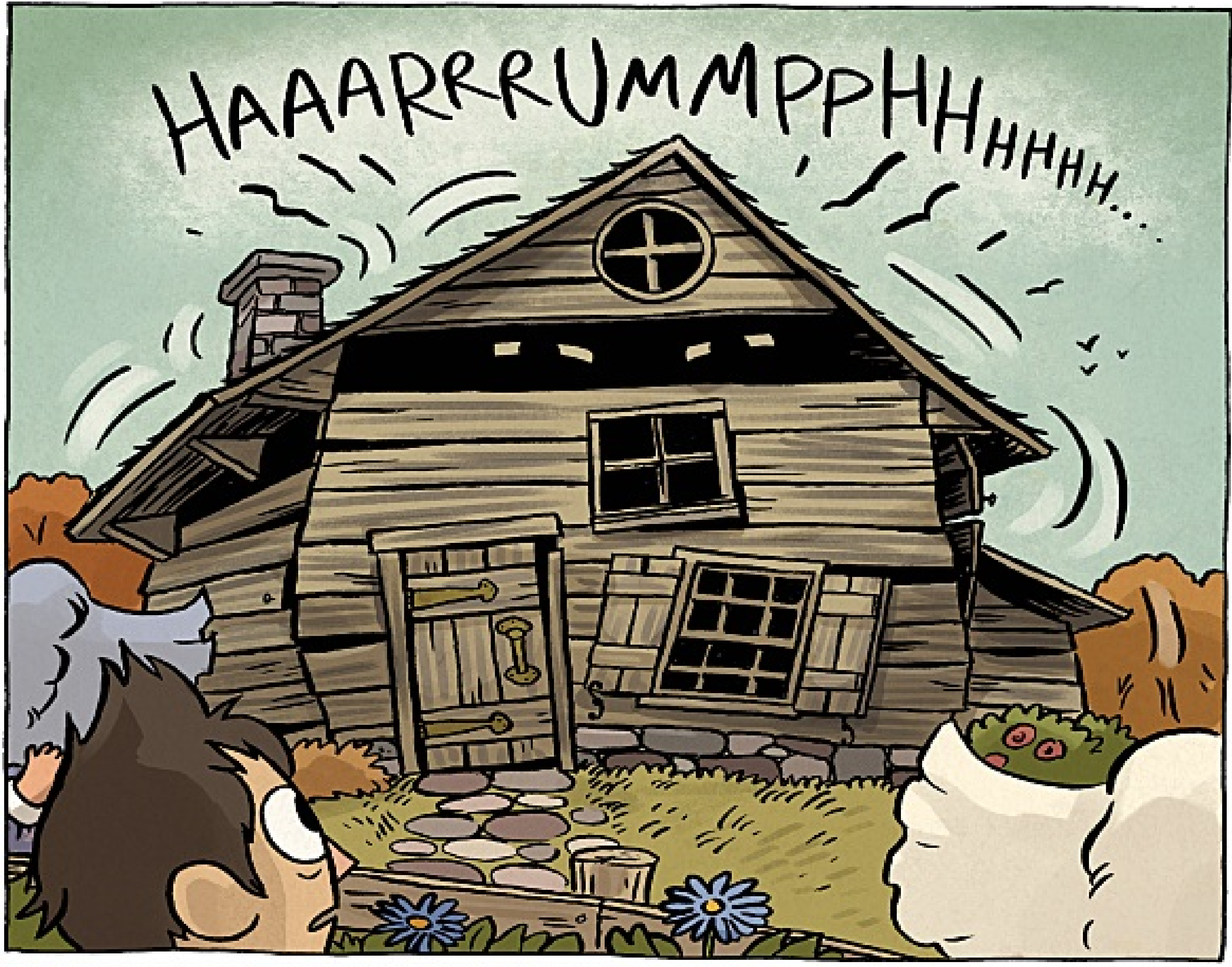
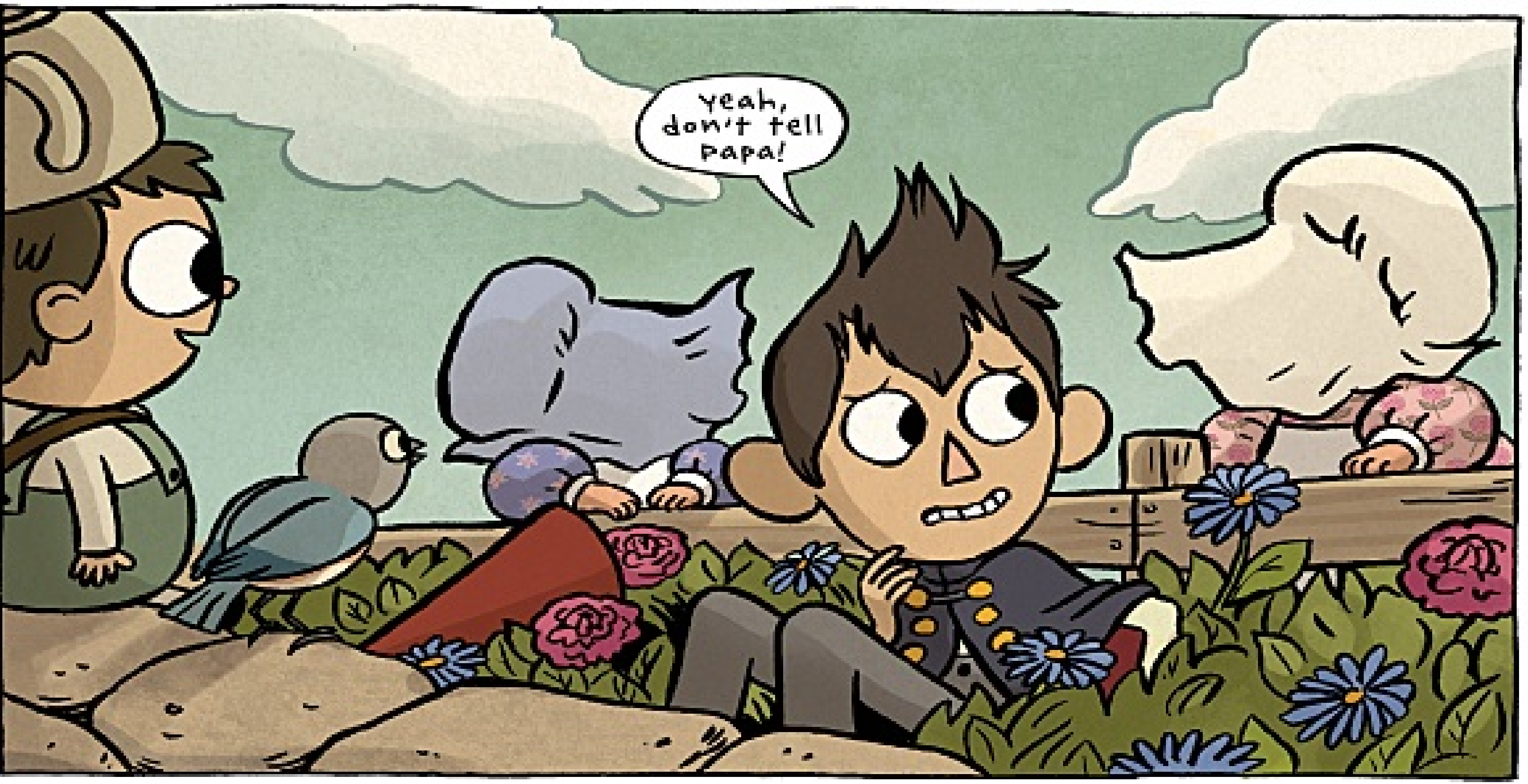
ISSUE #1 COVER BY JIM CAMPBELL

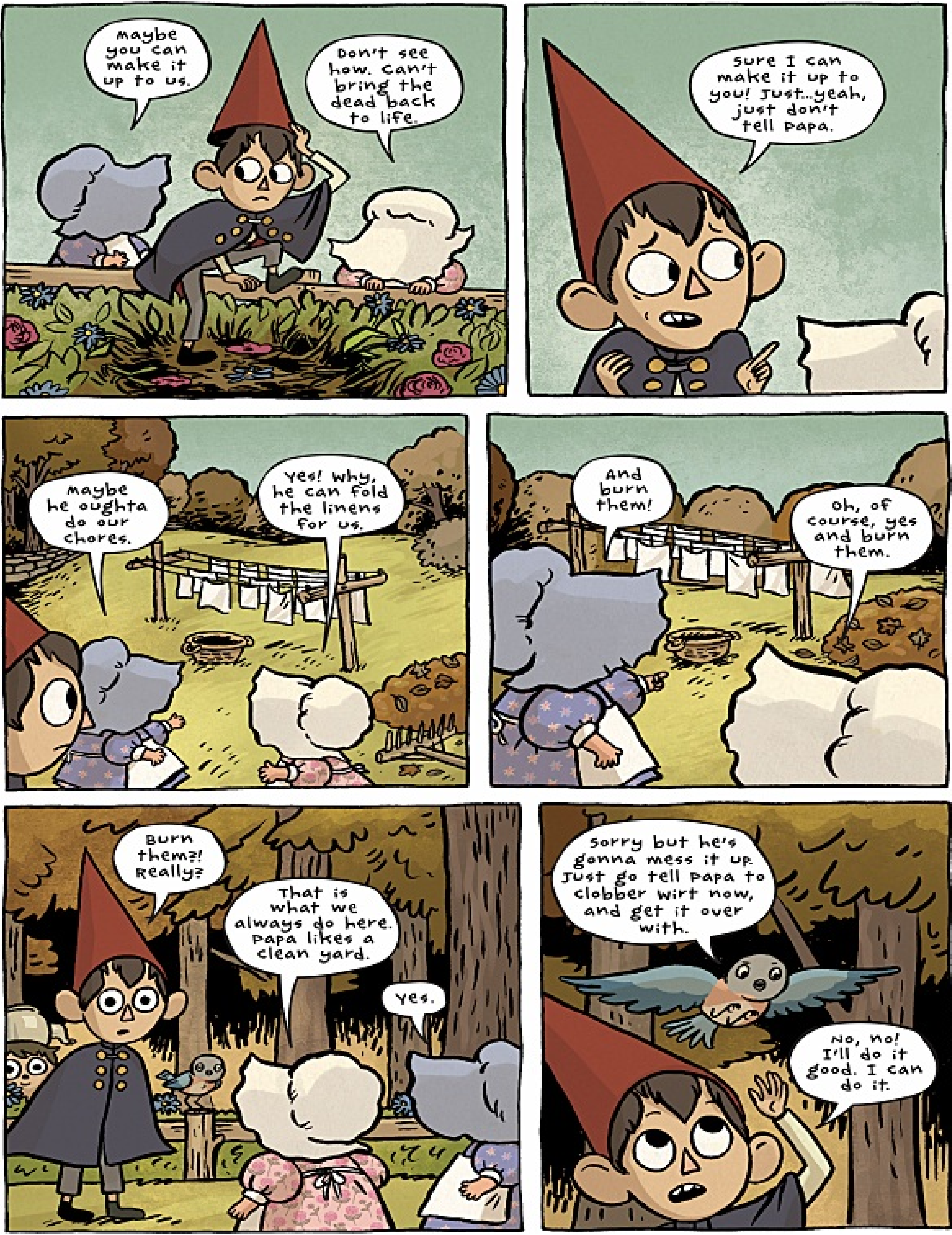

Hey there! Hey my name's Wirt, and this is my brother, Greg and I... or...well...he's actually my half brother, but that's probably not something I need to tell you right now, cause right now we're just uh--
Bad job.
Yeah.
G'bye!

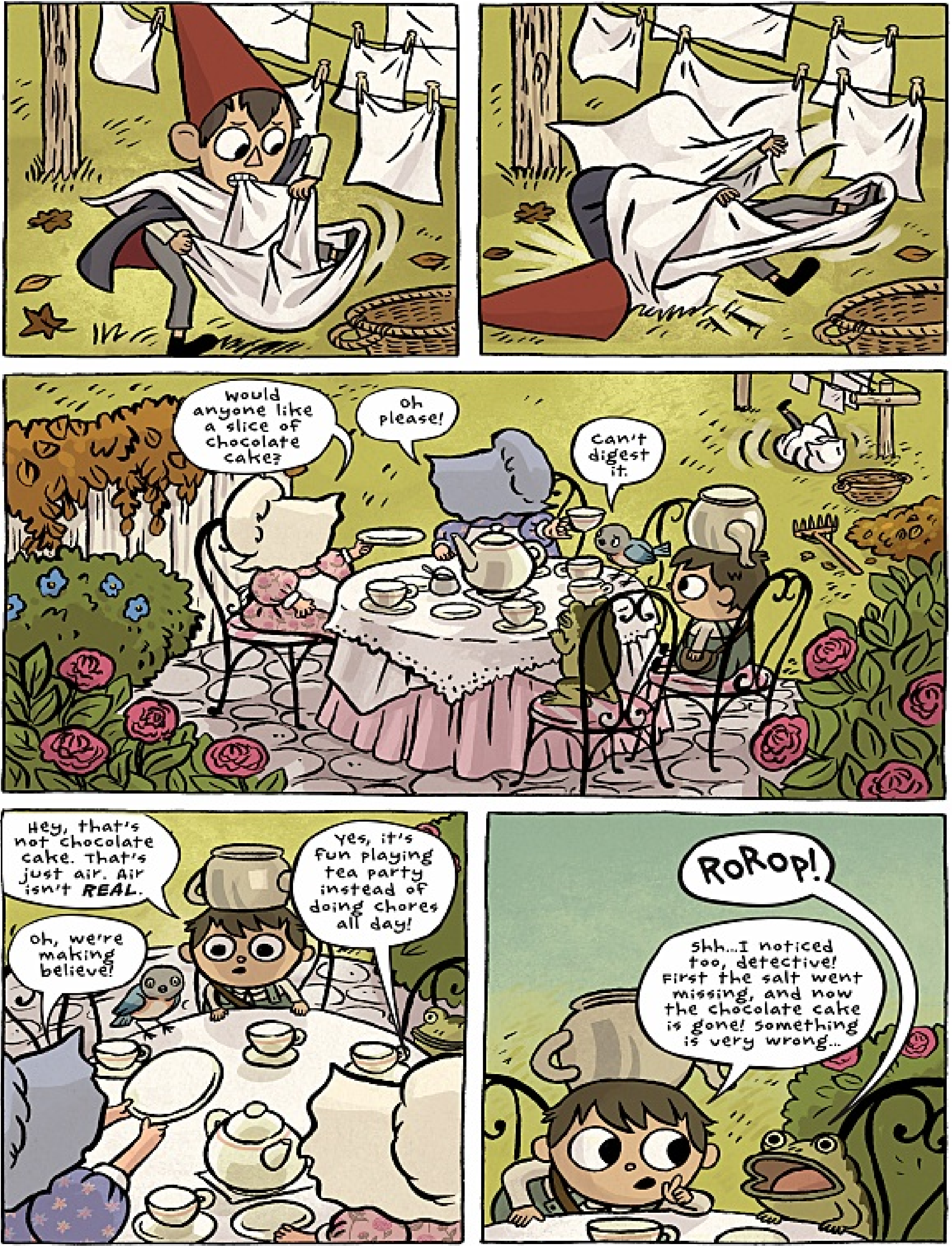

Sorry guys. Maybe this whole "trying to get a ride" thing was a bad idea.
It wasn't a bad idea; it was my idea! You're just doing it bad.
Well why don't *YOU* do it?
No one's going to stop for a bluebird. Now look...if you want someone to give you a ride you have to *MAKE* them give you a ride. Intimidation and threats are all people understand. That's how life works.
Uhh... Not my life. I'm polite. Like, "Would you please pass the salt, Beatrice?"
"No, it's my salt. You can't have it."
C'mon, in a situation where...
"No, I'm not gonna ever give you any salt under any circumstance." See? You gotta *TAKE* what you want out of life! Sometimes you gotta smash a few faces to make a few bucks, as they say.
No one says that.
Hey, may I have some salt too, please?
There is no salt, Greg.
Where'd it go?!
I'm walking.

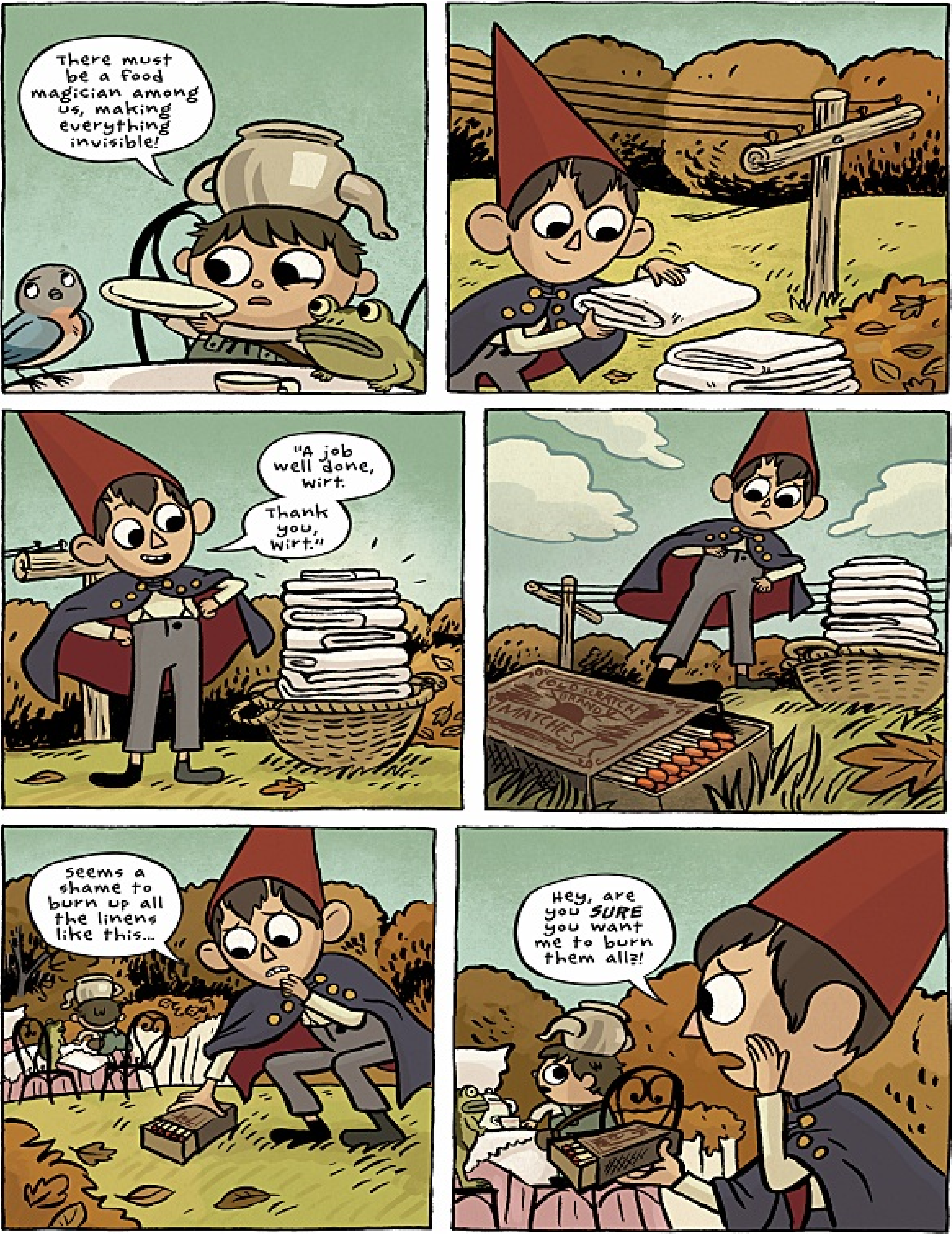

WHUP!
FLUMP!
our flower bed!
I'm going to go tell papa!
Oh dear sister, don't tell papa! He might hurt someone!
You know how uncontrollable he gets when he's upset...

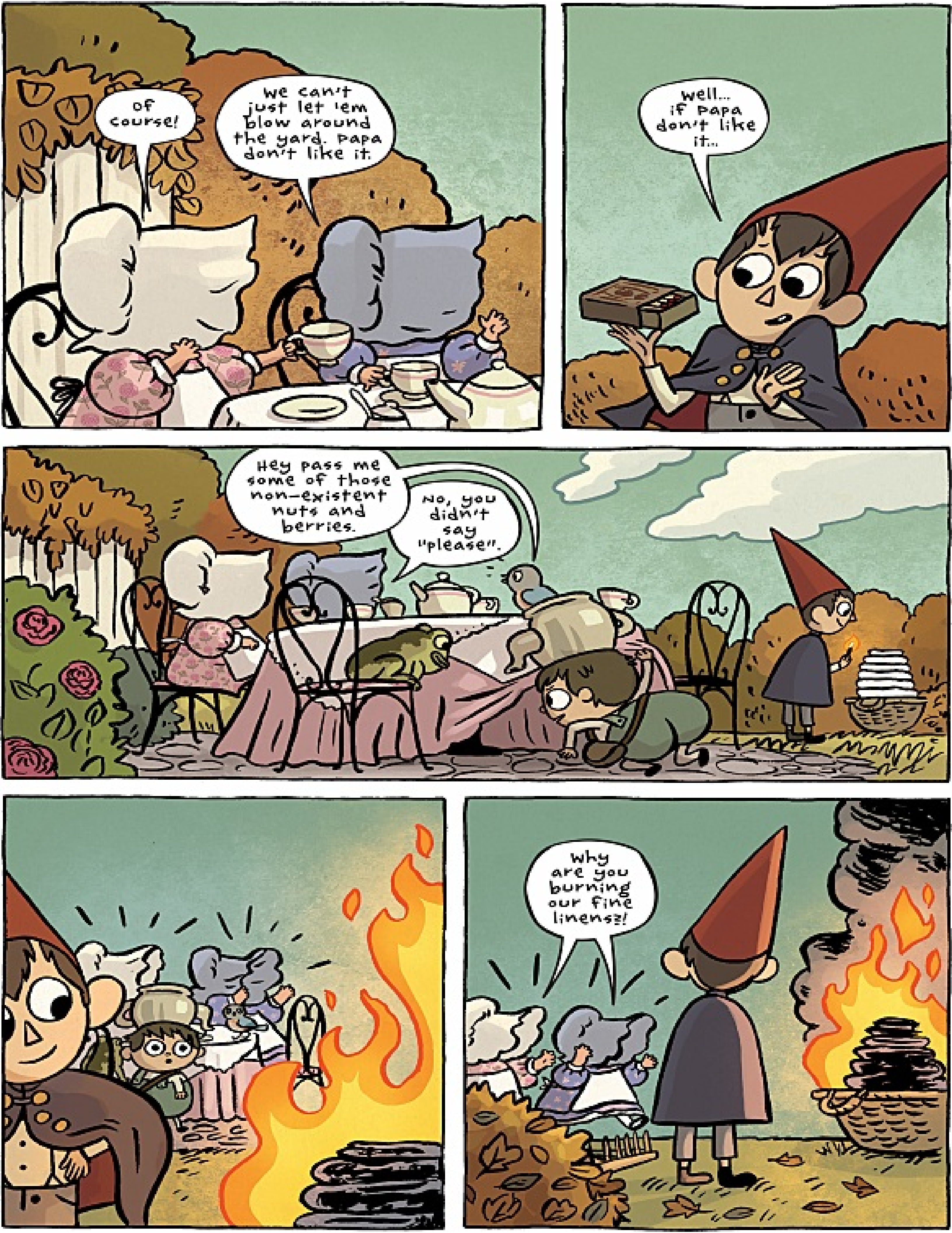

HAAARRRUMMPPHHHHHH...

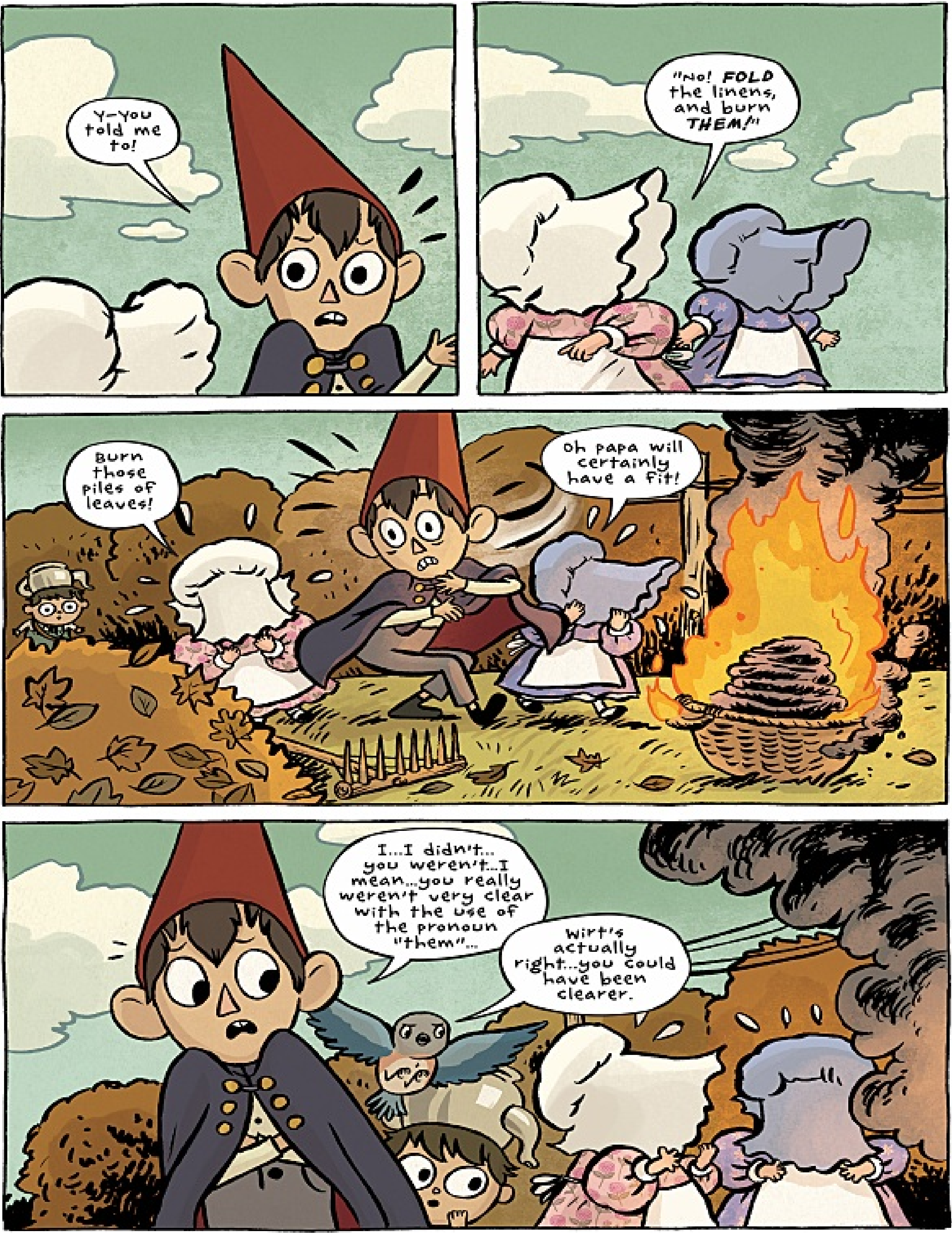

yeah, don't tell papa!

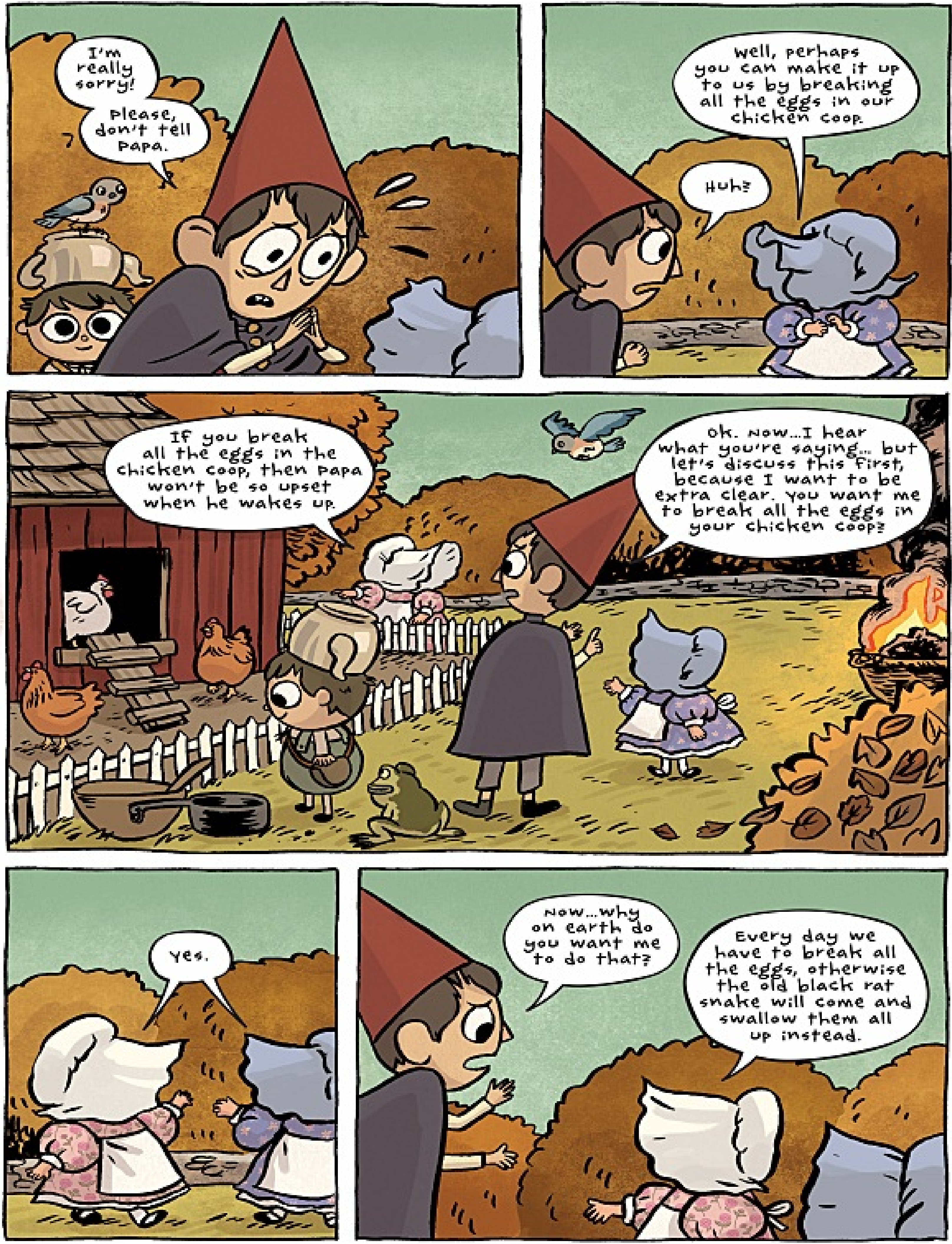

Maybe you can make it up to us.
Don't see how. Can't bring the dead back to life.
Sure I can make it up to you! Just...yeah, just don't tell Papa.
Maybe he oughta do our chores.
Yes! Why, he can fold the linens for us.
And burn them!
Oh, of course, yes and burn them.
Burn them?! Really?
That is what we always do here. Papa likes a clean yard.
Yes.
Sorry but he's gonna mess it up. Just go tell Papa to clobber Wirt now, and get it over with.
No, no! I'll do it good. I can do it.

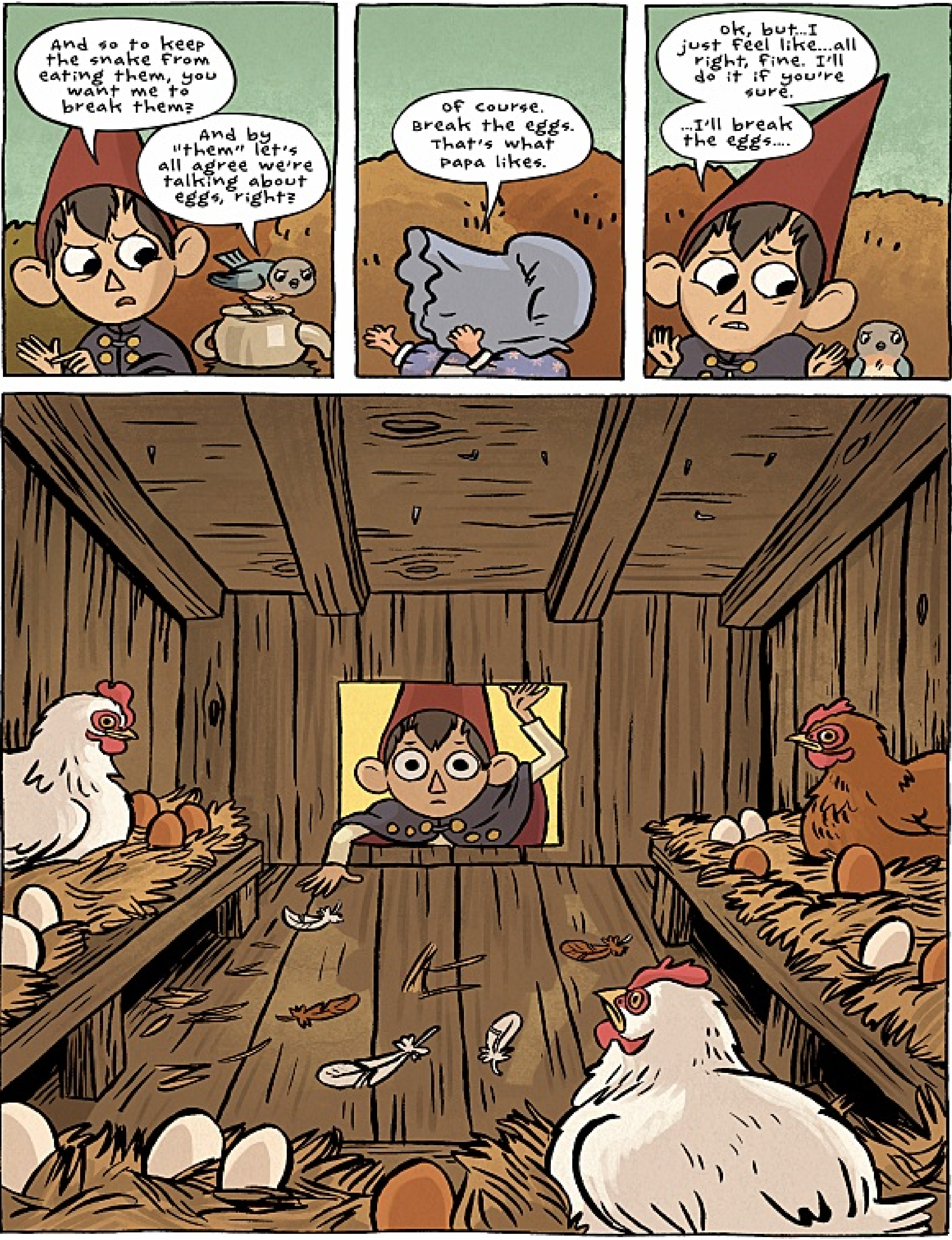

would anyone like a slice of chocolate cake?
oh please!
can't digest it.
Hey, that's not chocolate cake. That's just air. Air isn't *REAL*.
oh, we're making believe!
yes, it's fun playing tea party instead of doing chores all day!
RoRop!
Shh...I noticed too, detective! First the salt went missing, and now the chocolate cake is gone! Something is very wrong...

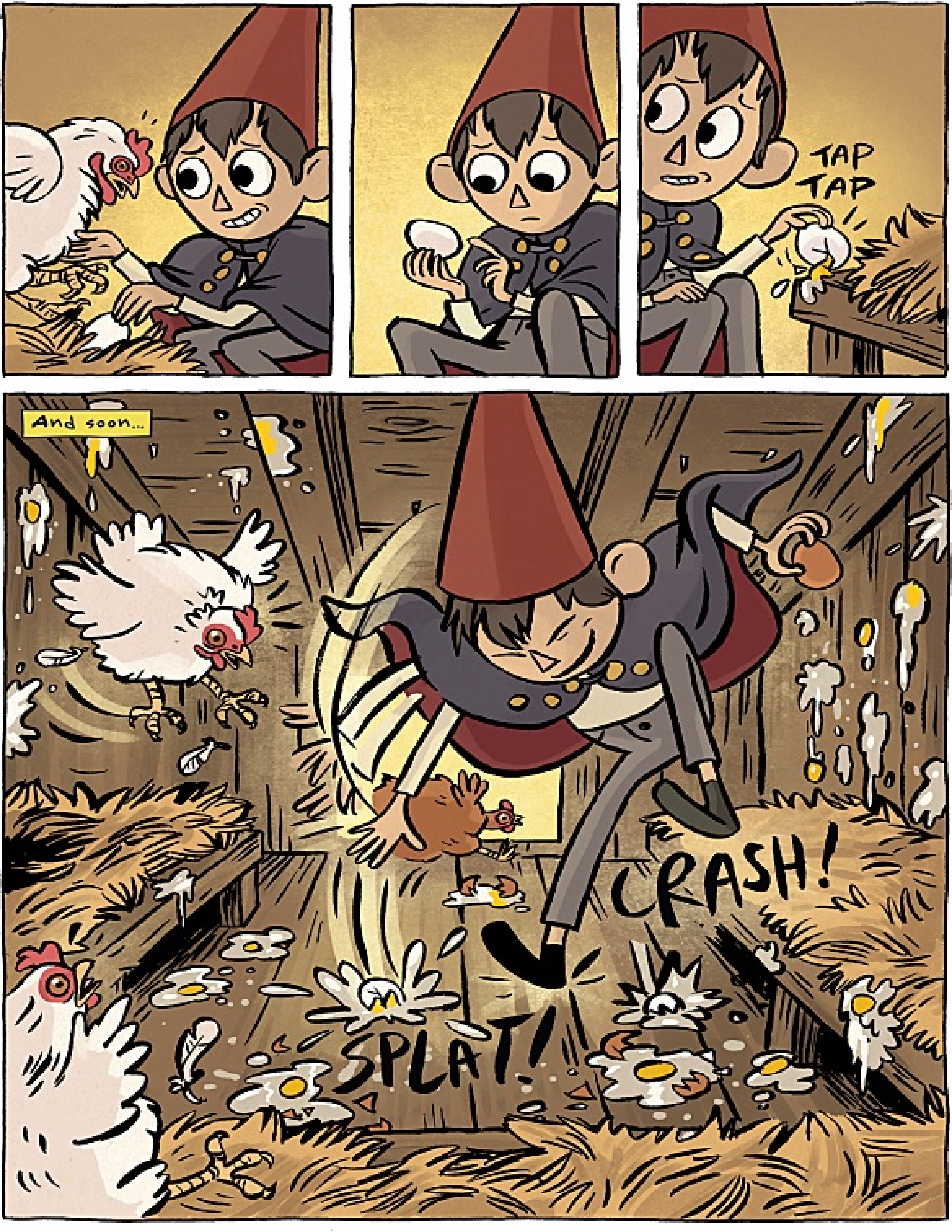

There must be a food magician among us, making everything invisible!
"A job well done, Wirt.
Thank you, Wirt."
OLD SCRATCH BRAND MATCHES
Seems a shame to burn up all the linens like this...
Hey, are you *SURE* you want me to burn them all?!

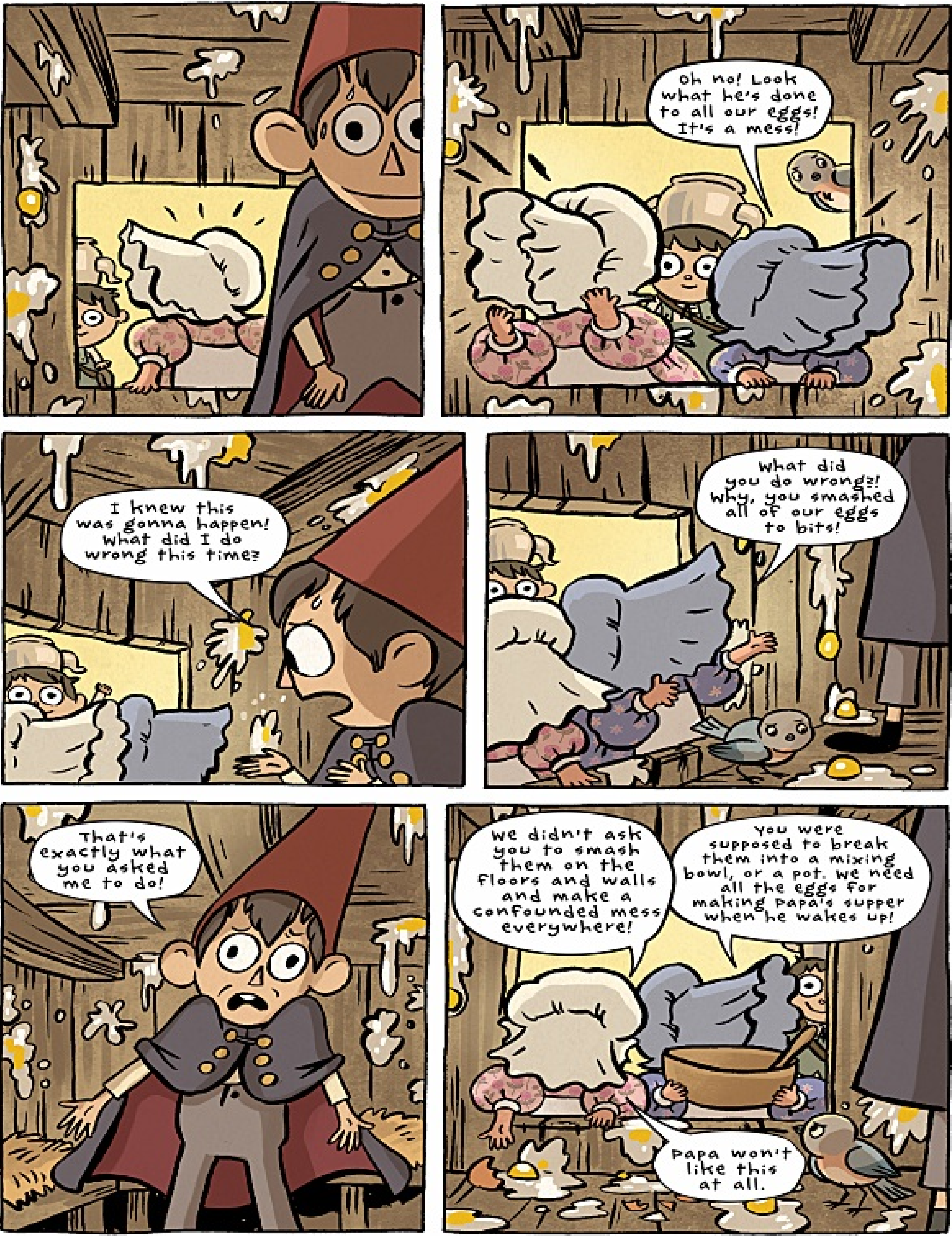

Of course!
We can't just let 'em blow around the yard. Papa don't like it.
Well... if Papa don't like it...
Hey pass me some of those non-existent nuts and berries.
No, you didn't say "please".
Why are you burning our fine linens?!

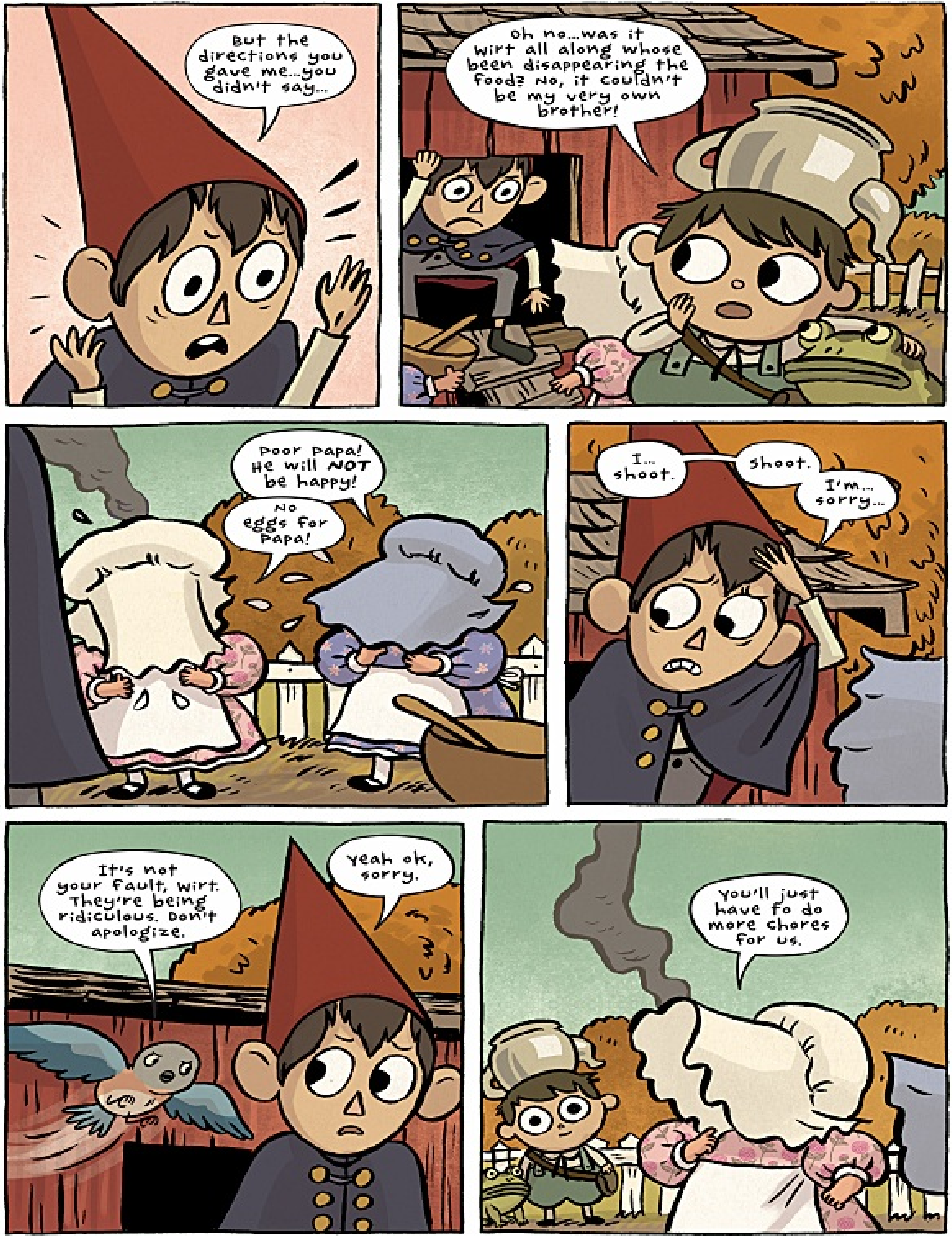

Y-You told me to!
"No! FOLD the linens, and burn THEM!"
Burn those piles of leaves!
Oh papa will certainly have a fit!
I...I didn't... you weren't...I mean...you really weren't very clear with the use of the pronoun "them"...
Wirt's actually right...you could have been clearer.

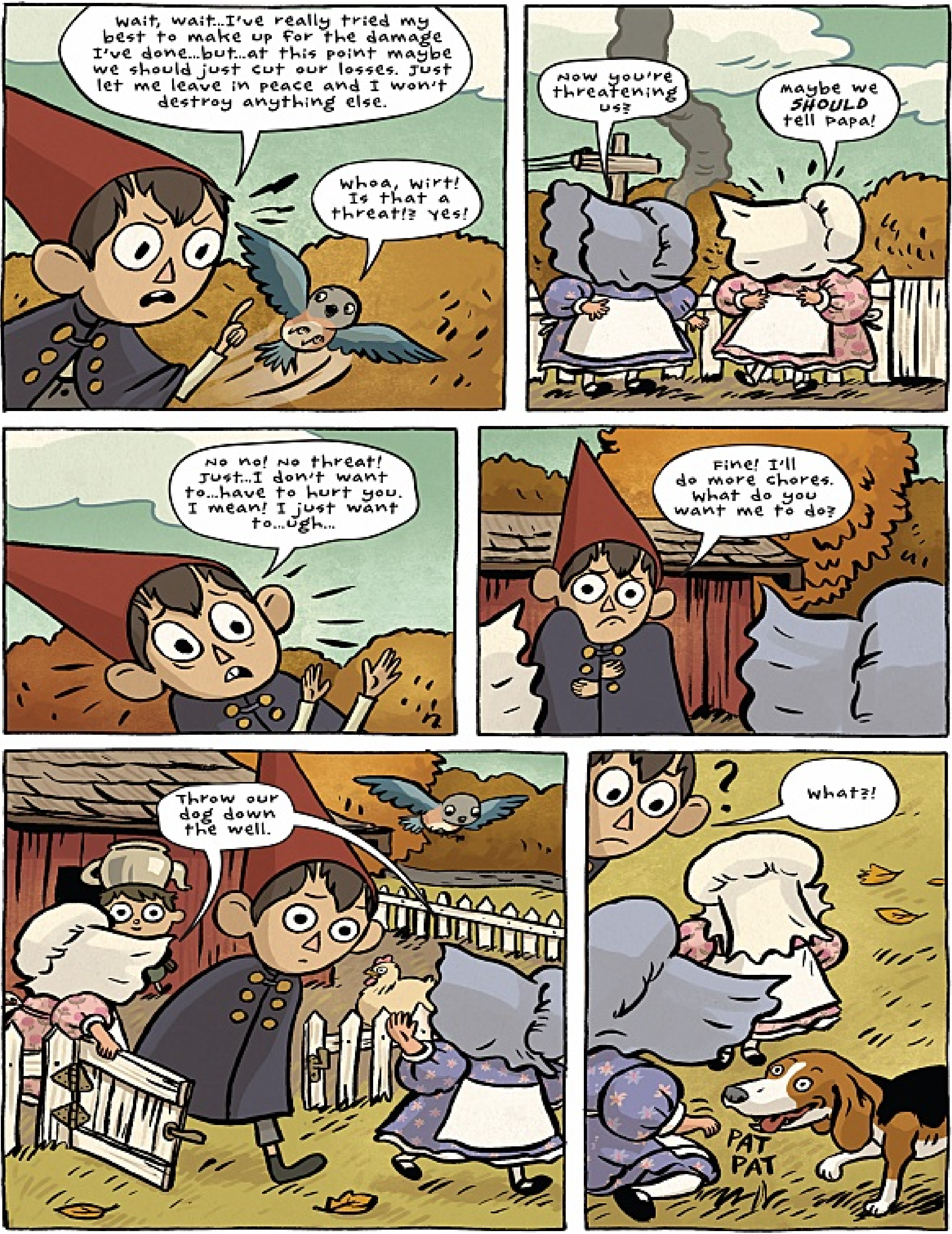

I'm really sorry!
Please, don't tell Papa.
Well, perhaps you can make it up to us by breaking all the eggs in our chicken coop.
Huh?
If you break all the eggs in the chicken coop, then Papa won't be so upset when he wakes up.
Ok. Now…I hear what you're saying… but let's discuss this first, because I want to be extra clear. You want me to break all the eggs in your chicken coop?
Yes.
Now…why on earth do you want me to do that?
Every day we have to break all the eggs, otherwise the old black rat snake will come and swallow them all up instead.

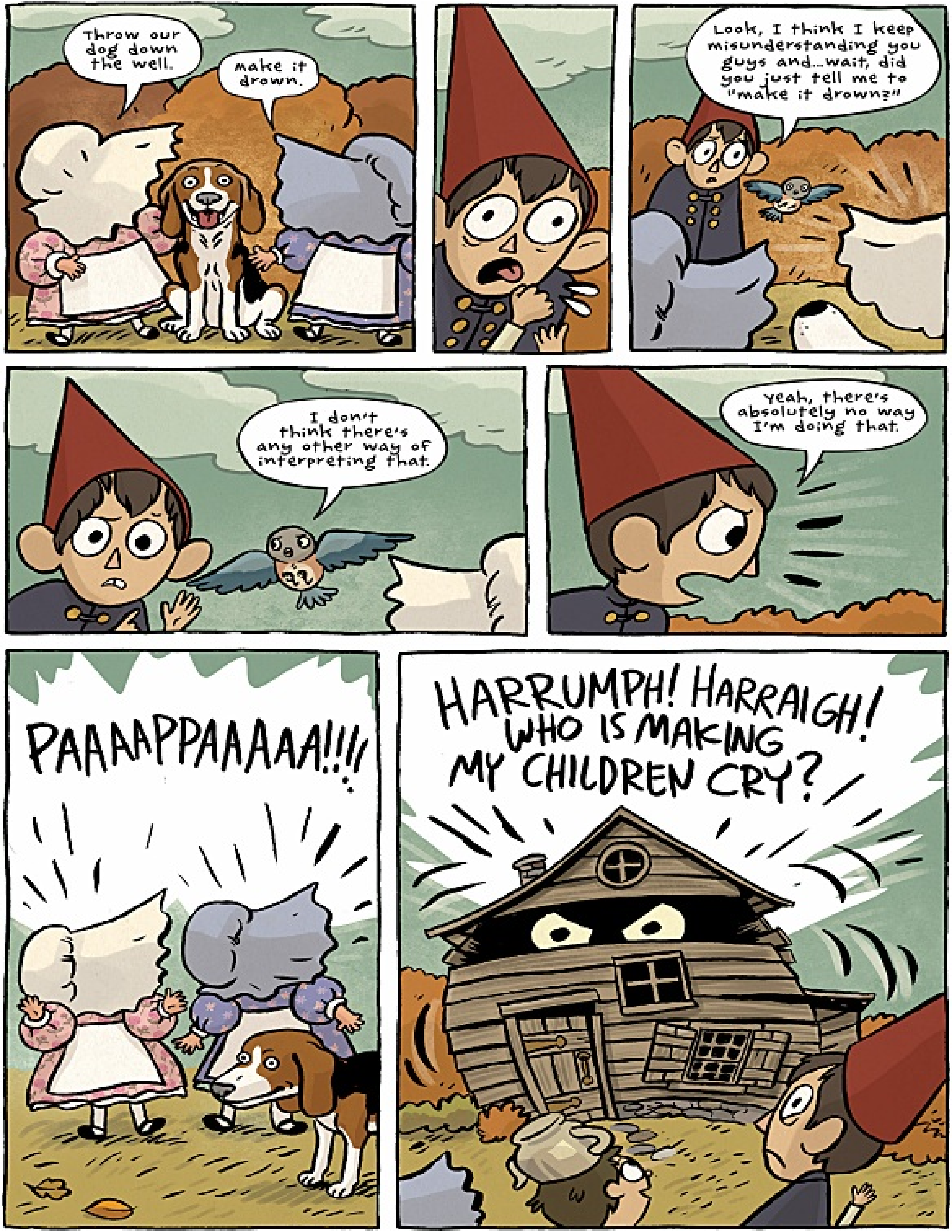

And so to keep the snake from eating them, you want me to break them?
And by "them" let's all agree we're talking about eggs, right?
Of course. Break the eggs. That's what Papa likes.
Ok, but...I just feel like...all right, fine. I'll do it if you're sure.
...I'll break the eggs....

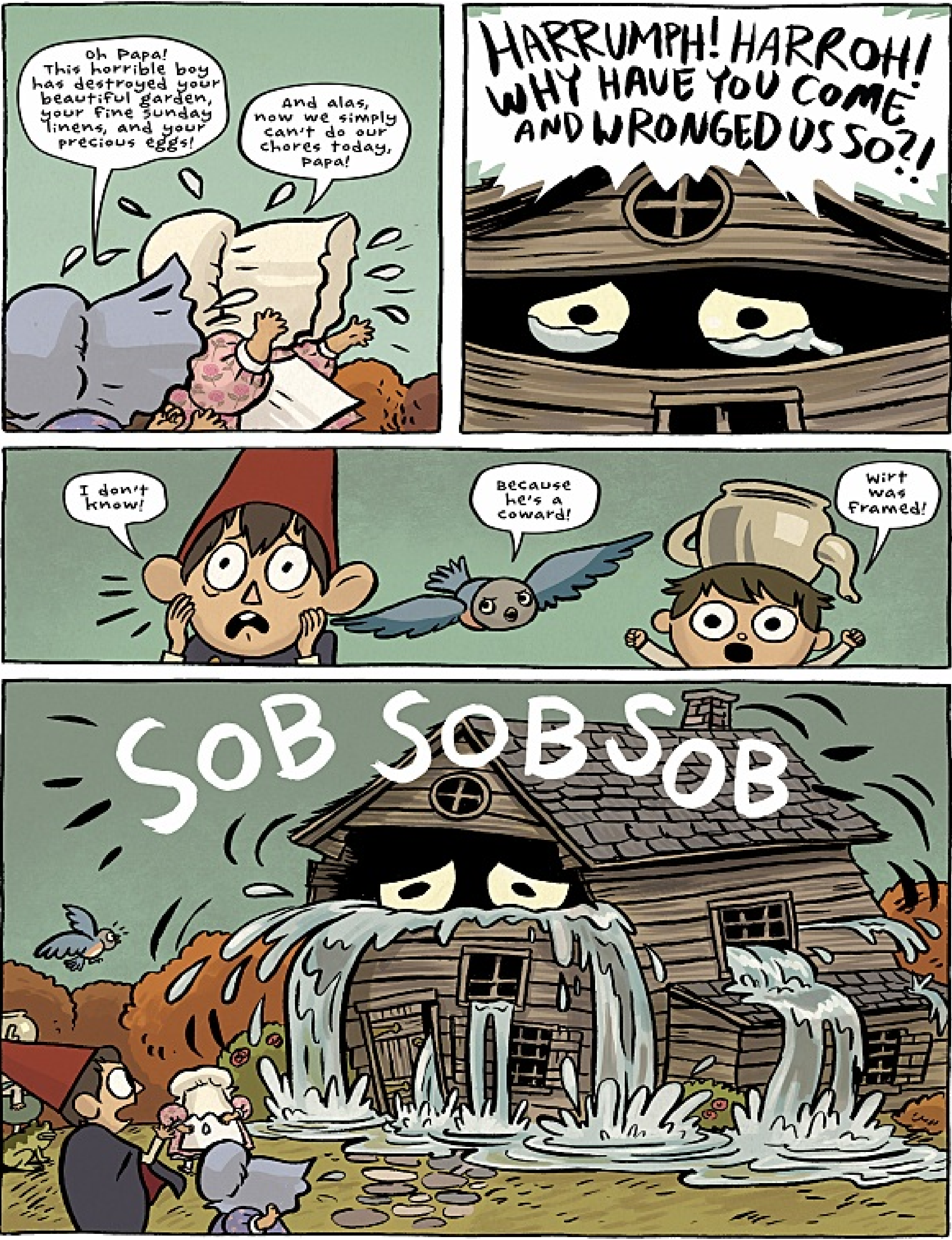

TAP
TAP
And soon...
CRASH!
SPLAT!

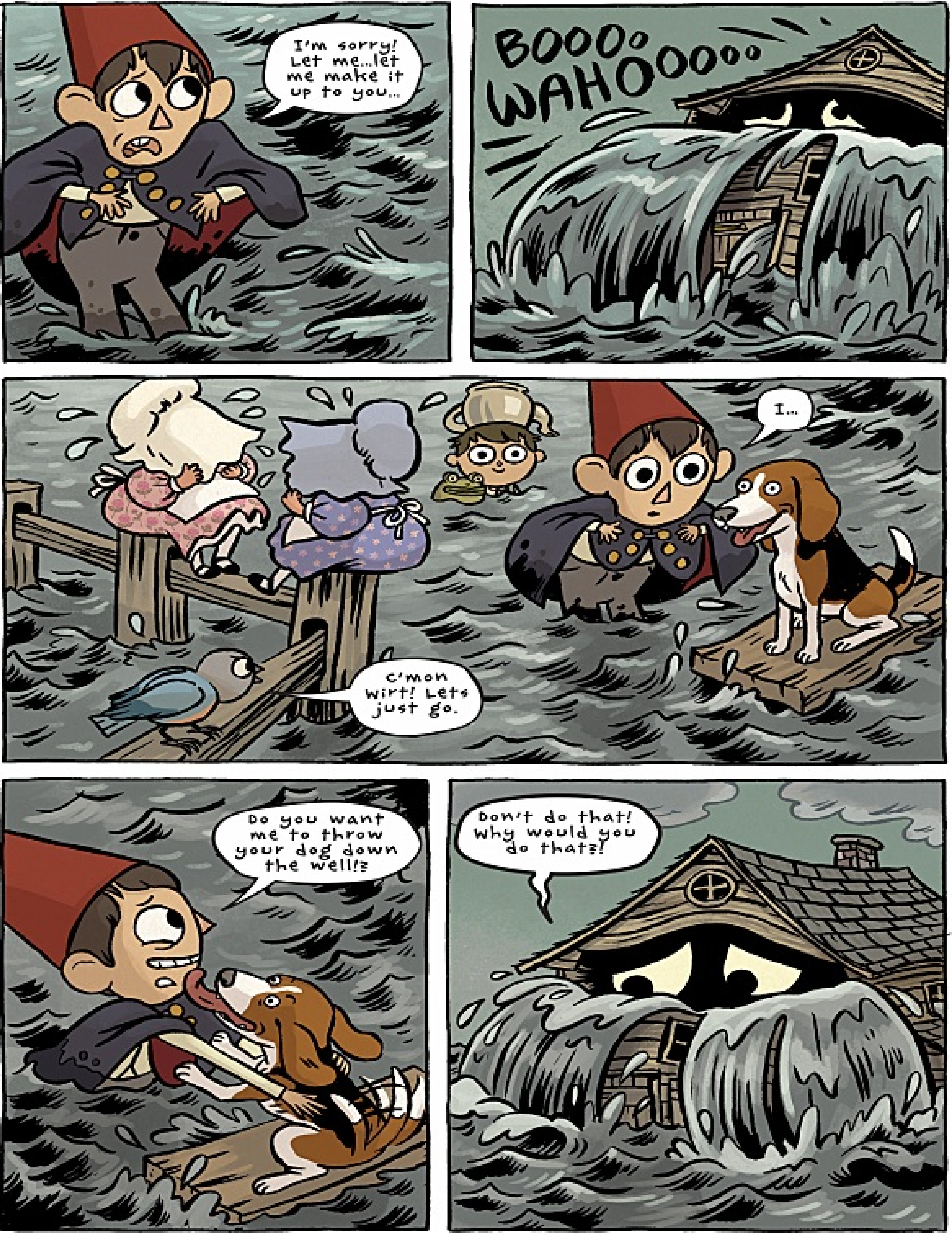

Oh no! Look what he's done to all our eggs! It's a mess!
I knew this was gonna happen! What did I do wrong this time?
What did you do wrong?! Why, you smashed all of our eggs to bits!
That's exactly what you asked me to do!
We didn't ask you to smash them on the floors and walls and make a confounded mess everywhere!
You were supposed to break them into a mixing bowl, or a pot. We need all the eggs for making Papa's supper when he wakes up!
Papa won't like this at all.

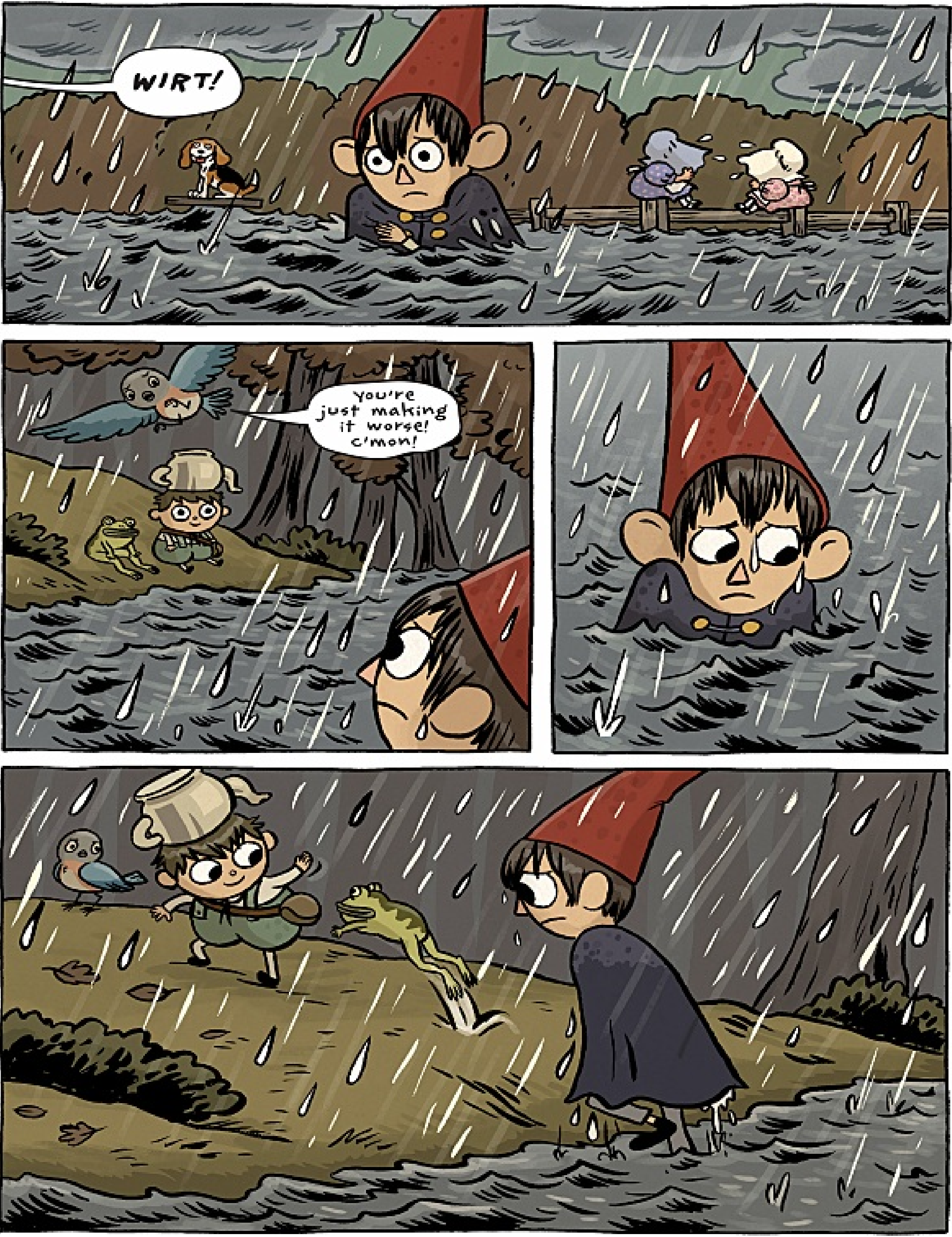

But the directions you gave me...you didn't say...
Oh no...was it Wirt all along whose been disappearing the food? No, it couldn't be my very own brother!
Poor papa! He will NOT be happy!
No eggs for papa!
I... shoot.
Shoot.
I'm... sorry...
It's not your fault, Wirt. They're being ridiculous. Don't apologize.
Yeah ok, sorry.
You'll just have to do more chores for us.

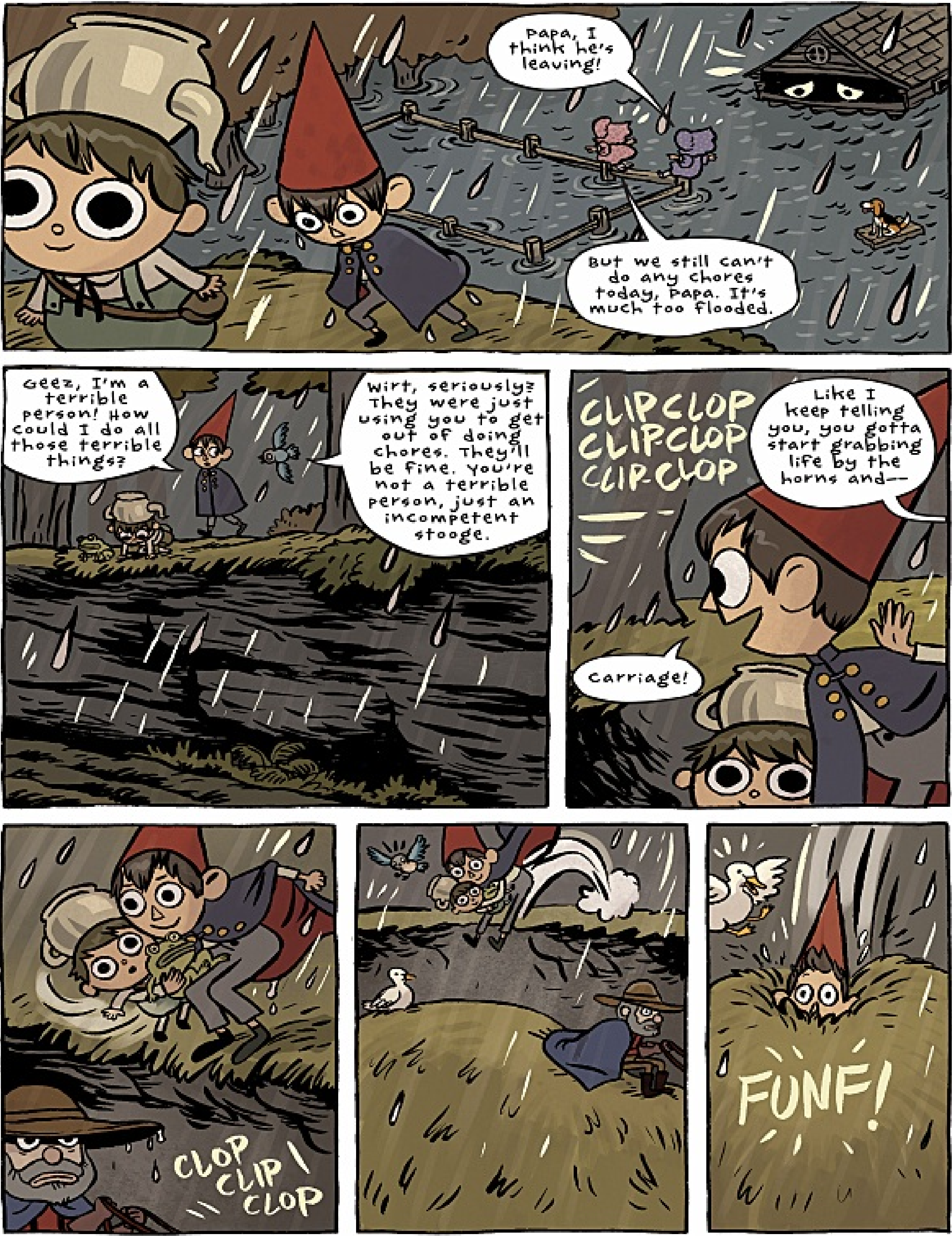

Wait, wait…I've really tried my best to make up for the damage I've done…but…at this point maybe we should just cut our losses. Just let me leave in peace and I won't destroy anything else.
Whoa, Wirt! Is that a threat!? Yes!
Now you're threatening us?
Maybe we SHOULD tell Papa!
No no! No threat! Just…I don't want to…have to hurt you. I mean! I just want to…ugh…
Fine! I'll do more chores. What do you want me to do?
Throw our dog down the well.
?
What?!
PAT PAT

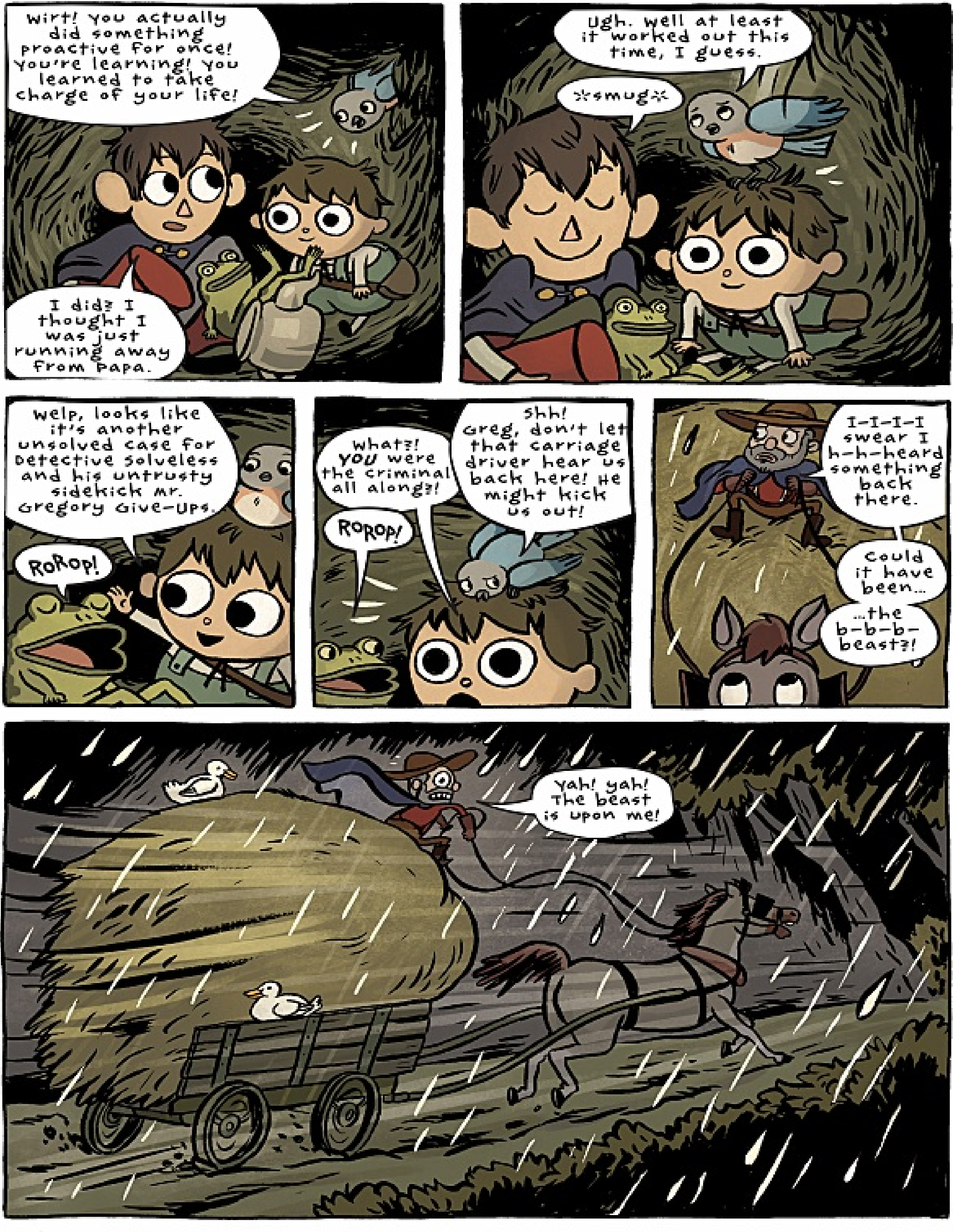

Throw our dog down the well.
make it drown.
Look, I think I keep misunderstanding you guys and...wait, did you just tell me to "make it drown?"
I don't think there's any other way of interpreting that.
Yeah, there's absolutely no way I'm doing that.
PAAAAPPAAAAAA!!!!
HARRUMPH! HARRAIGH! WHO IS MAKING MY CHILDREN CRY?


Oh Papa! This horrible boy has destroyed your beautiful garden, your fine Sunday linens, and your precious eggs!
And alas, now we simply can't do our chores today, Papa!
HARRUMPH! HARROH! WHY HAVE YOU COME AND WRONGED US SO?!
I don't know!
Because he's a coward!
Wirt was framed!
SOB SOB SOB


I'm sorry! Let me...let me make it up to you...
BOOOoo WAHOOOooo
I...
C'mon Wirt! Lets just go.
Do you want me to throw your dog down the well!?
Don't do that! Why would you do that?!


WIRT!
You're just making it worse! C'mon!

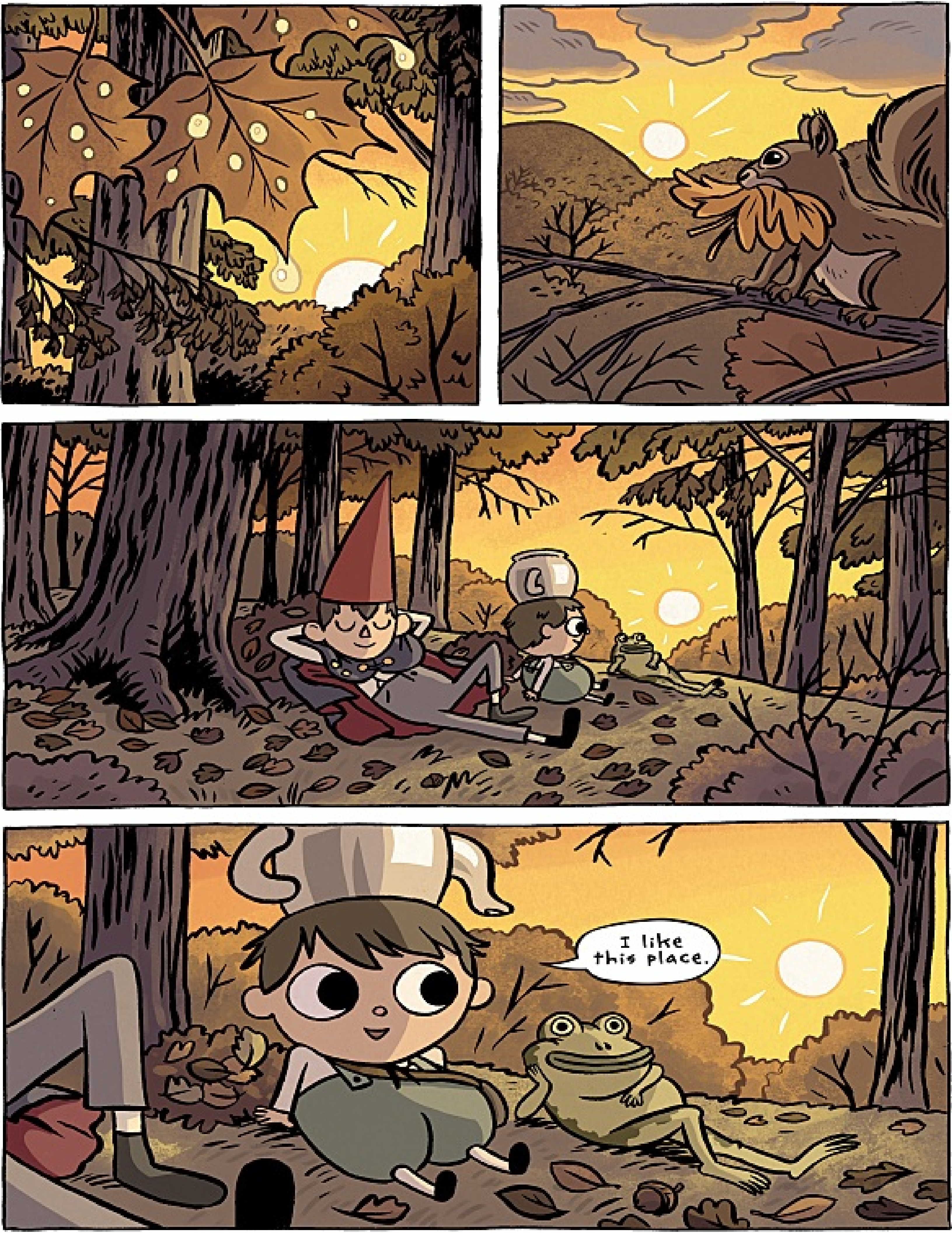

Papa, I think he's leaving!
But we still can't do any chores today, Papa. It's much too flooded.
Geez, I'm a terrible person! How could I do all those terrible things?
Wirt, seriously? They were just using you to get out of doing chores. They'll be fine. You're not a terrible person, just an incompetent stooge.
CLIP CLOP CLIP-CLOP CLIP-CLOP
Like I keep telling you, you gotta start grabbing life by the horns and—
Carriage!
CLOP CLIP CLOP
FUNF!

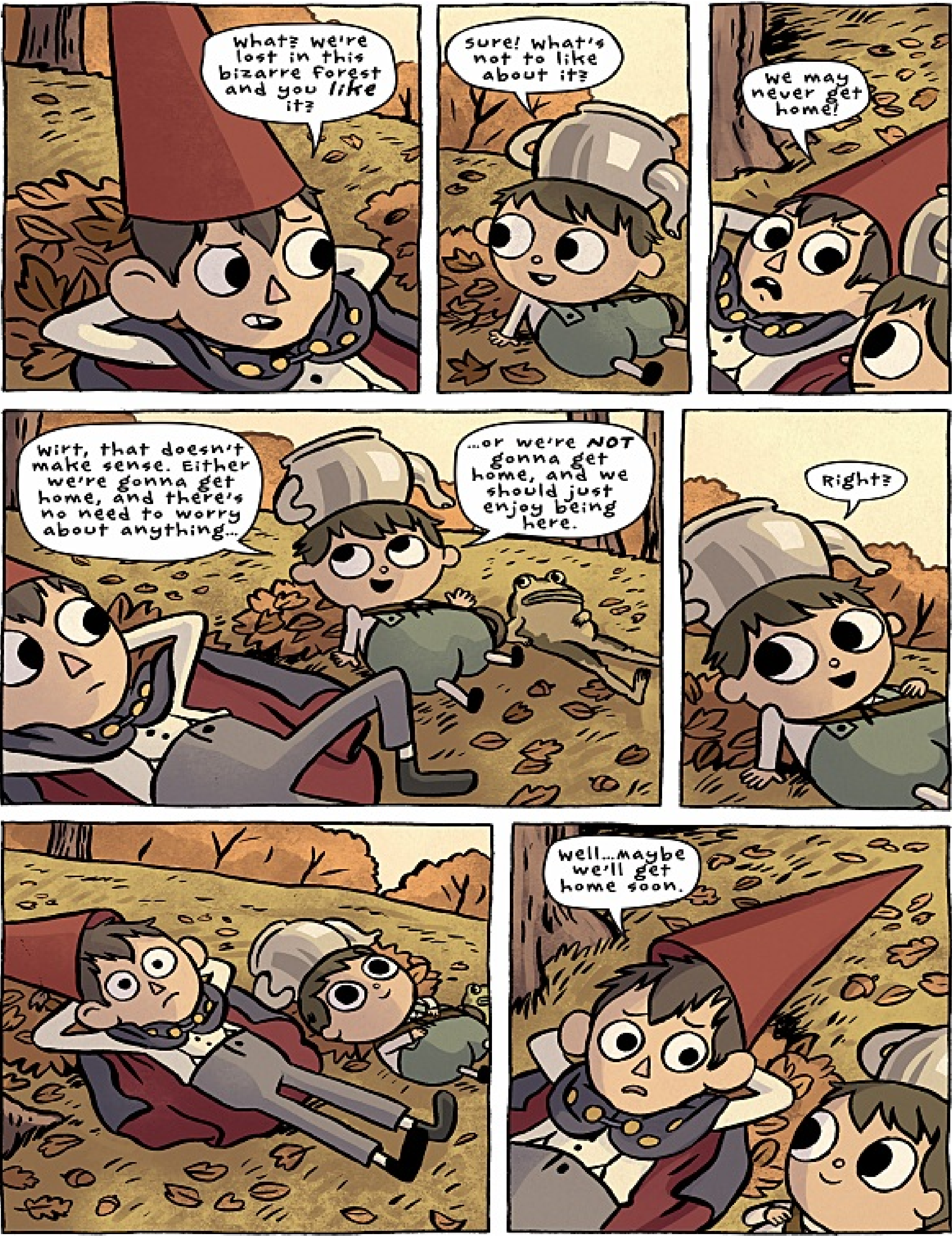

Wirt! You actually did something proactive for once! You're learning! You learned to take charge of your life!
I did? I thought I was just running away from Papa.
Ugh. Well at least it worked out this time, I guess.
smug
Welp, looks like it's another unsolved case for Detective Solveless and his untrusty sidekick Mr. Gregory Give-Ups.
ROROP!
What?! YOU were the criminal all along?!
ROROP!
Shh! Greg, don't let that carriage driver hear us back here! He might kick us out!
I-I-I-I swear I h-h-heard something back there.
Could it have been…
…the b-b-b-beast?!
Yah! Yah! The beast is upon me!

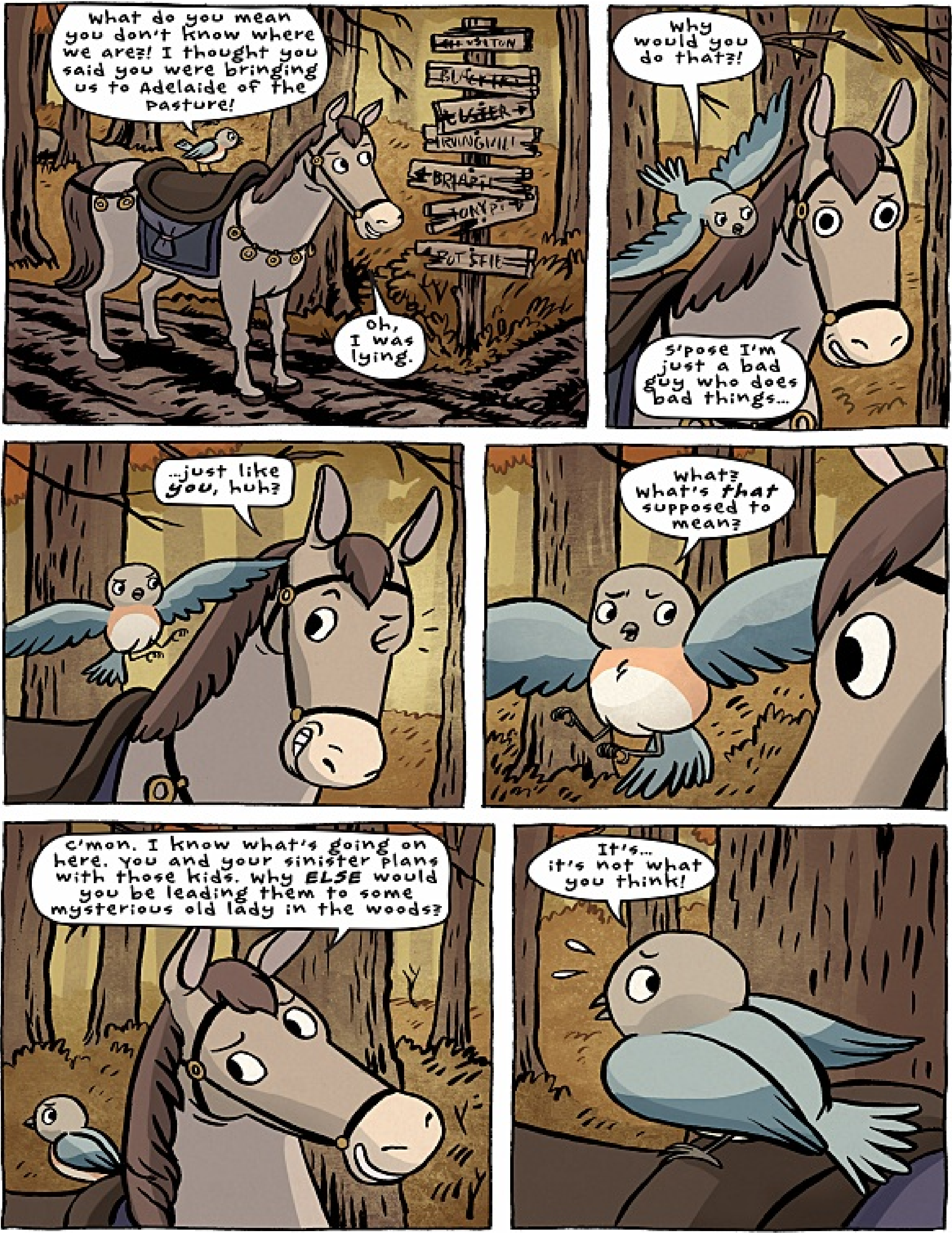
THE TALE OF FRED THE HORSE

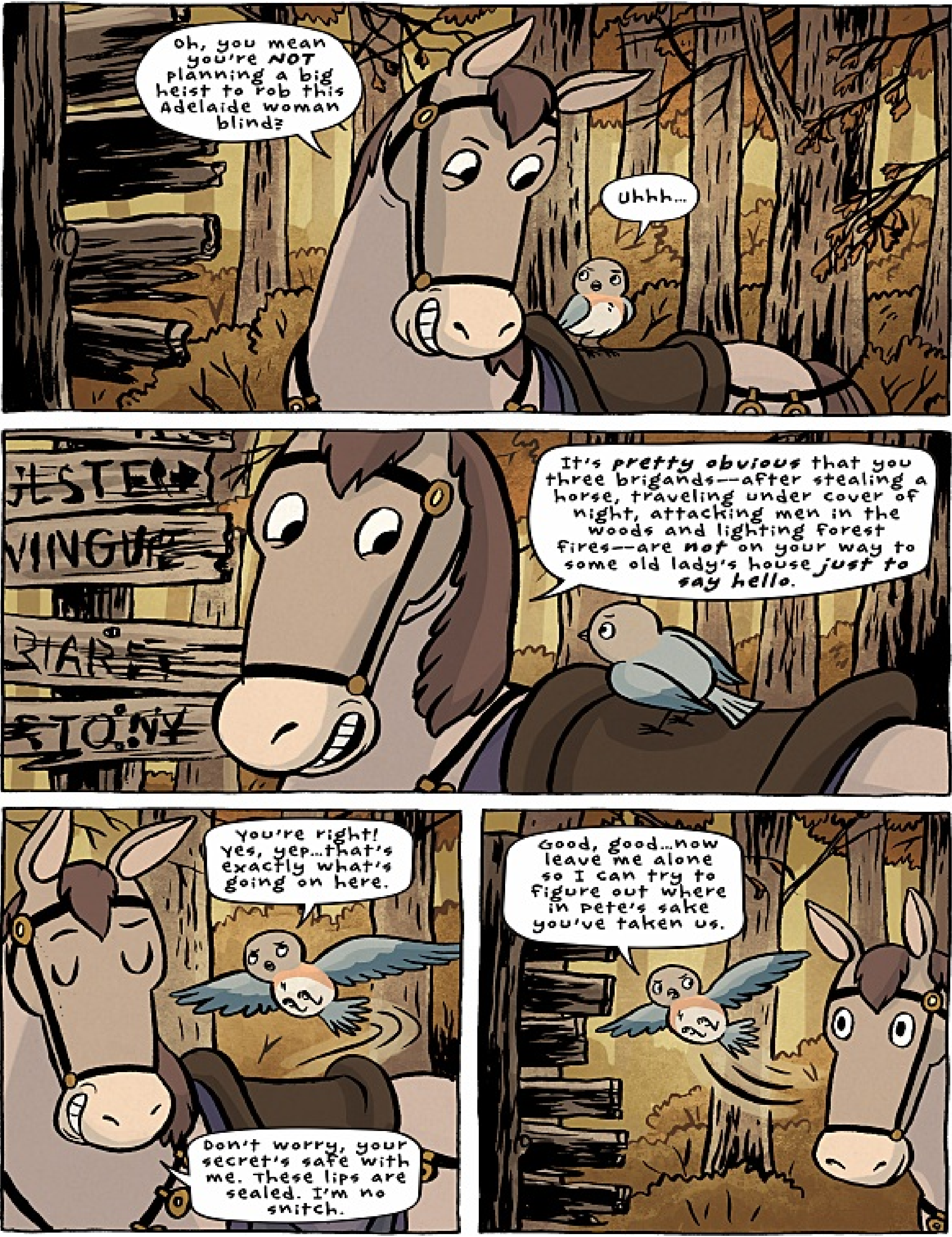
JIM CAMPBELL

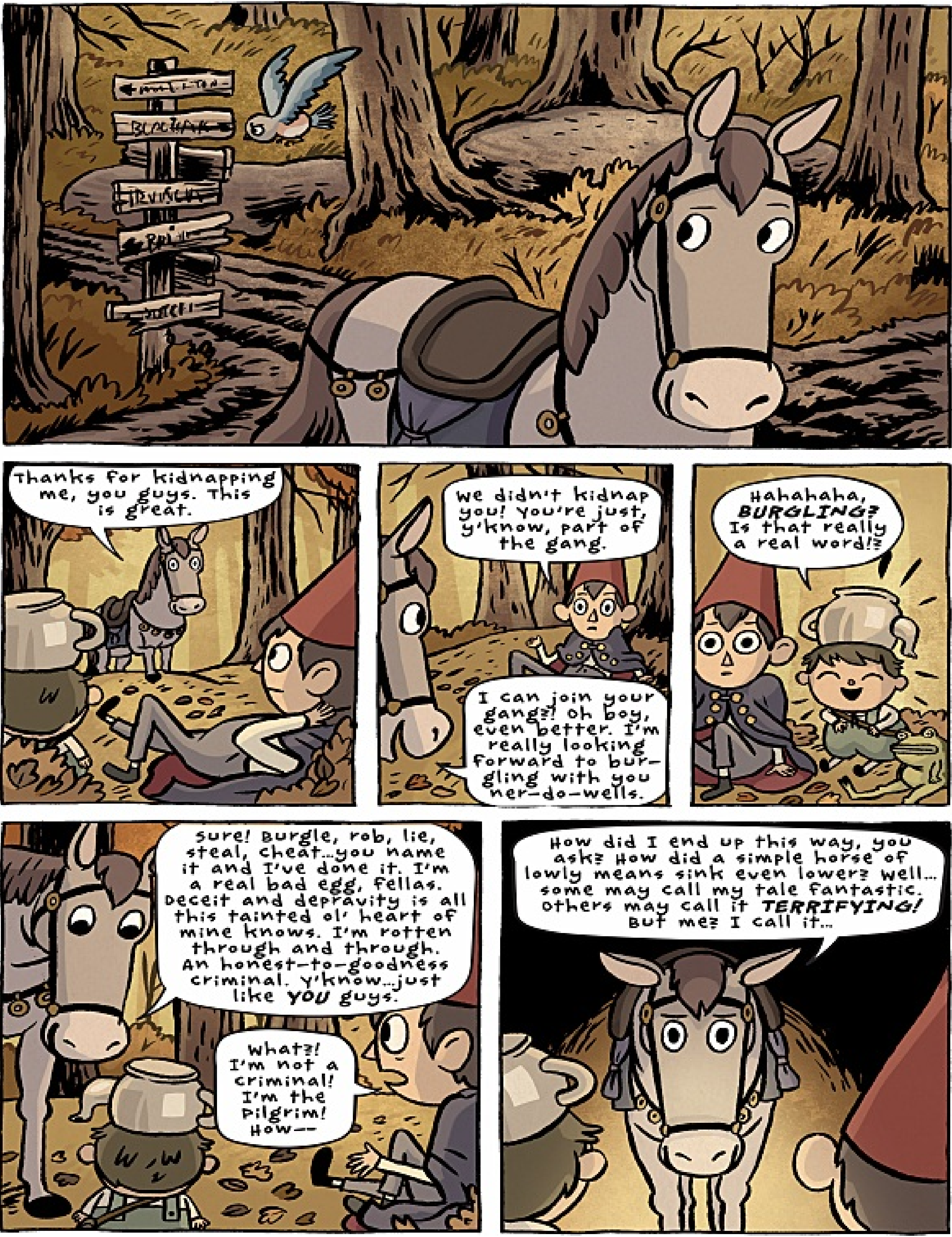
ISSUE #2 COVER BY JIM CAMPBELL

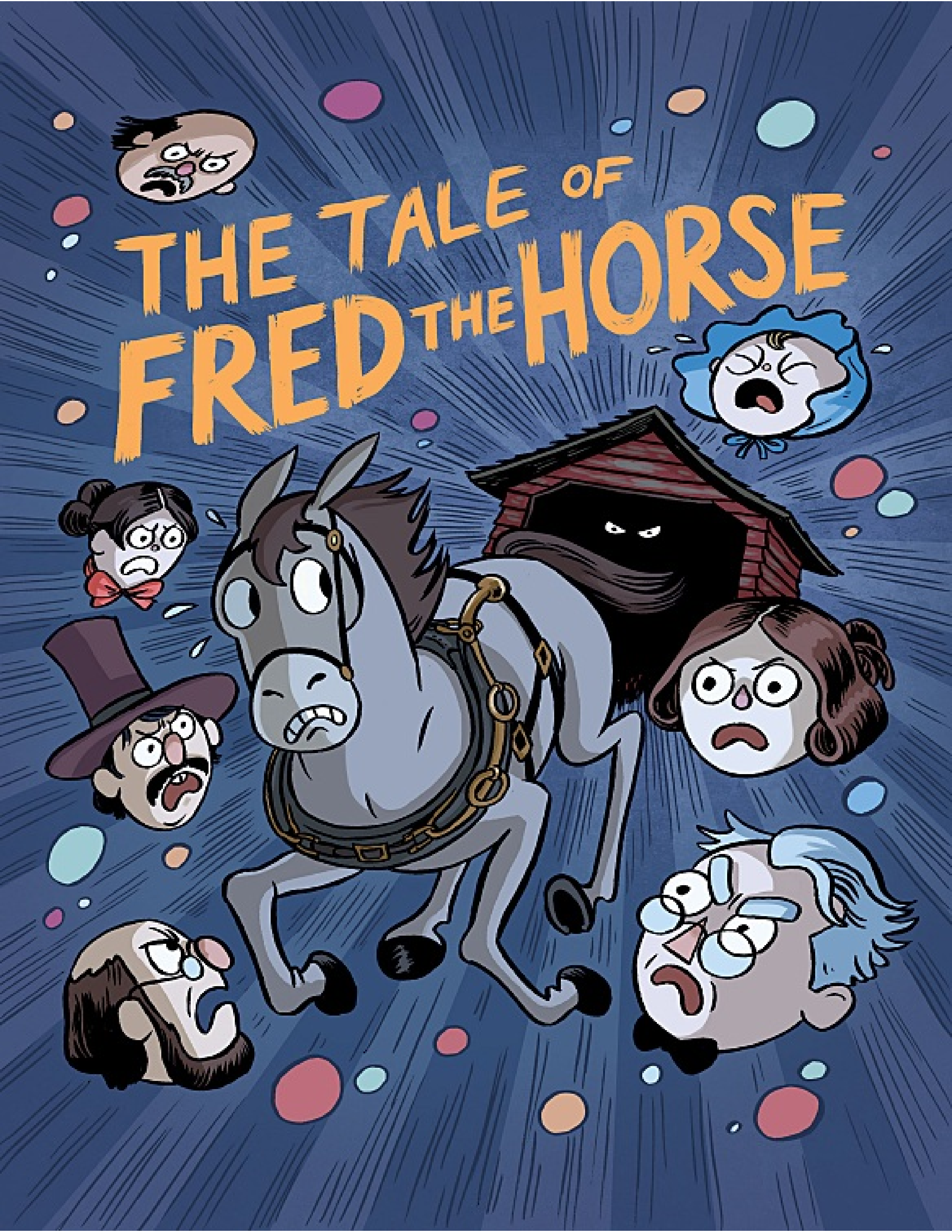

I like this place.

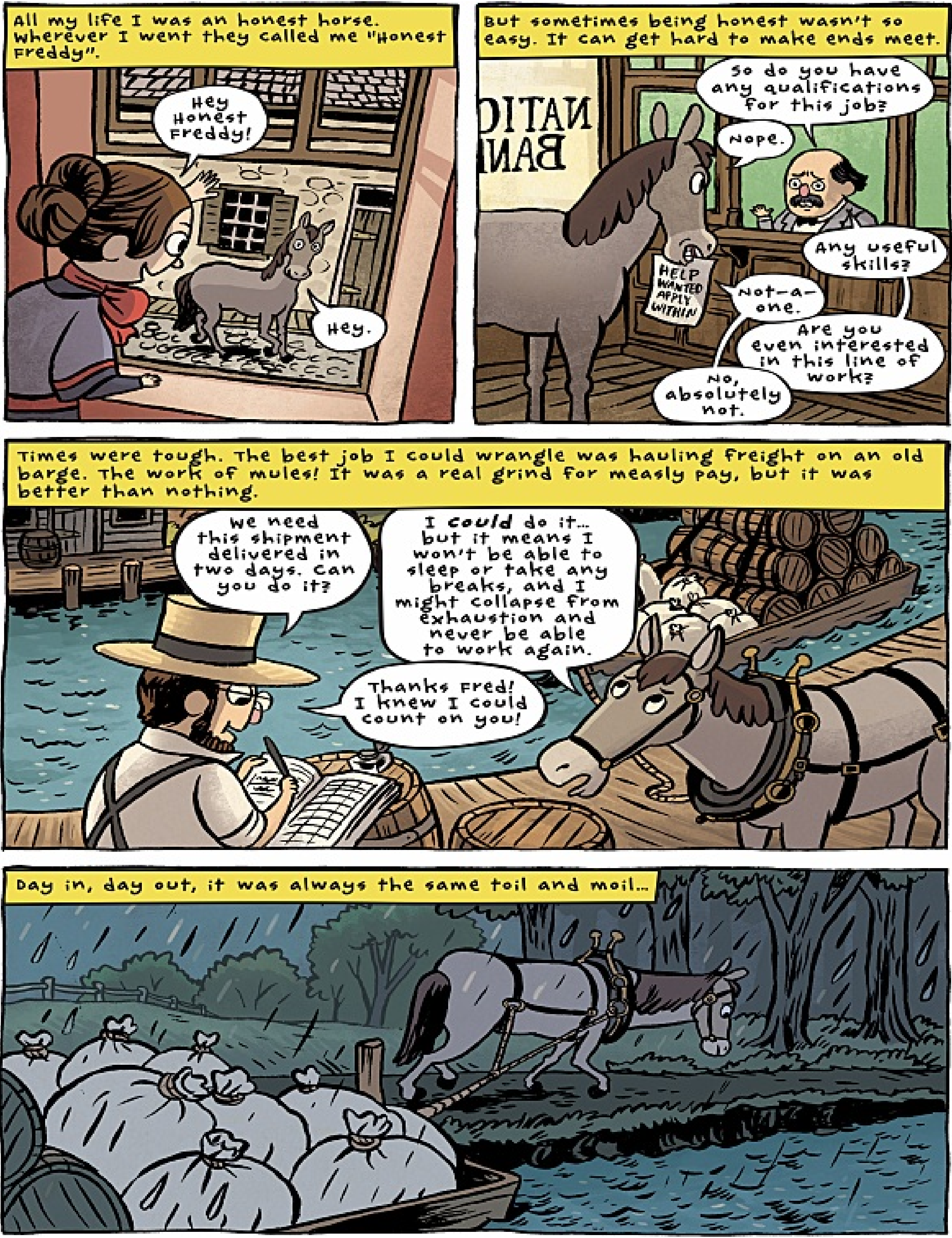

What? We're lost in this bizarre forest and you *like* it?
Sure! What's not to like about it?
We may never get home!
Wirt, that doesn't make sense. Either we're gonna get home, and there's no need to worry about anything...
...or we're NOT gonna get home, and we should just enjoy being here.
Right?
Well...maybe we'll get home soon.

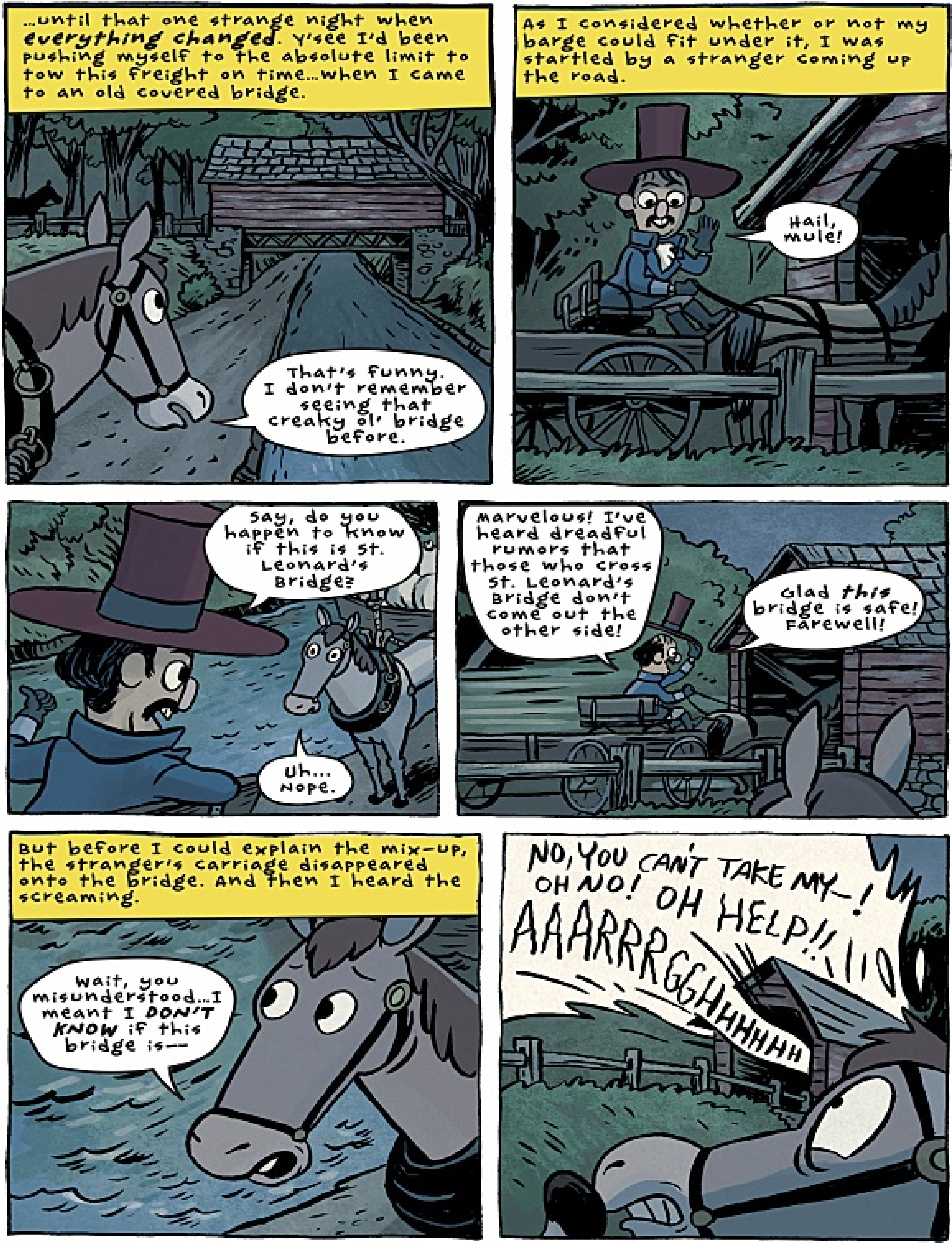

What do you mean you don't know where we are?! I thought you said you were bringing us to Adelaide of the pasture!
IRVINGVILL
BRIAR
TONYP
Oh, I was lying.
Why would you do that?!
S'pose I'm just a bad guy who does bad things...
...just like *you*, huh?
What? What's *that* supposed to mean?
C'mon. I know what's going on here. You and your sinister plans with those kids. Why *ELSE* would you be leading them to some mysterious old lady in the woods?
It's... it's not what you think!

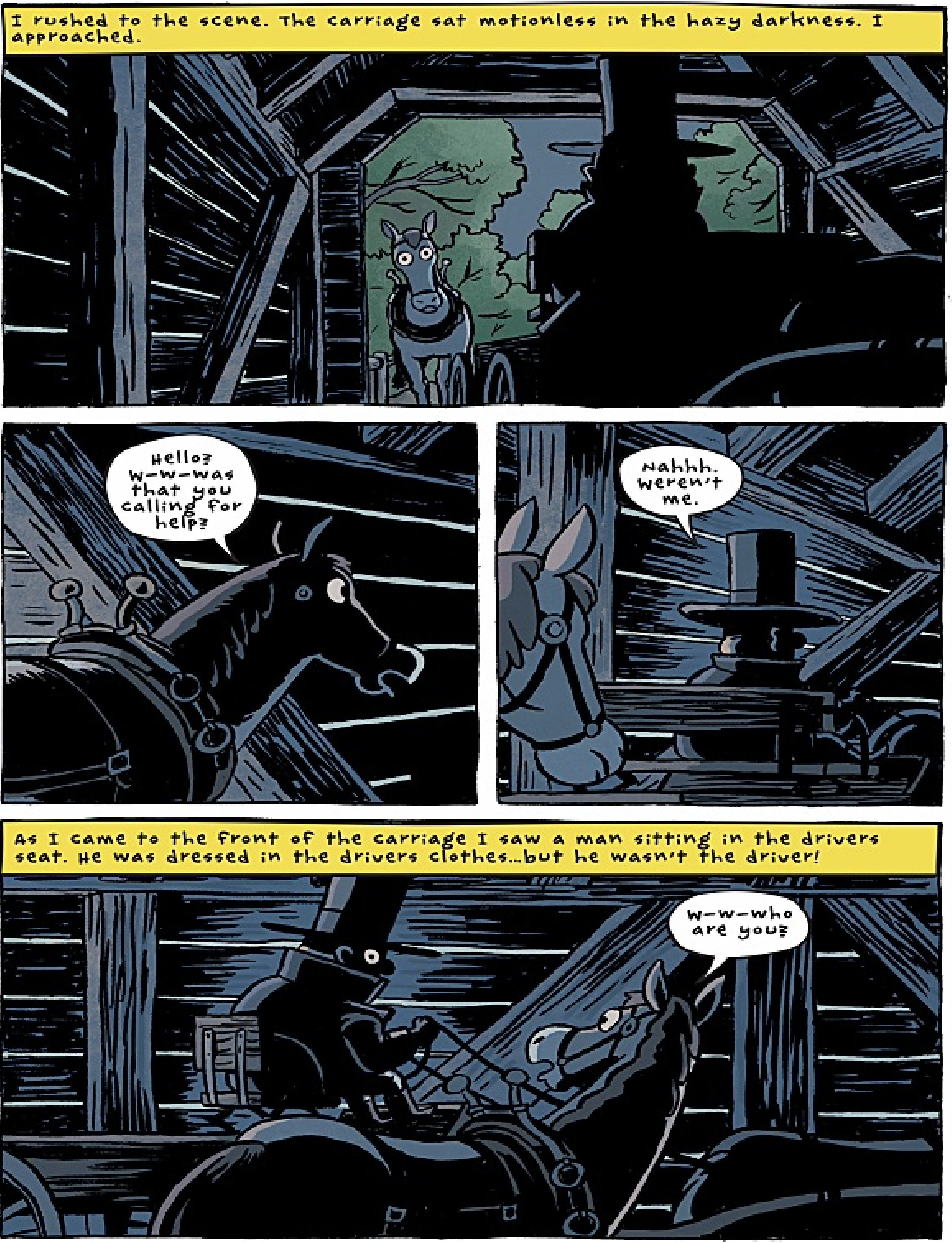

Oh, you mean you're *NOT* planning a big heist to rob this Adelaide woman blind?
Uhhh...
It's *pretty obvious* that you three brigands—after stealing a horse, traveling under cover of night, attacking men in the woods and lighting forest fires—are *not* on your way to some old lady's house *just to say hello*.
You're right! Yes, yep...that's exactly what's going on here.
Don't worry, your secret's safe with me. These lips are sealed. I'm no snitch.
Good, good...now leave me alone so I can try to figure out where in Pete's sake you've taken us.

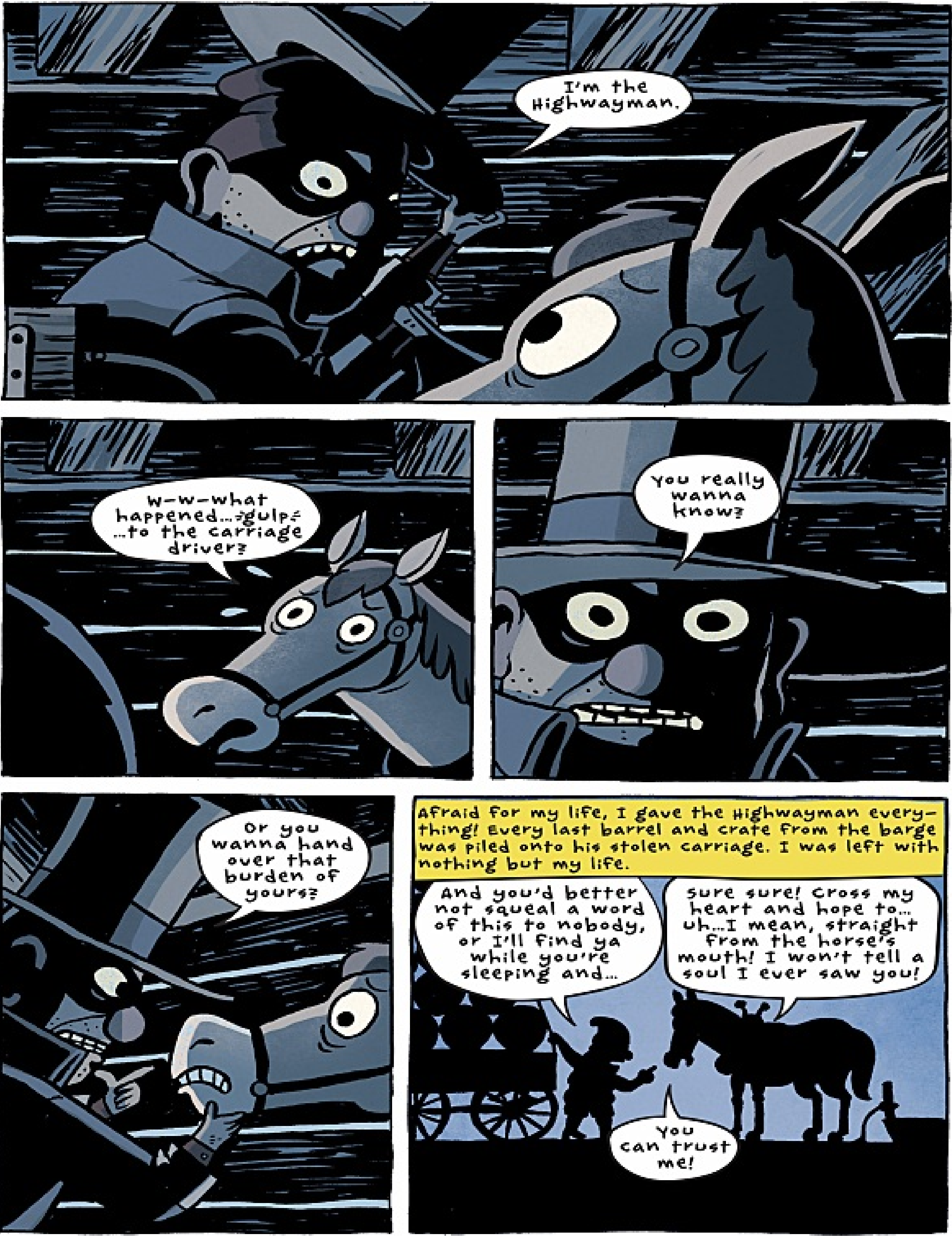

Thanks for kidnapping me, you guys. This is great.
We didn't kidnap you! You're just, y'know, part of the gang.
I can join your gang?! Oh boy, even better. I'm really looking forward to burgling with you ner-do-wells.
Hahahaha, BURGLING? Is that really a real word!?
Sure! Burgle, rob, lie, steal, cheat…you name it and I've done it. I'm a real bad egg, fellas. Deceit and depravity is all this tainted ol' heart of mine knows. I'm rotten through and through. An honest-to-goodness criminal. Y'know…just like YOU guys.
What?! I'm not a criminal! I'm the Pilgrim! How--
How did I end up this way, you ask? How did a simple horse of lowly means sink even lower? Well… some may call my tale fantastic. Others may call it TERRIFYING! But me? I call it…

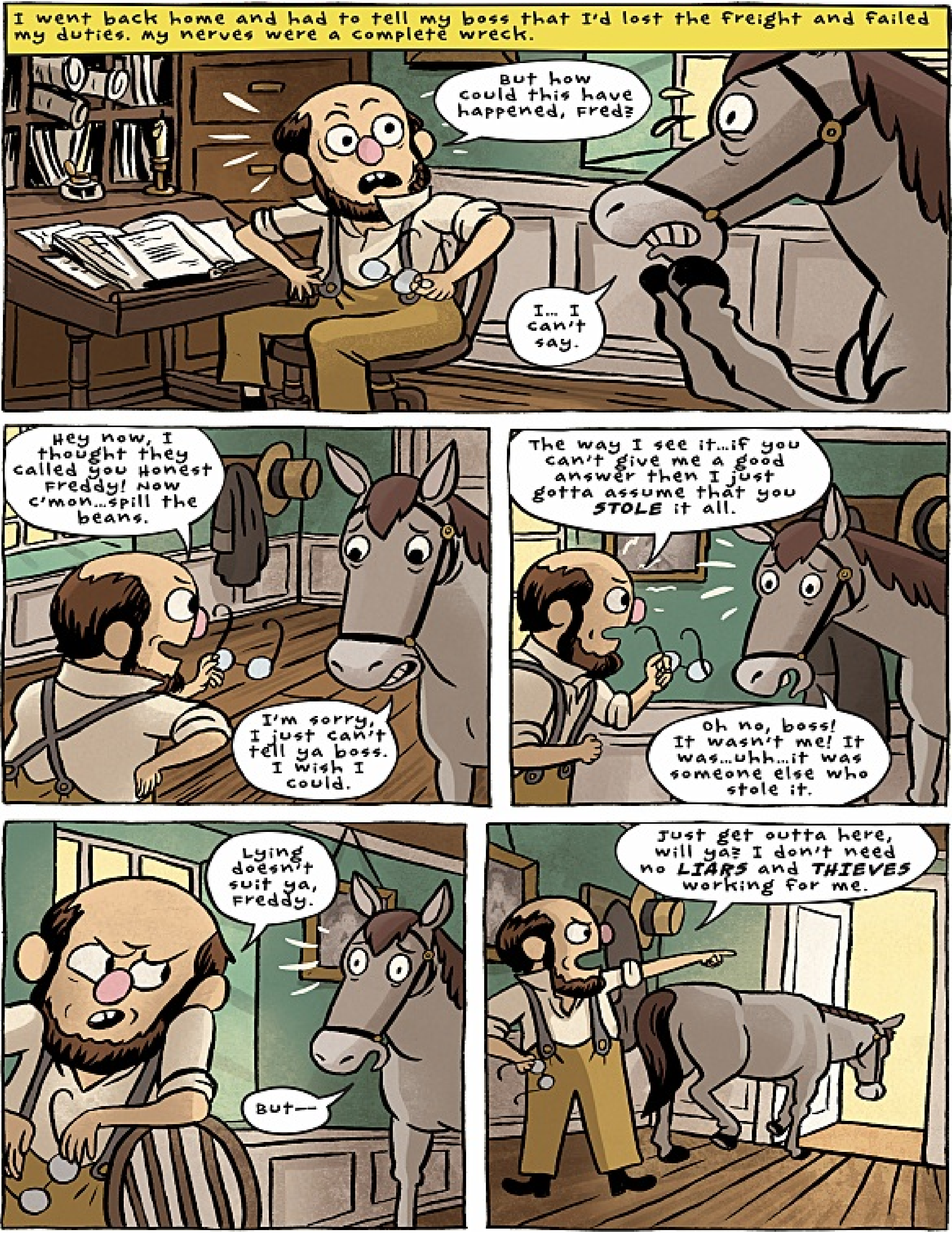

THE TALE OF
FRED THE HORSE

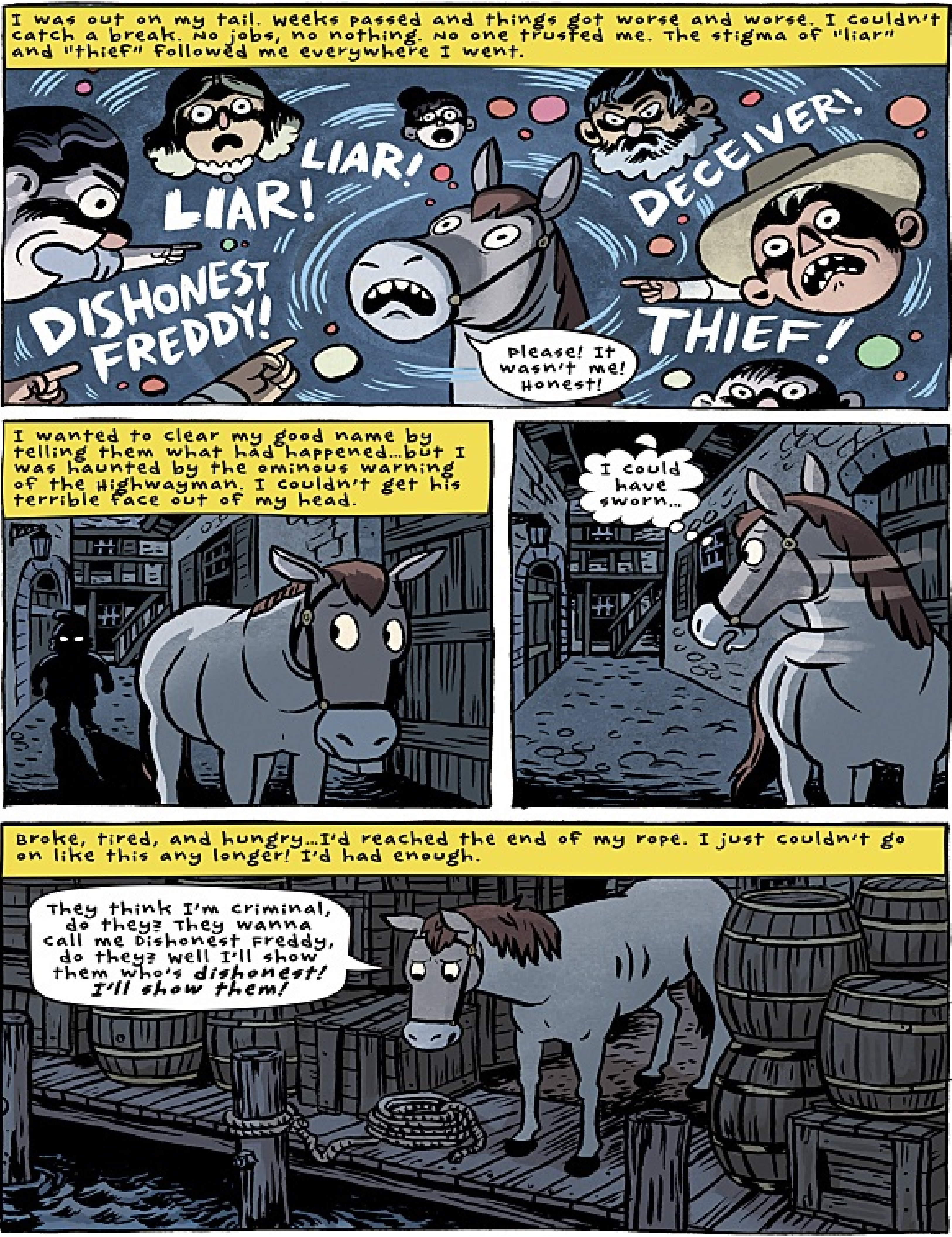

All my life I was an honest horse. Wherever I went they called me "Honest Freddy".
Hey Honest Freddy!
Hey.
But sometimes being honest wasn't so easy. It can get hard to make ends meet.
NATIO BAN
So do you have any qualifications for this job?
Nope.
HELP WANTED APPLY WITHIN
Any useful skills?
Not–a–one.
Are you even interested in this line of work?
No, absolutely not.
Times were tough. The best job I could wrangle was hauling freight on an old barge. The work of mules! It was a real grind for measly pay, but it was better than nothing.
We need this shipment delivered in two days. Can you do it?
I *could* do it… but it means I won't be able to sleep or take any breaks, and I might collapse from exhaustion and never be able to work again.
Thanks Fred! I knew I could count on you!
Day in, day out, it was always the same toil and moil…

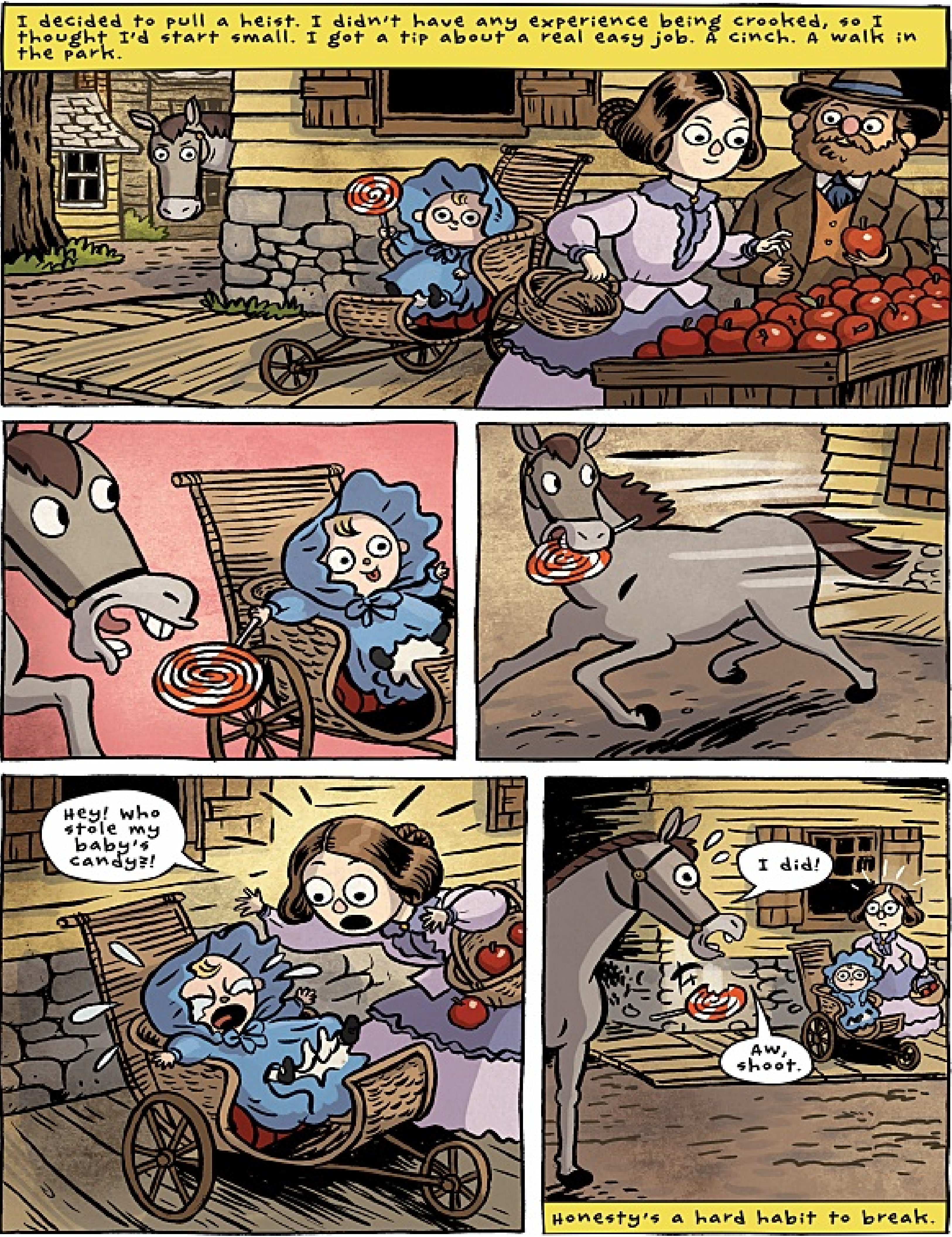

...until that one strange night when *everything changed*. Y'see I'd been pushing myself to the absolute limit to tow this freight on time...when I came to an old covered bridge.
That's funny. I don't remember seeing that creaky ol' bridge before.
As I considered whether or not my barge could fit under it, I was startled by a stranger coming up the road.
Hail, mule!
Say, do you happen to know if this is St. Leonard's Bridge?
Uh... Nope.
Marvelous! I've heard dreadful rumors that those who cross St. Leonard's Bridge don't come out the other side!
Glad *this* bridge is safe! Farewell!
But before I could explain the mix-up, the stranger's carriage disappeared onto the bridge. And then I heard the screaming.
Wait, you misunderstood...I meant I *DON'T KNOW* if this bridge is--
NO, YOU CAN'T TAKE MY--! OH NO! OH HELP!! AAARRRGGHHHHHH

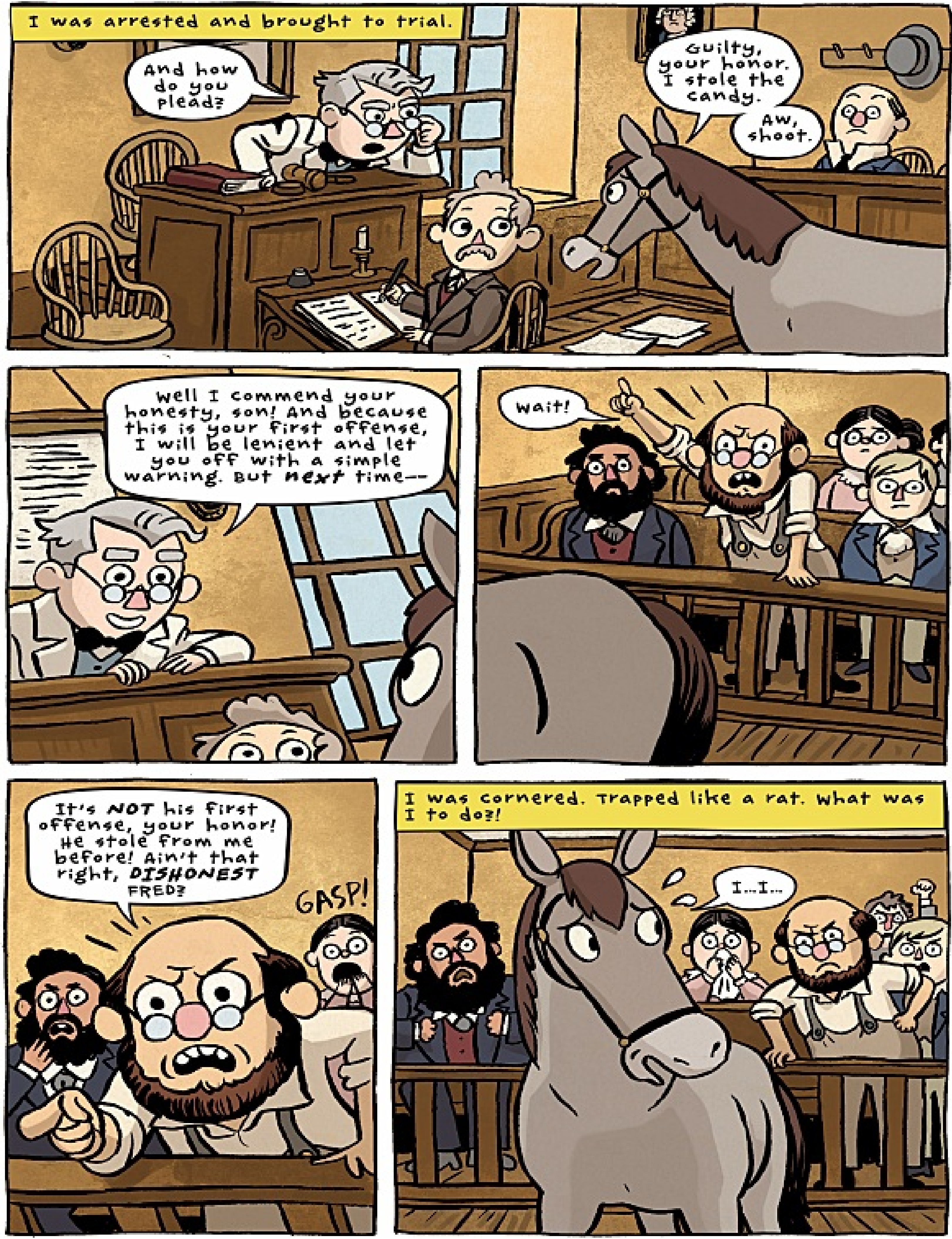

I rushed to the scene. The carriage sat motionless in the hazy darkness. I approached.
Hello? W-w-was that you calling for help?
Nahhh. weren't me.
As I came to the front of the carriage I saw a man sitting in the drivers seat. He was dressed in the drivers clothes...but he wasn't the driver!
W-w-who are you?

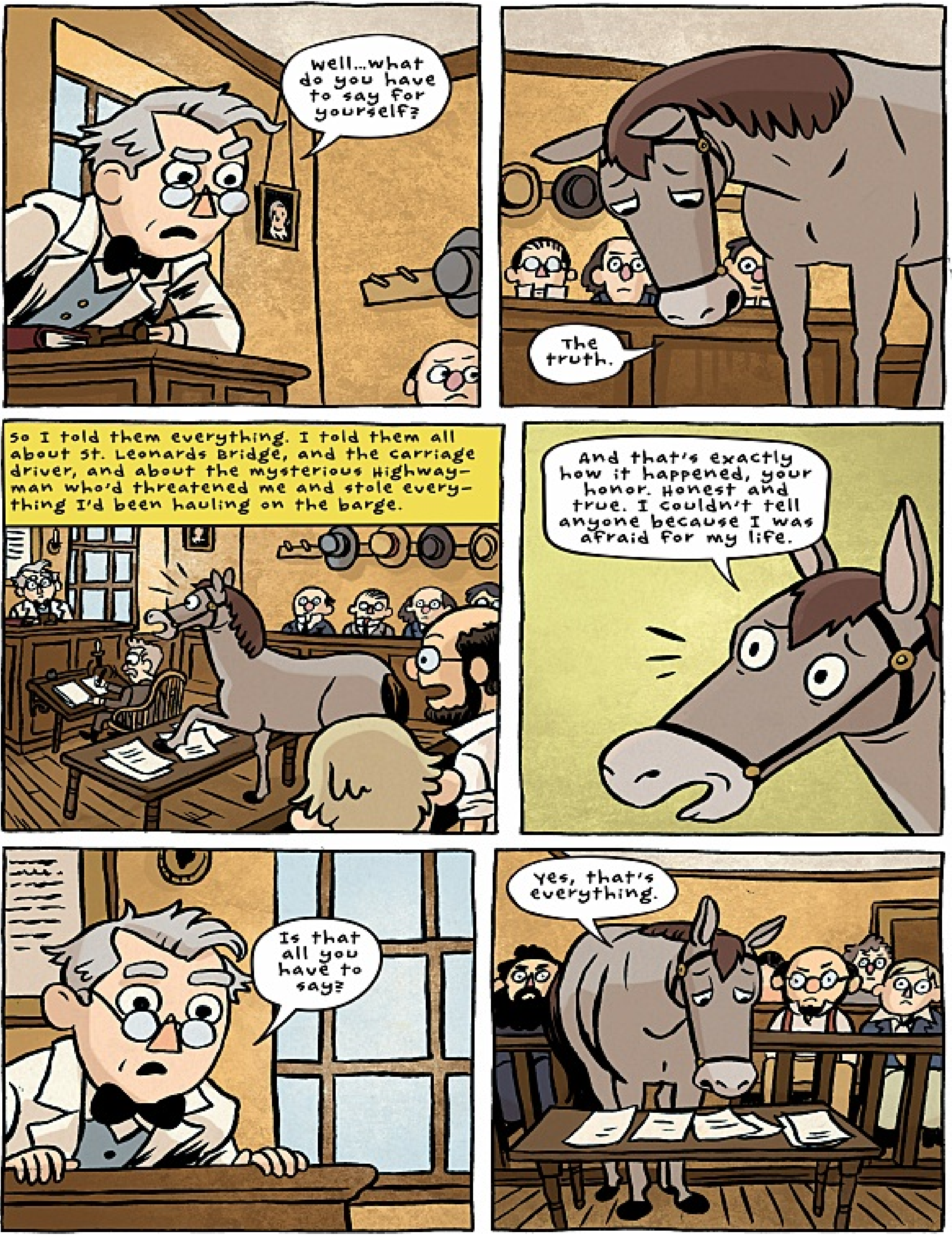

I'm the Highwayman.
W-w-what happened... -gulp- ...to the carriage driver?
You really wanna know?
Or you wanna hand over that burden of yours?
Afraid for my life, I gave the Highwayman everything! Every last barrel and crate from the barge was piled onto his stolen carriage. I was left with nothing but my life.
And you'd better not squeal a word of this to nobody, or I'll find ya while you're sleeping and...
Sure sure! Cross my heart and hope to... uh...I mean, straight from the horse's mouth! I won't tell a soul I ever saw you!
You can trust me!

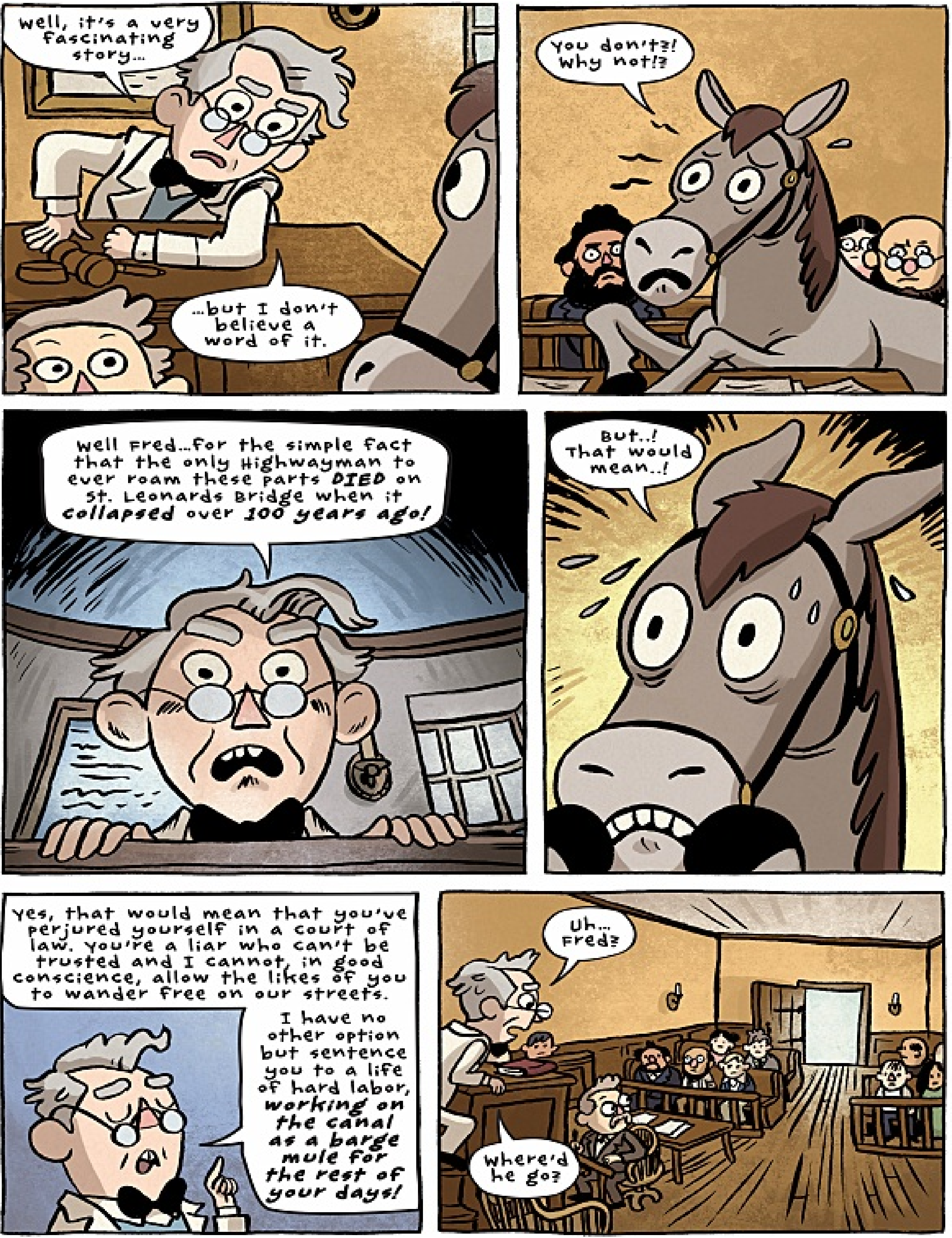

I went back home and had to tell my boss that I'd lost the freight and failed my duties. My nerves were a complete wreck.
But how could this have happened, Fred?
I… I can't say.
Hey now, I thought they called you Honest Freddy! Now c'mon…spill the beans.
I'm sorry, I just can't tell ya boss. I wish I could.
The way I see it…if you can't give me a good answer then I just gotta assume that you *STOLE* it all.
Oh no, boss! It wasn't me! It was…uhh…it was someone else who stole it.
Lying doesn't suit ya, Freddy.
But—
Just get outta here, will ya? I don't need no *LIARS* and *THIEVES* working for me.


I was out on my tail. Weeks passed and things got worse and worse. I couldn't catch a break. No jobs, no nothing. No one trusted me. The stigma of "liar" and "thief" followed me everywhere I went.
LIAR!
LIAR!
DISHONEST FREDDY!
DECEIVER!
THIEF!
Please! It wasn't me! Honest!
I wanted to clear my good name by telling them what had happened...but I was haunted by the ominous warning of the Highwayman. I couldn't get his terrible face out of my head.
I could have sworn...
Broke, tired, and hungry...I'd reached the end of my rope. I just couldn't go on like this any longer! I'd had enough.
They think I'm criminal, do they? They wanna call me Dishonest Freddy, do they? Well I'll show them who's *dishonest!* *I'll show them!*

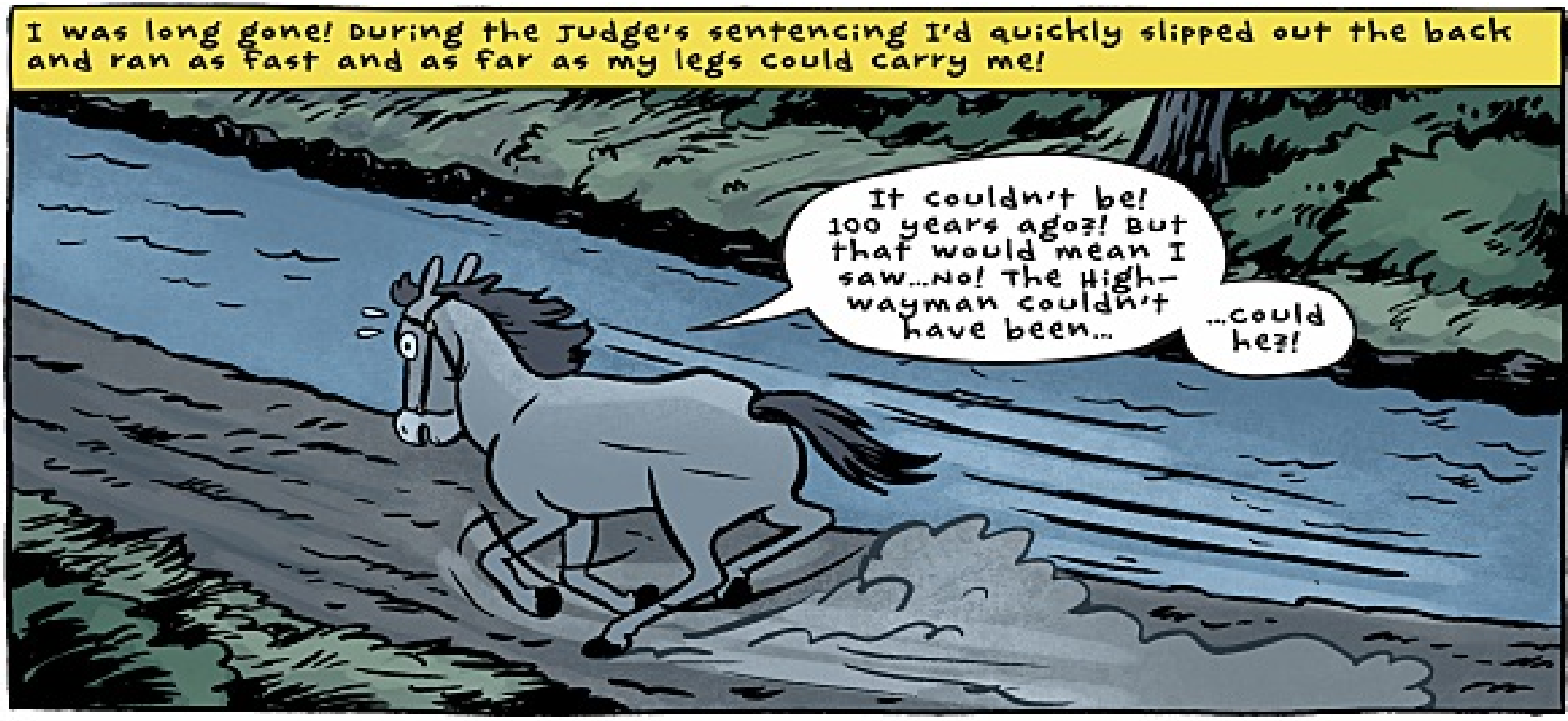

I decided to pull a heist. I didn't have any experience being crooked, so I thought I'd start small. I got a tip about a real easy job. A cinch. A walk in the park.
Hey! Who stole my baby's candy?!
I did!
Aw, shoot.
Honesty's a hard habit to break.


I was arrested and brought to trial.
And how do you plead?
Guilty, your honor. I stole the candy.
Aw, shoot.
Well I commend your honesty, son! And because this is your first offense, I will be lenient and let you off with a simple warning. But *next* time--
Wait!
It's ***NOT*** his first offense, your honor! He stole from me before! Ain't that right, ***DISHONEST*** FRED?
GASP!
I was cornered. Trapped like a rat. What was I to do?!
I...I...

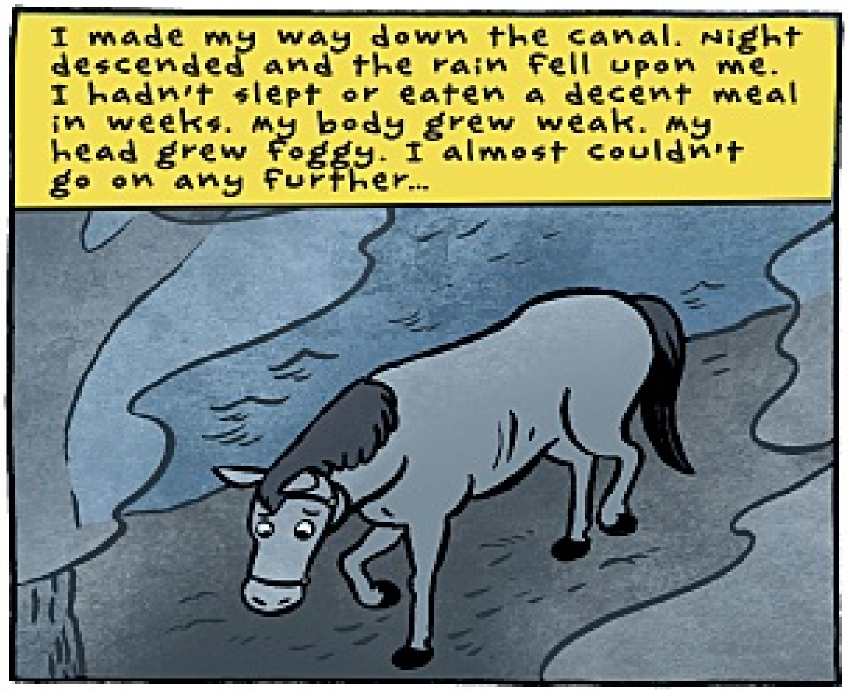

Well…what do you have to say for yourself?
The truth.
So I told them everything. I told them all about St. Leonards Bridge, and the carriage driver, and about the mysterious Highwayman who'd threatened me and stole everything I'd been hauling on the barge.
And that's exactly how it happened, your honor. Honest and true. I couldn't tell anyone because I was afraid for my life.
Is that all you have to say?
Yes, that's everything.


Well, it's a very fascinating story...
...but I don't believe a word of it.
You don't?! Why not!?
Well Fred...for the simple fact that the only Highwayman to ever roam these parts DIED on St. Leonards Bridge when it collapsed over 100 years ago!
But..! That would mean..!
Yes, that would mean that you've perjured yourself in a court of law. You're a liar who can't be trusted and I cannot, in good conscience, allow the likes of you to wander free on our streets.
I have no other option but sentence you to a life of hard labor, working on the canal as a barge mule for the rest of your days!
Uh... Fred?
Where'd he go?

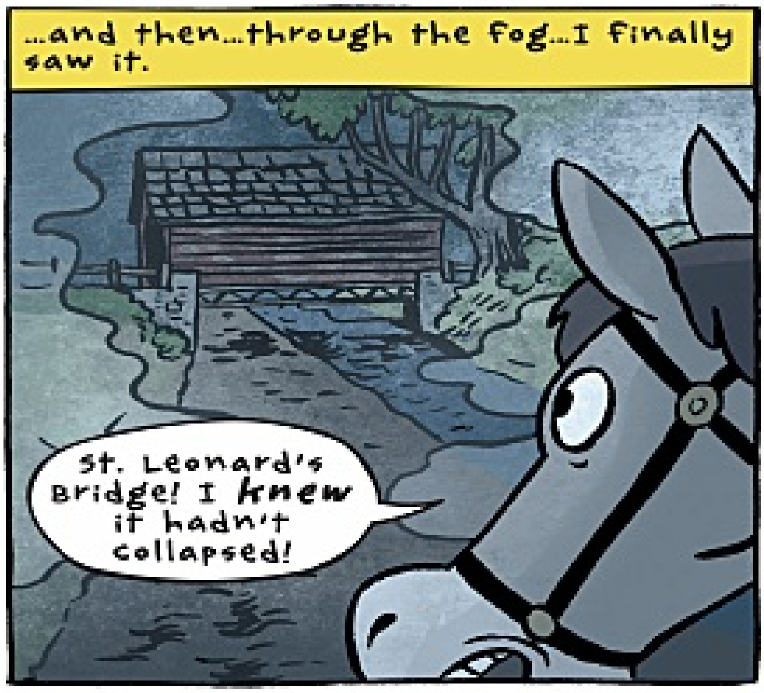
I was long gone! During the Judge's sentencing I'd quickly slipped out the back and ran as fast and as far as my legs could carry me!

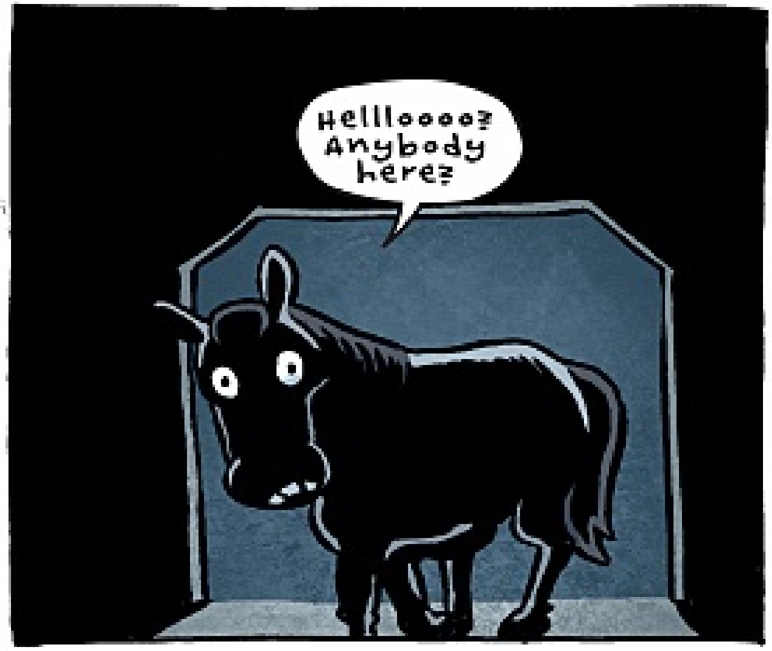

It couldn't be! 100 years ago?! But that would mean I saw...No! The Highwayman couldn't have been...
...could he?!

I made my way down the canal. Night descended and the rain fell upon me. I hadn't slept or eaten a decent meal in weeks. My body grew weak. My head grew foggy. I almost couldn't go on any further...

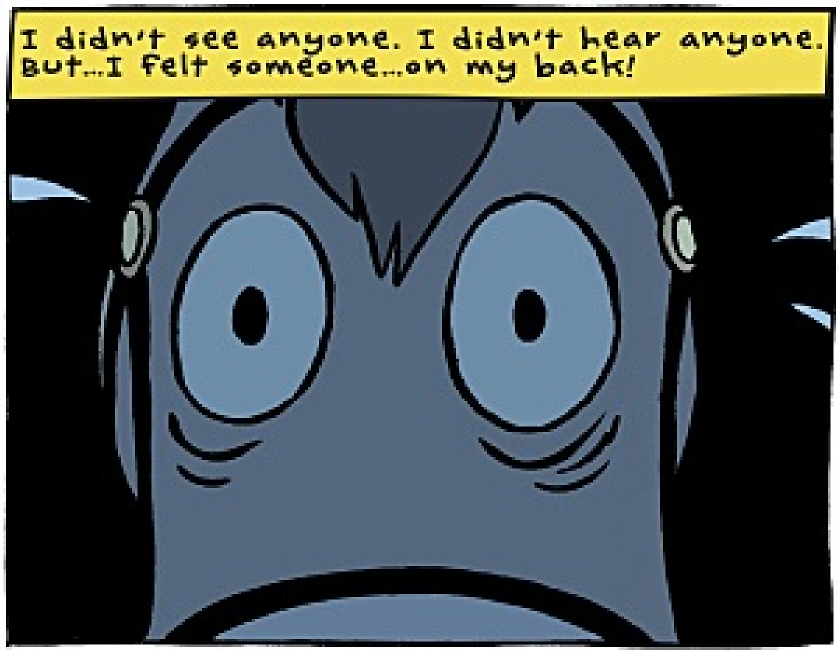


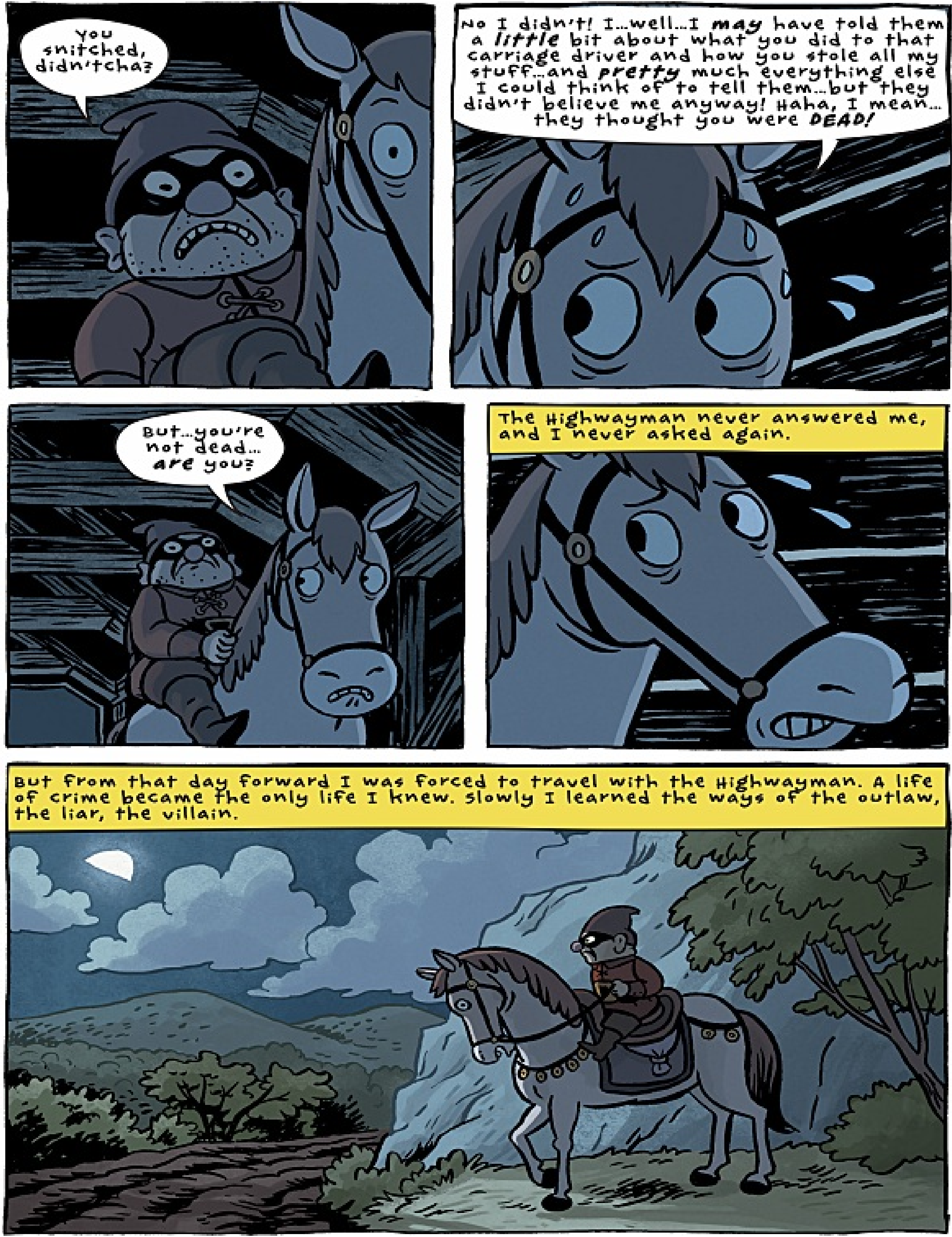
...and then...through the fog...I finally saw it.

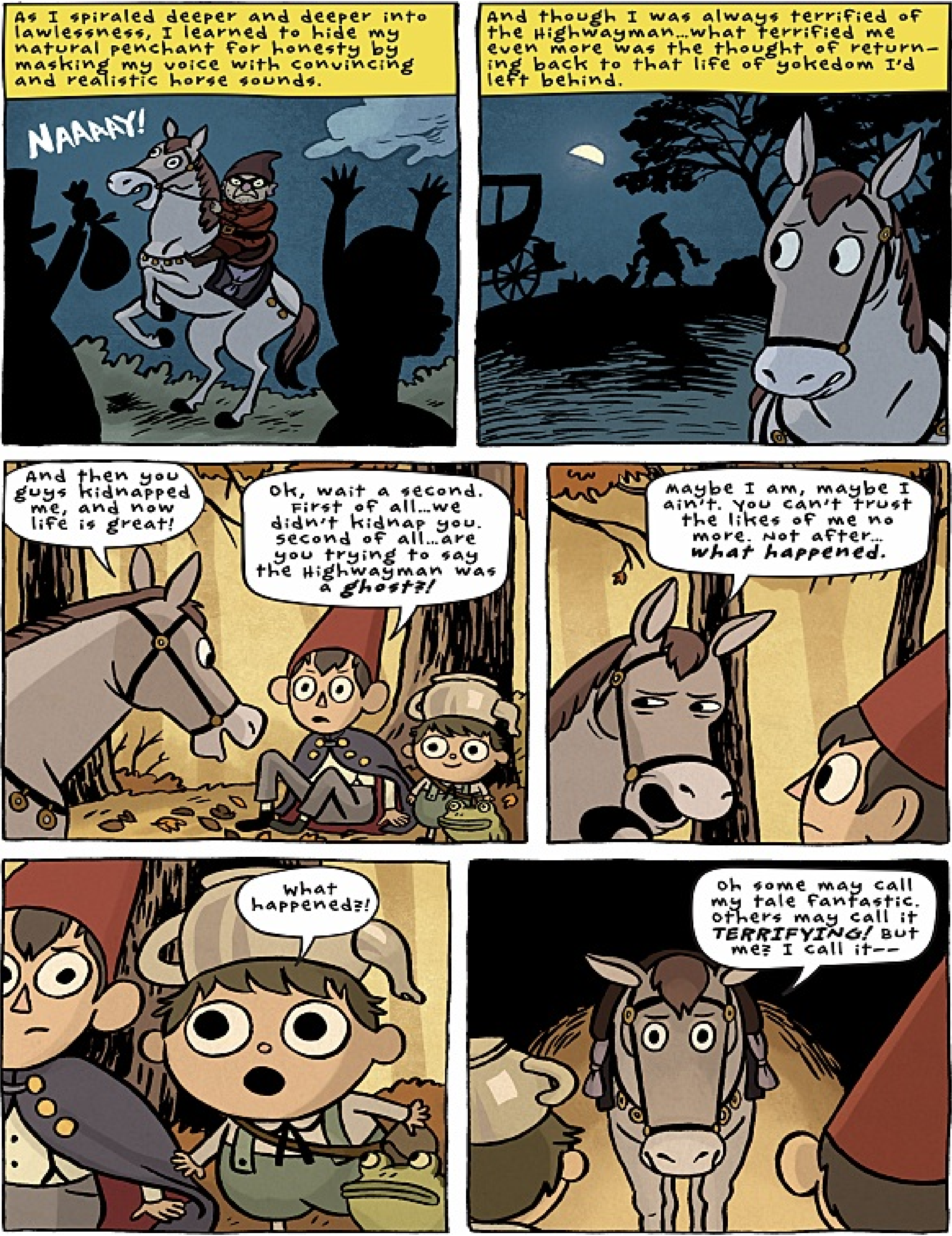

St. Leonard's Bridge! I *knew* it hadn't collapsed!

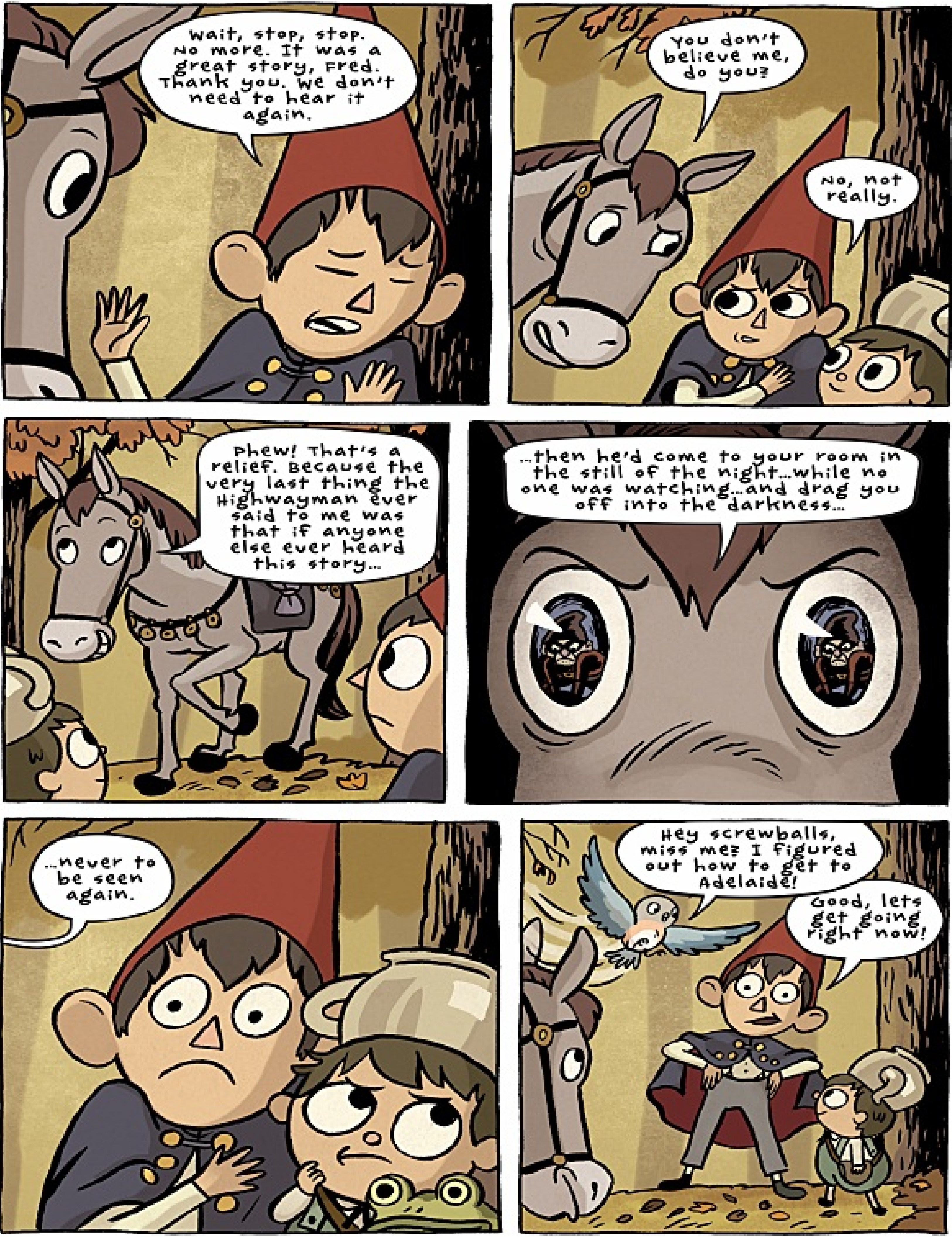

Helllooo? Anybody here?

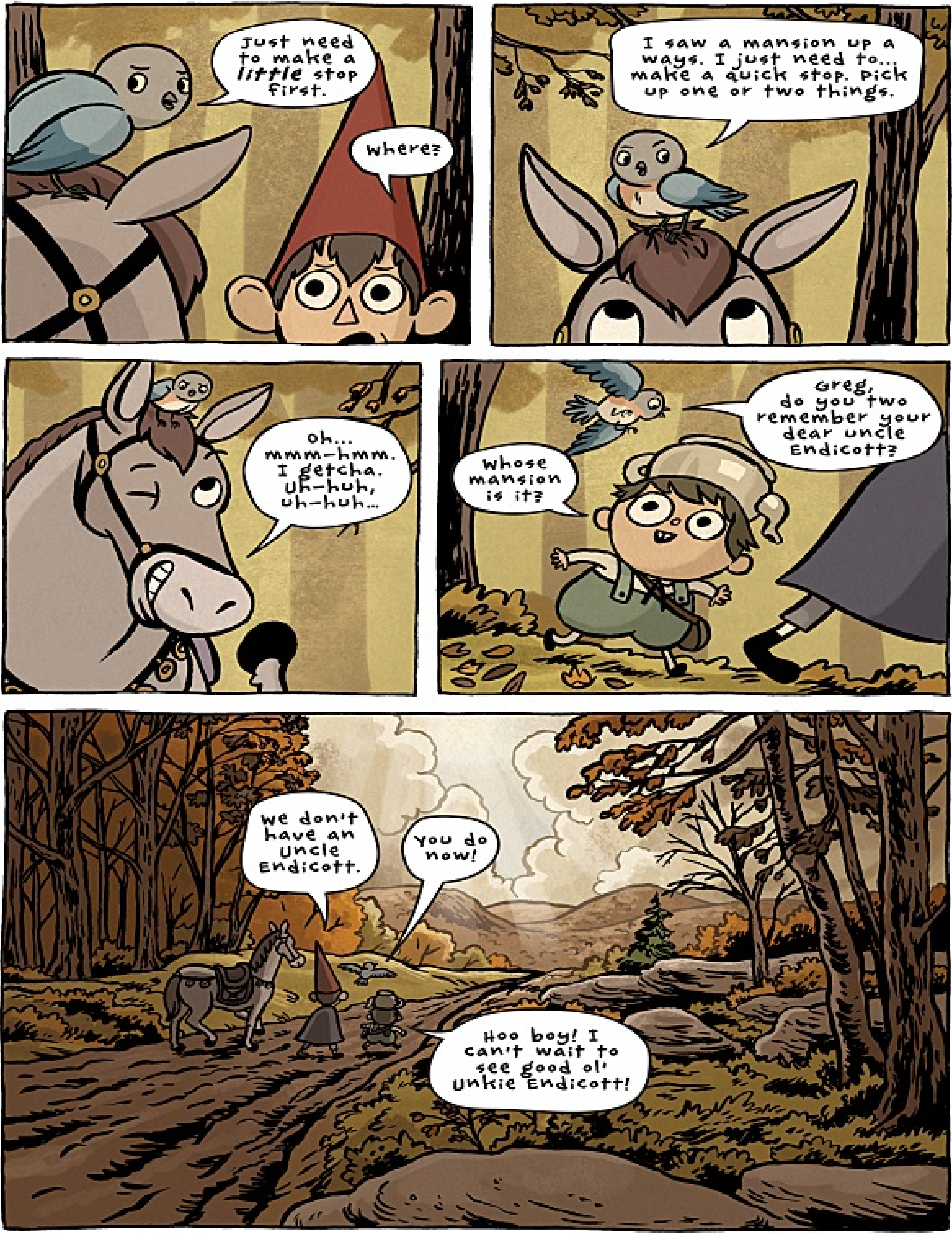
I didn't see anyone. I didn't hear anyone. But...I felt someone...on my back!



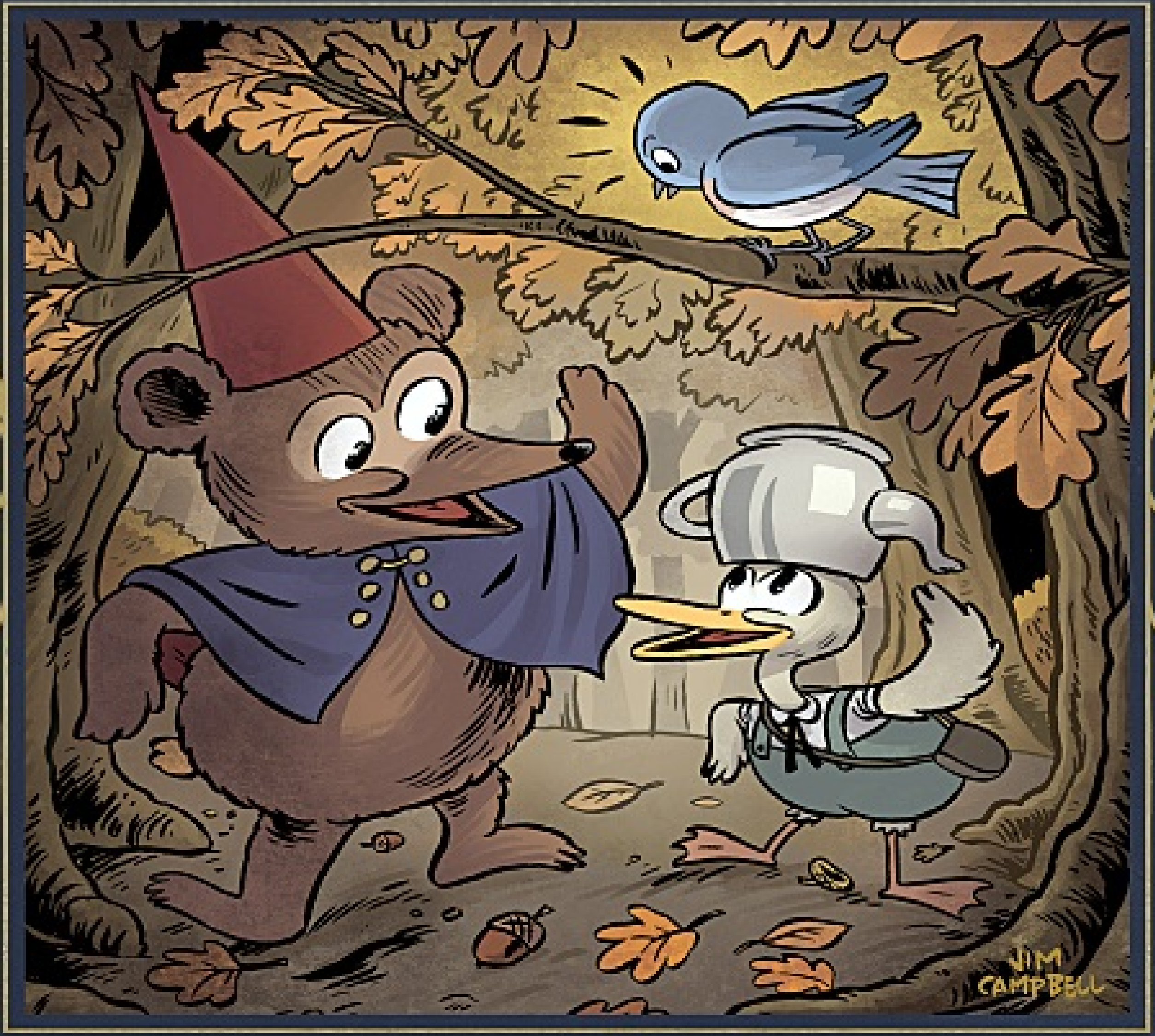

You snitched, didn'tcha?
No I didn't! I...well...I *may* have told them a *little* bit about what you did to that carriage driver and how you stole all my stuff...and *pretty* much everything else I could think of to tell them...but they didn't believe me anyway! Haha, I mean... they thought you were *DEAD!*
But...you're not dead... *are* you?
The Highwayman never answered me, and I never asked again.
But from that day forward I was forced to travel with the Highwayman. A life of crime became the only life I knew. Slowly I learned the ways of the outlaw, the liar, the villain.

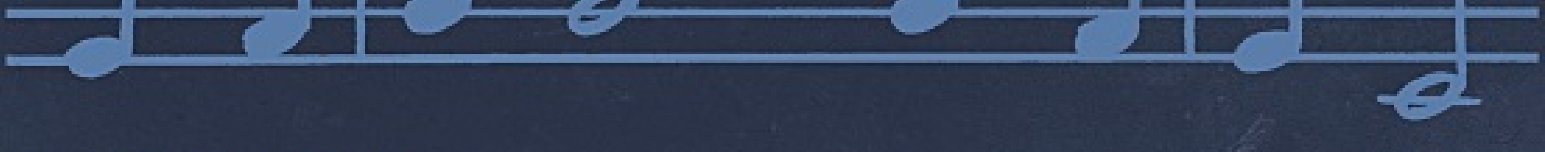

As I spiraled deeper and deeper into lawlessness, I learned to hide my natural penchant for honesty by masking my voice with convincing and realistic horse sounds.
NAAAAY!
And though I was always terrified of the Highwayman...what terrified me even more was the thought of returning back to that life of yokedom I'd left behind.
And then you guys kidnapped me, and now life is great!
Ok, wait a second. First of all...we didn't kidnap you. Second of all...are you trying to say the Highwayman was a *ghost?!*
Maybe I am, maybe I ain't. You can't trust the likes of me no more. Not after... *what happened.*
What happened?!
Oh some may call my tale fantastic. Others may call it *TERRIFYING!* But me? I call it--


Wait, stop, stop. No more. It was a great story, Fred. Thank you. We don't need to hear it again.
You don't believe me, do you?
No, not really.
Phew! That's a relief. Because the very last thing the Highwayman ever said to me was that if anyone else ever heard this story…
…then he'd come to your room in the still of the night…while no one was watching…and drag you off into the darkness…
…never to be seen again.
Hey screwballs, miss me? I figured out how to get to Adelaide!
Good, lets get going right now!

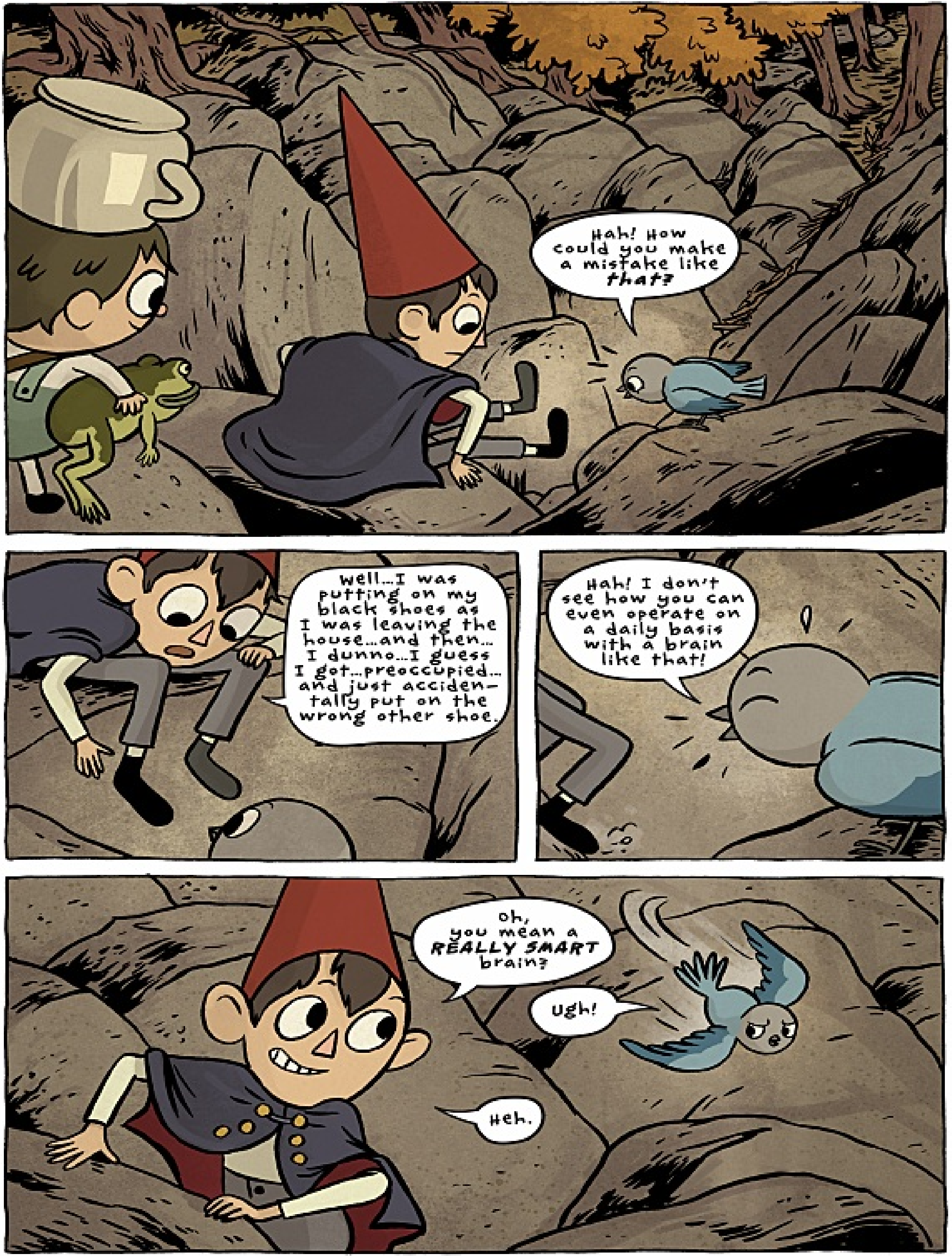

Just need to make a *little* stop first.
Where?
I saw a mansion up a ways. I just need to... make a quick stop. Pick up one or two things.
Oh... mmm-hmm. I getcha. Uh-huh, uh-huh...
Greg, do you two remember your dear uncle Endicott?
Whose mansion is it?
We don't have an Uncle Endicott.
You do now!
Hoo boy! I can't wait to see good ol' Unkie Endicott!

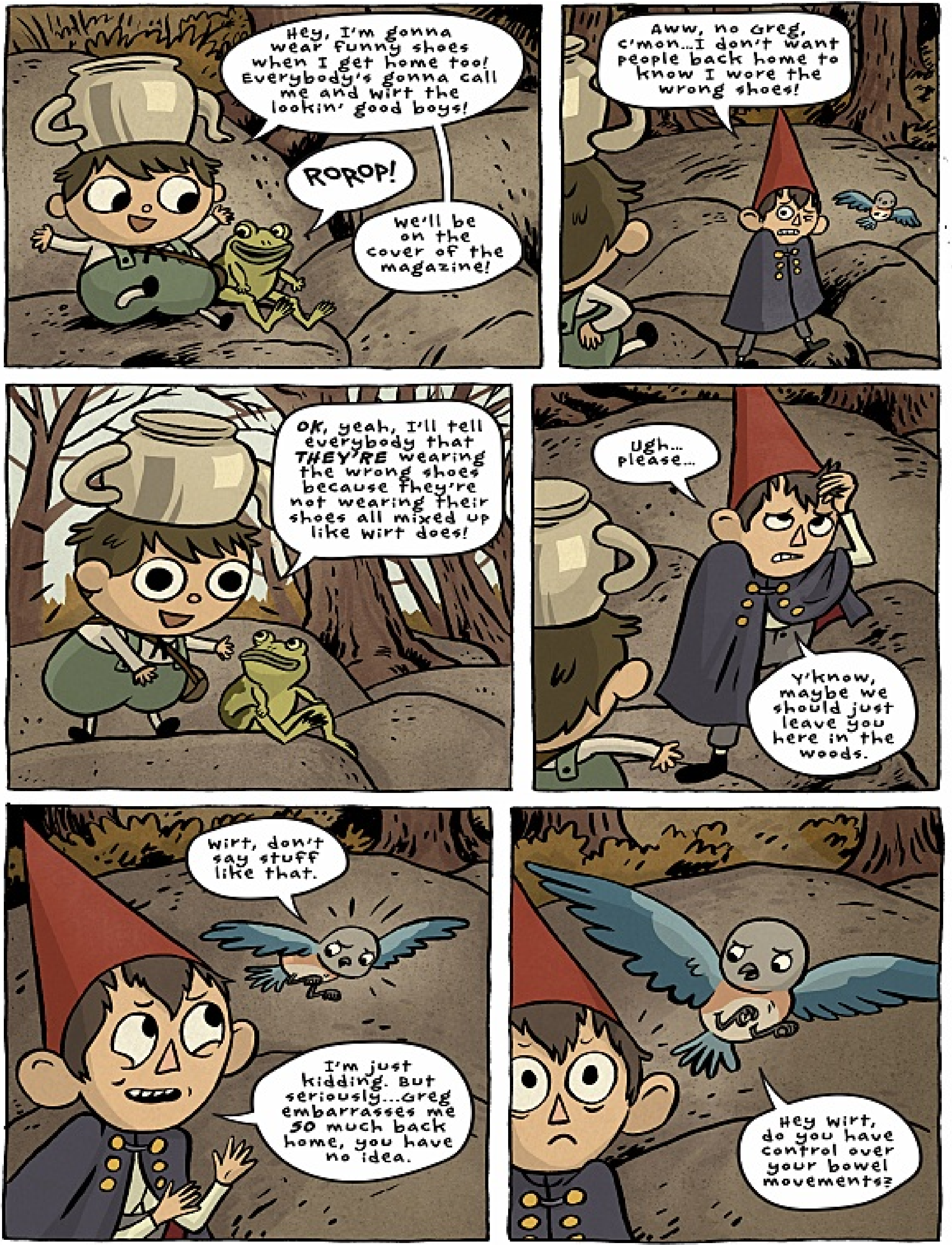
ROUND THE OL' PEAR TREE

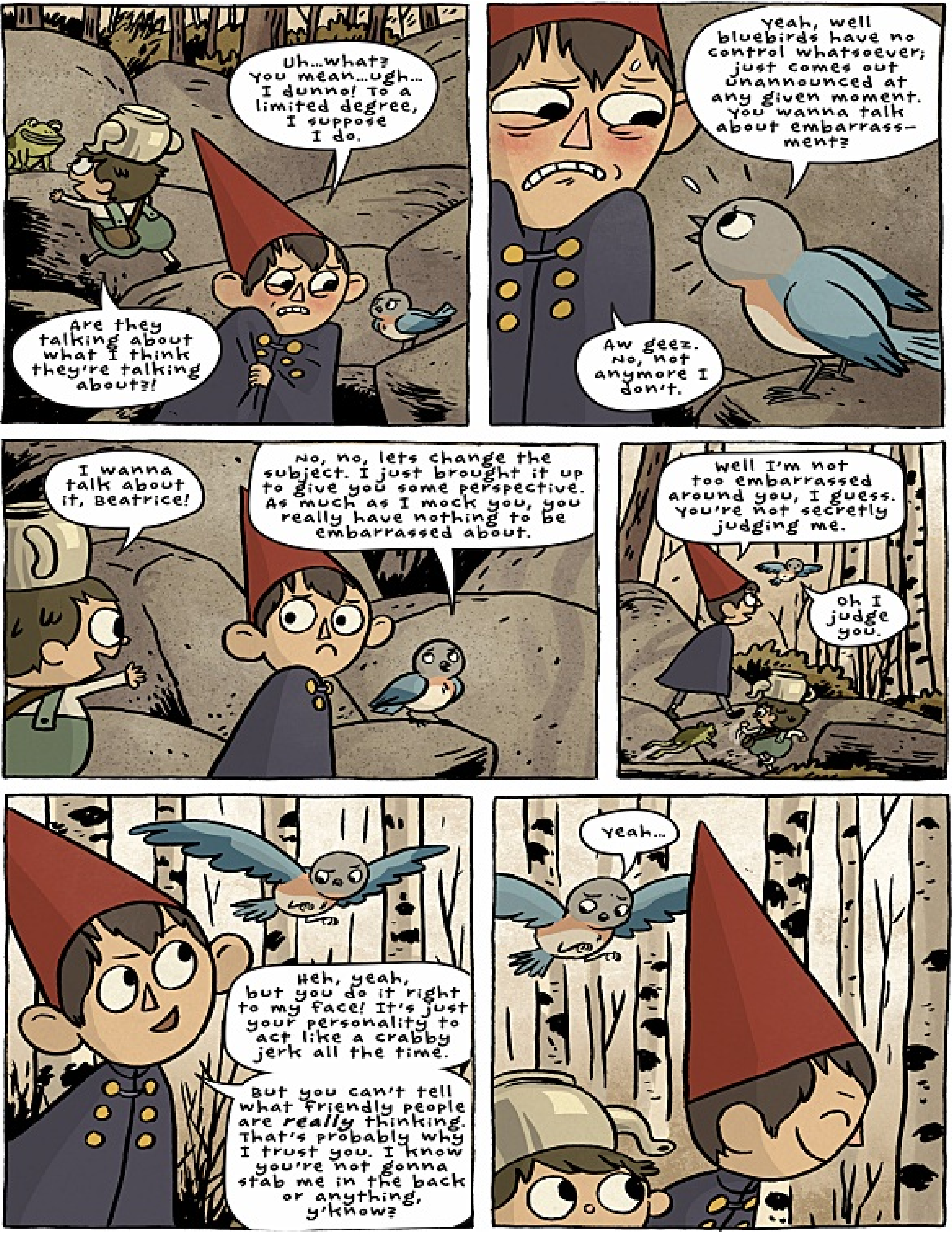

JIM CAMPBELL

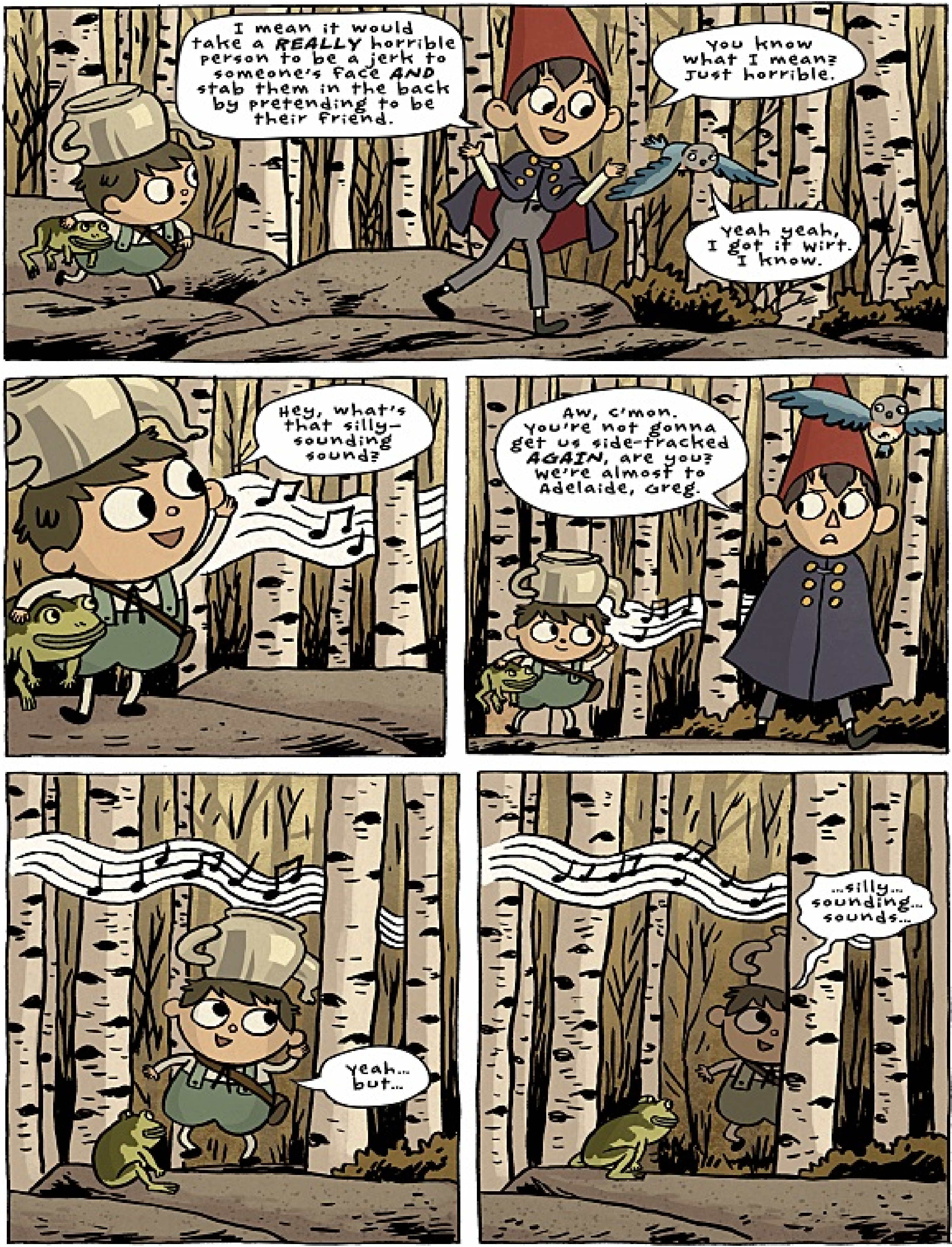


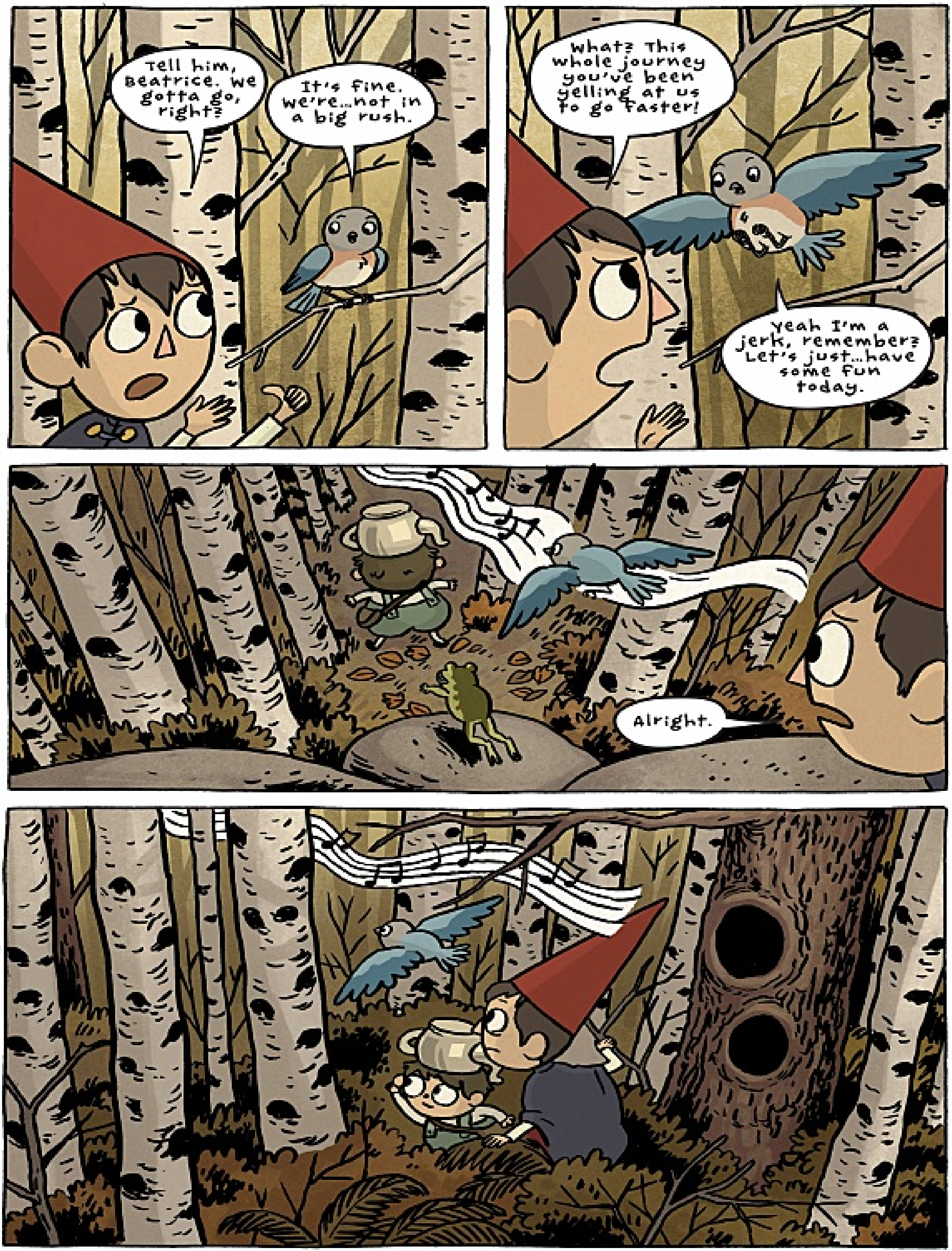
ISSUE #3 COVER BY JIM CAMPBELL

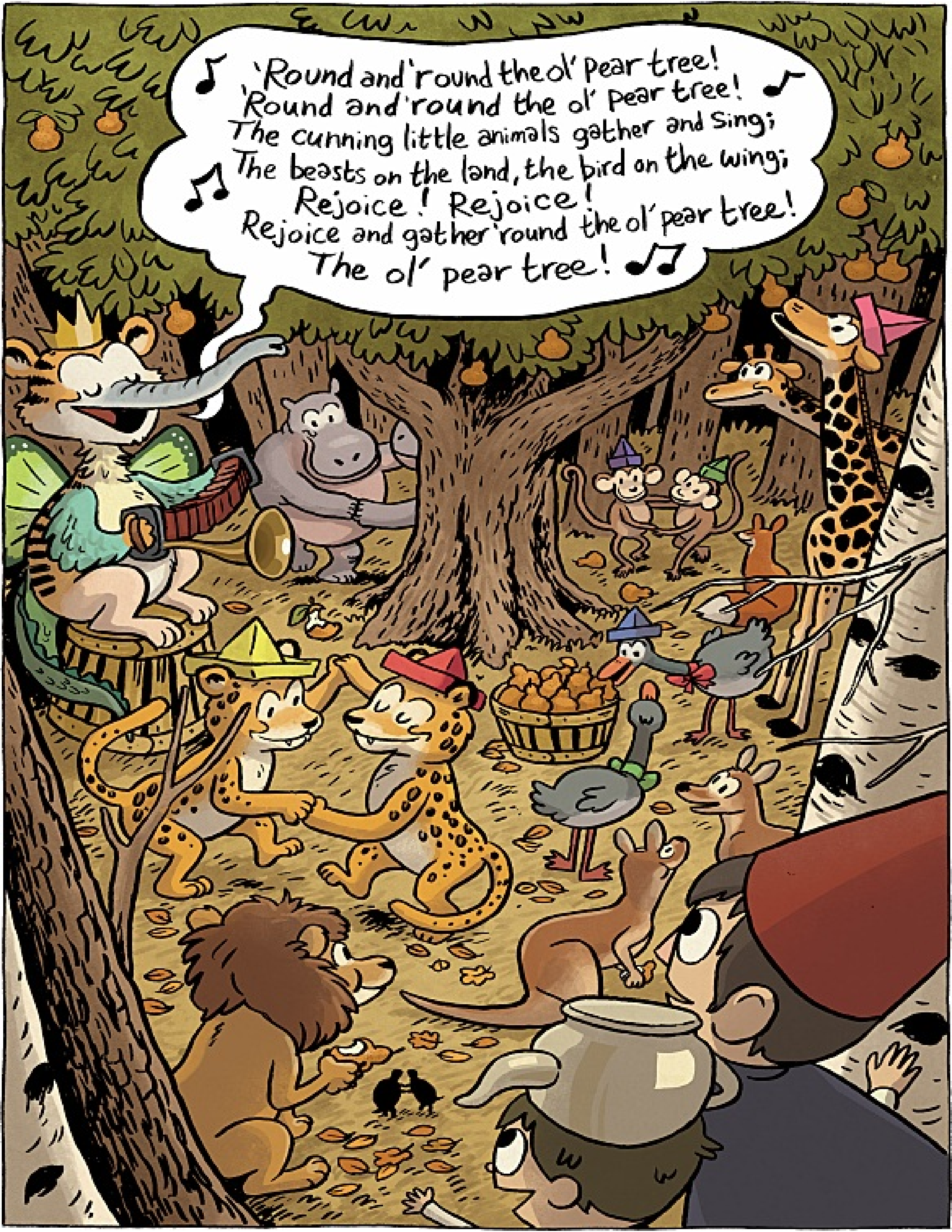

Hah! How could you make a mistake like *that?*
Well...I was putting on my black shoes as I was leaving the house...and then... I dunno...I guess I got...preoccupied... and just accidentally put on the wrong other shoe.
Hah! I don't see how you can even operate on a daily basis with a brain like that!
Oh, you mean a **REALLY SMART** brain?
Ugh!
Heh.

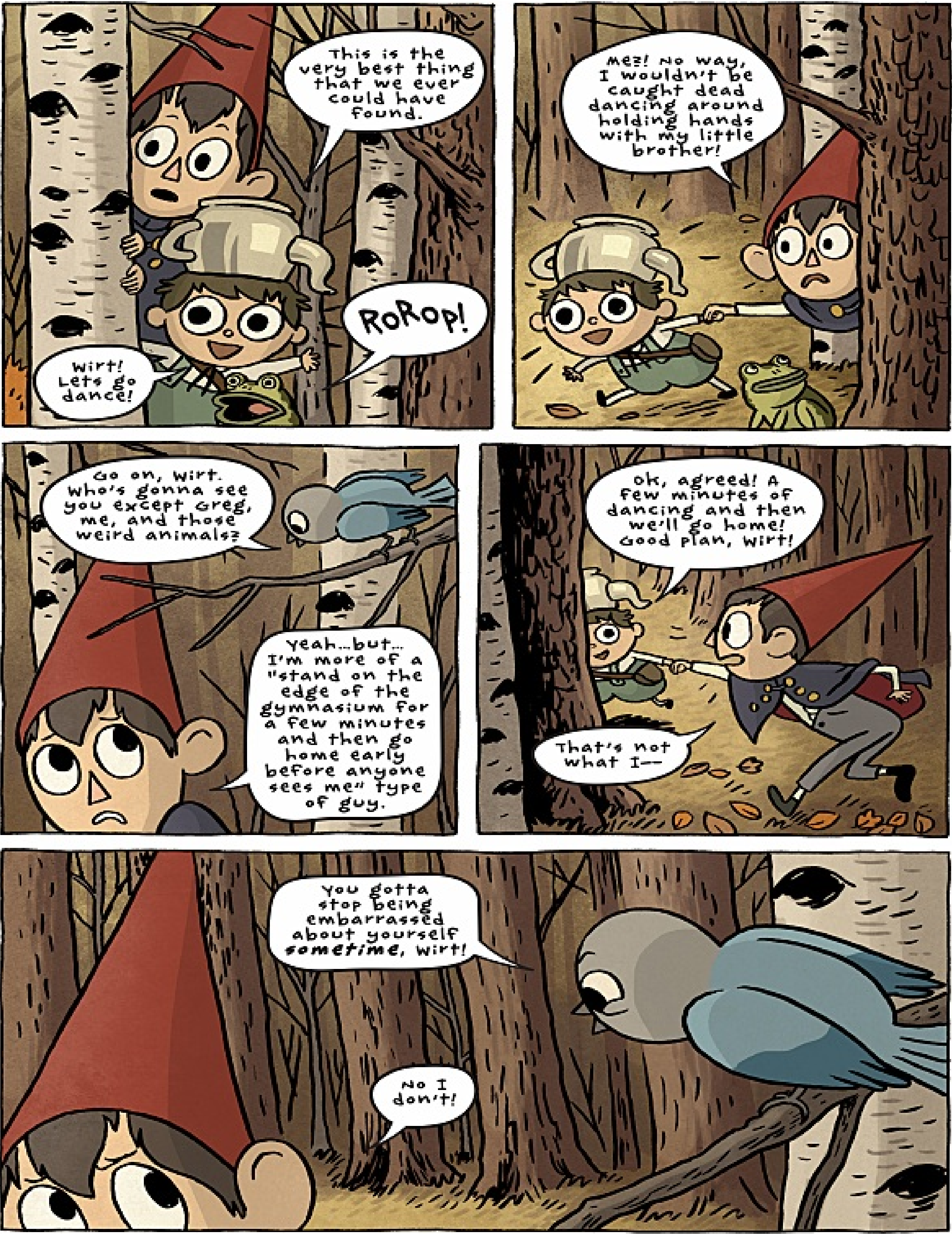

Hey, I'm gonna wear funny shoes when I get home too! Everybody's gonna call me and Wirt the lookin' good boys!
ROROP!
We'll be on the cover of the magazine!
Aww, no Greg, c'mon...I don't want people back home to know I wore the wrong shoes!
OK, yeah, I'll tell everybody that ***THEY'RE*** wearing the wrong shoes because they're not wearing their shoes all mixed up like Wirt does!
Ugh... please...
Y'know, maybe we should just leave you here in the woods.
Wirt, don't say stuff like that.
I'm just kidding. But seriously...Greg embarrasses me ***SO*** much back home, you have no idea.
Hey Wirt, do you have control over your bowel movements?

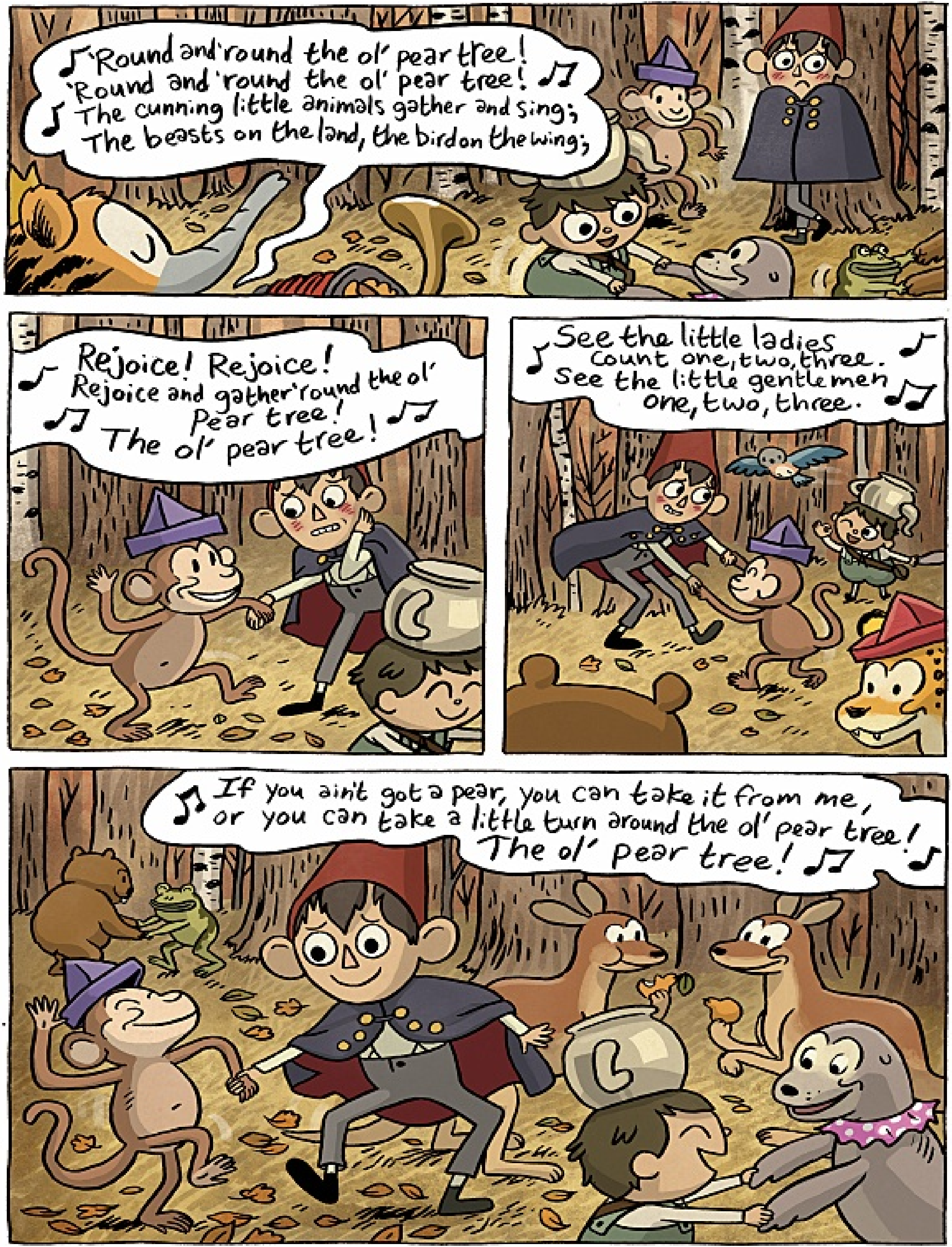

Uh...what? You mean...ugh... I dunno! To a limited degree, I suppose I do.
Are they talking about what I think they're talking about?!
Yeah, well bluebirds have no control whatsoever; just comes out unannounced at any given moment. You wanna talk about embarrassment?
Aw geez. No, not anymore I don't.
I wanna talk about it, Beatrice!
No, no, lets change the subject. I just brought it up to give you some perspective. As much as I mock you, you really have nothing to be embarrassed about.
Well I'm not too embarrassed around you, I guess. You're not secretly judging me.
Oh I judge you.
Heh, yeah, but you do it right to my face! It's just your personality to act like a crabby jerk all the time.
But you can't tell what friendly people are *really* thinking. That's probably why I trust you. I know you're not gonna stab me in the back or anything, y'know?
Yeah...

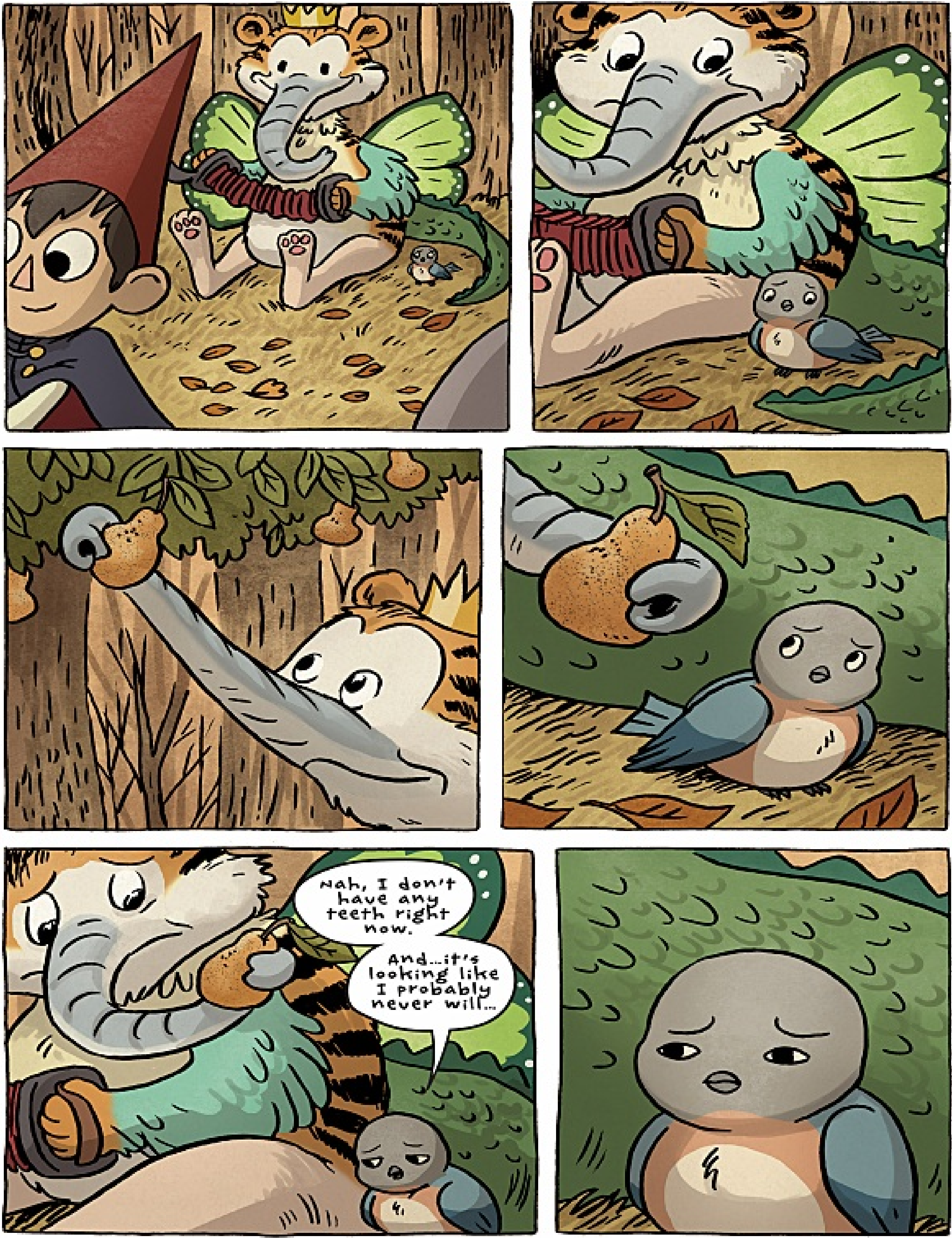

I mean it would take a REALLY horrible person to be a jerk to someone's face AND stab them in the back by pretending to be their friend.
You know what I mean? Just horrible.
Yeah yeah, I got it Wirt. I know.
Hey, what's that silly-sounding sound?
Aw, c'mon. You're not gonna get us side-tracked AGAIN, are you? We're almost to Adelaide, Greg.
Yeah... but...
...silly... sounding... sounds...

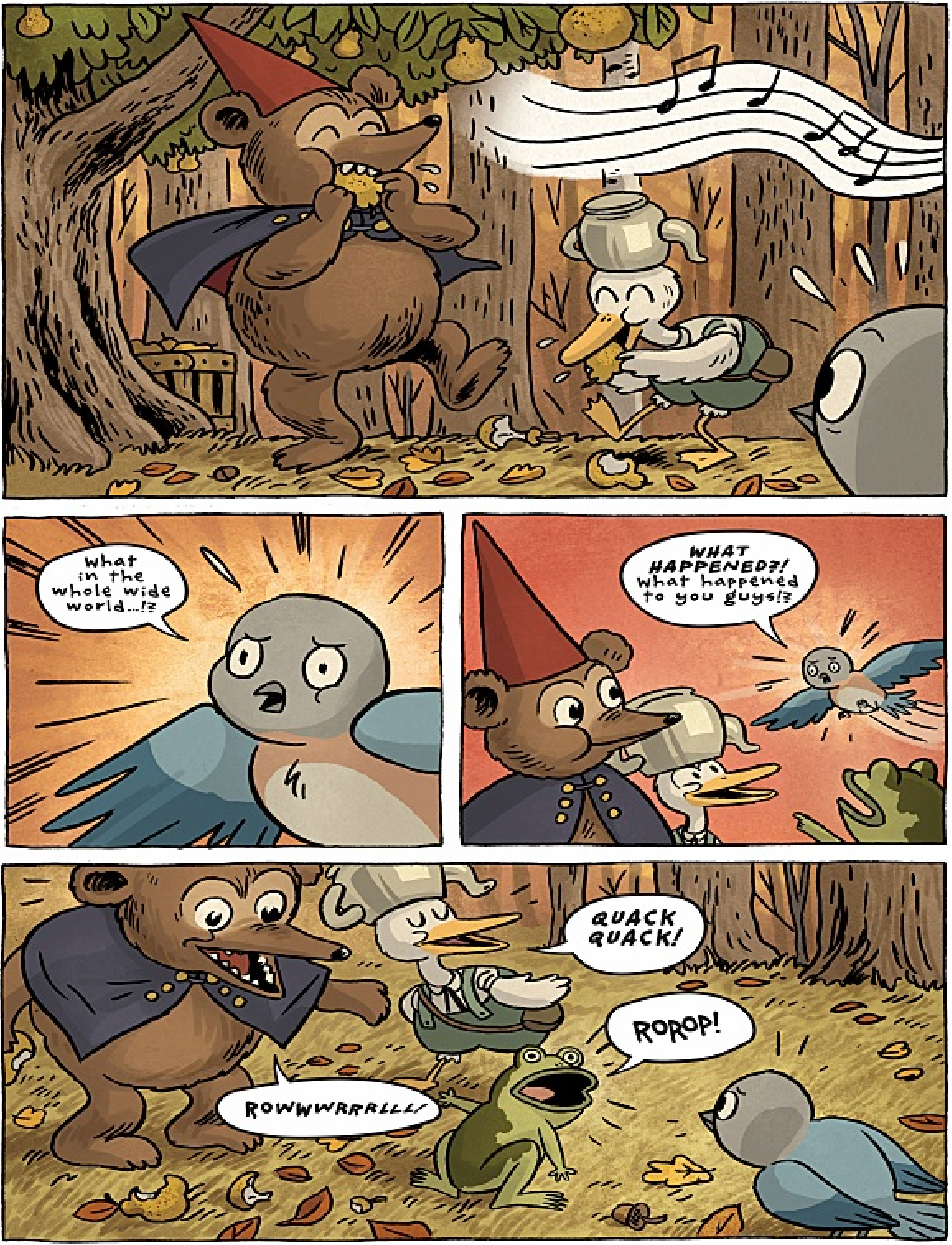

Tell him, Beatrice. We gotta go, right?
It's fine. We're…not in a big rush.
What? This whole journey you've been yelling at us to go faster!
Yeah I'm a jerk, remember? Let's just…have some fun today.
Alright.

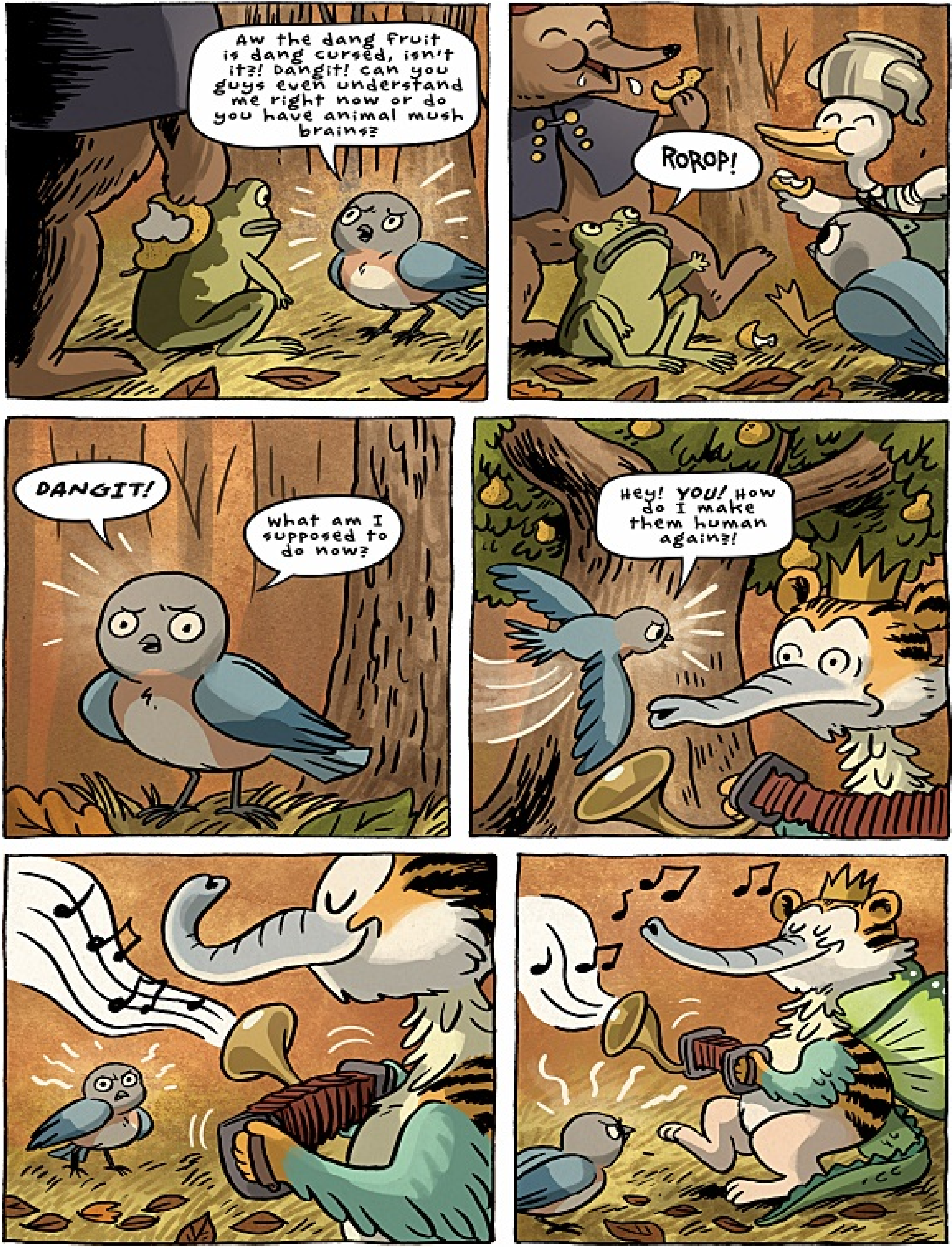

♪ 'Round and 'round the ol' pear tree!
'Round and 'round the ol' pear tree! ♪
The cunning little animals gather and sing;
♫ The beasts on the land, the bird on the wing;
Rejoice! Rejoice!
Rejoice and gather 'round the ol' pear tree!
The ol' pear tree! ♫

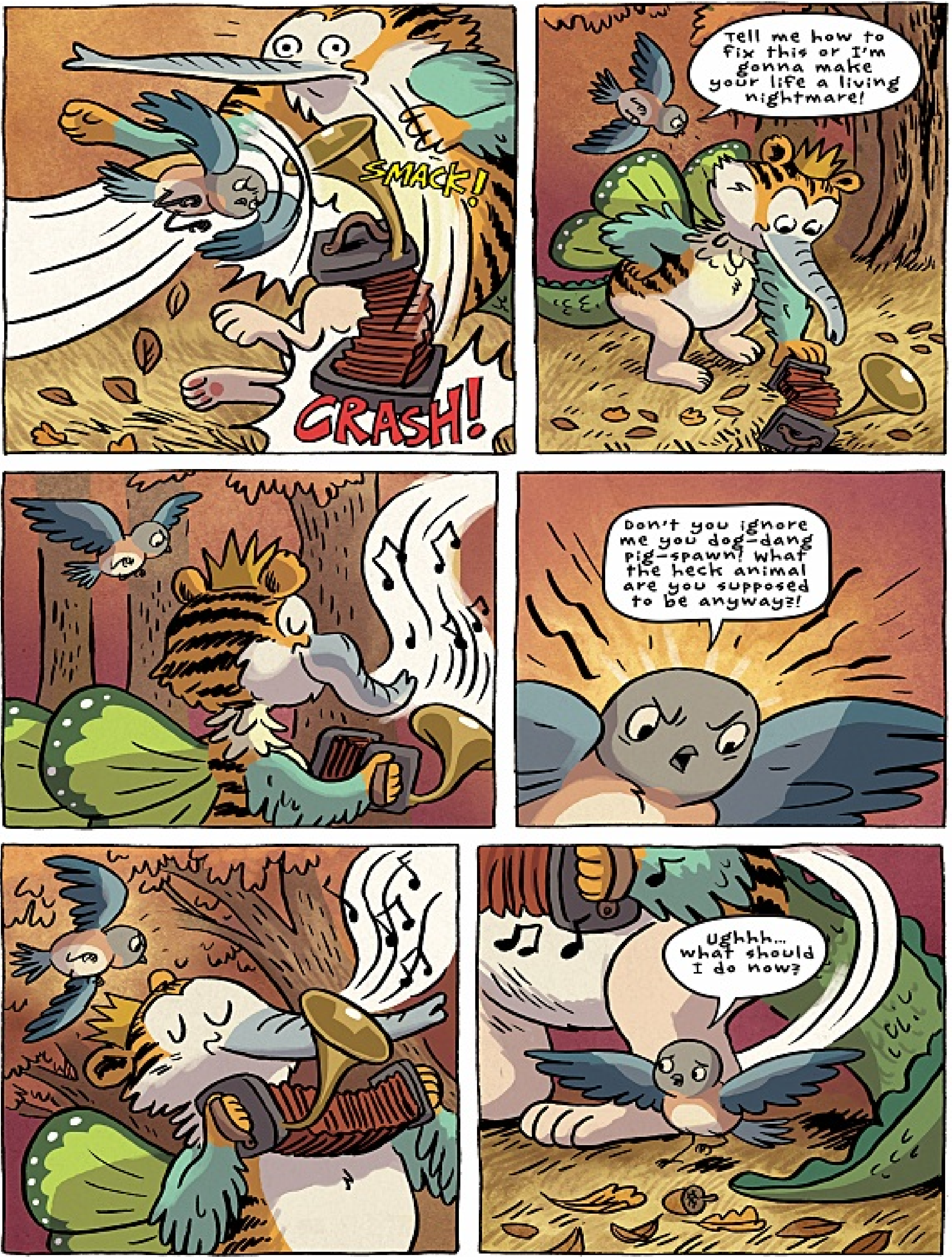

This is the very best thing that we ever could have found.
Wirt! Lets go dance!
RoRop!
Me?! No way, I wouldn't be caught dead dancing around holding hands with my little brother!
Go on, Wirt. Who's gonna see you except Greg, me, and those weird animals?
Yeah...but... I'm more of a "stand on the edge of the gymnasium for a few minutes and then go home early before anyone sees me" type of guy.
Ok, agreed! A few minutes of dancing and then we'll go home! Good plan, Wirt!
That's not what I—
You gotta stop being embarrassed about yourself *sometime*, Wirt!
No I don't!

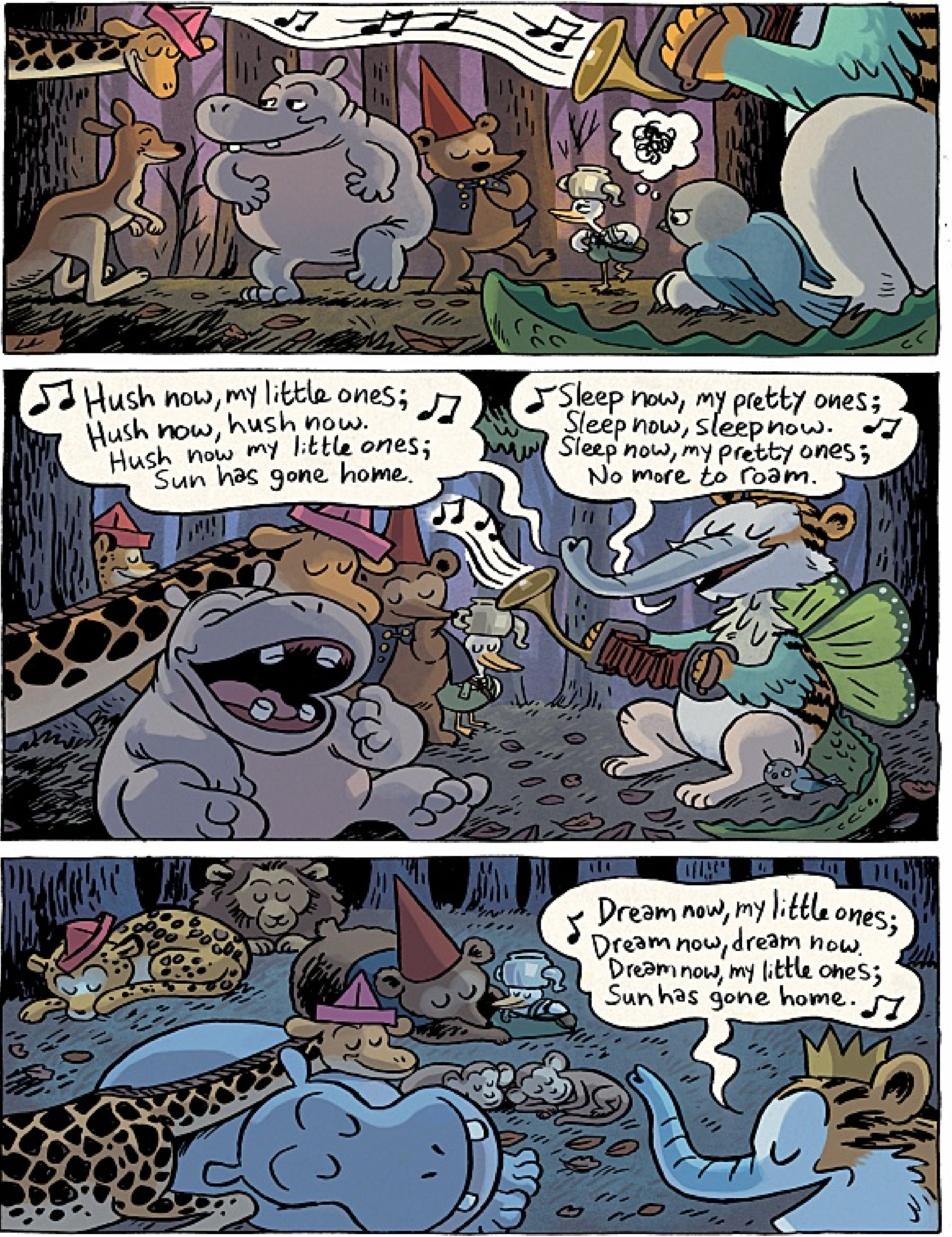

♪ 'Round and 'round the ol' pear tree! 'Round and 'round the ol' pear tree! ♫ ♪ The cunning little animals gather and sing; The beasts on the land, the bird on the wing;
♪ Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice and gather 'round the ol' pear tree! ♫ The ol' pear tree! ♫
♪ See the little ladies count one, two, three. ♪ See the little gentlemen one, two, three. ♫
♫ If you ain't got a pear, you can take it from me, or you can take a little turn around the ol' pear tree! The ol' pear tree! ♫ ♪

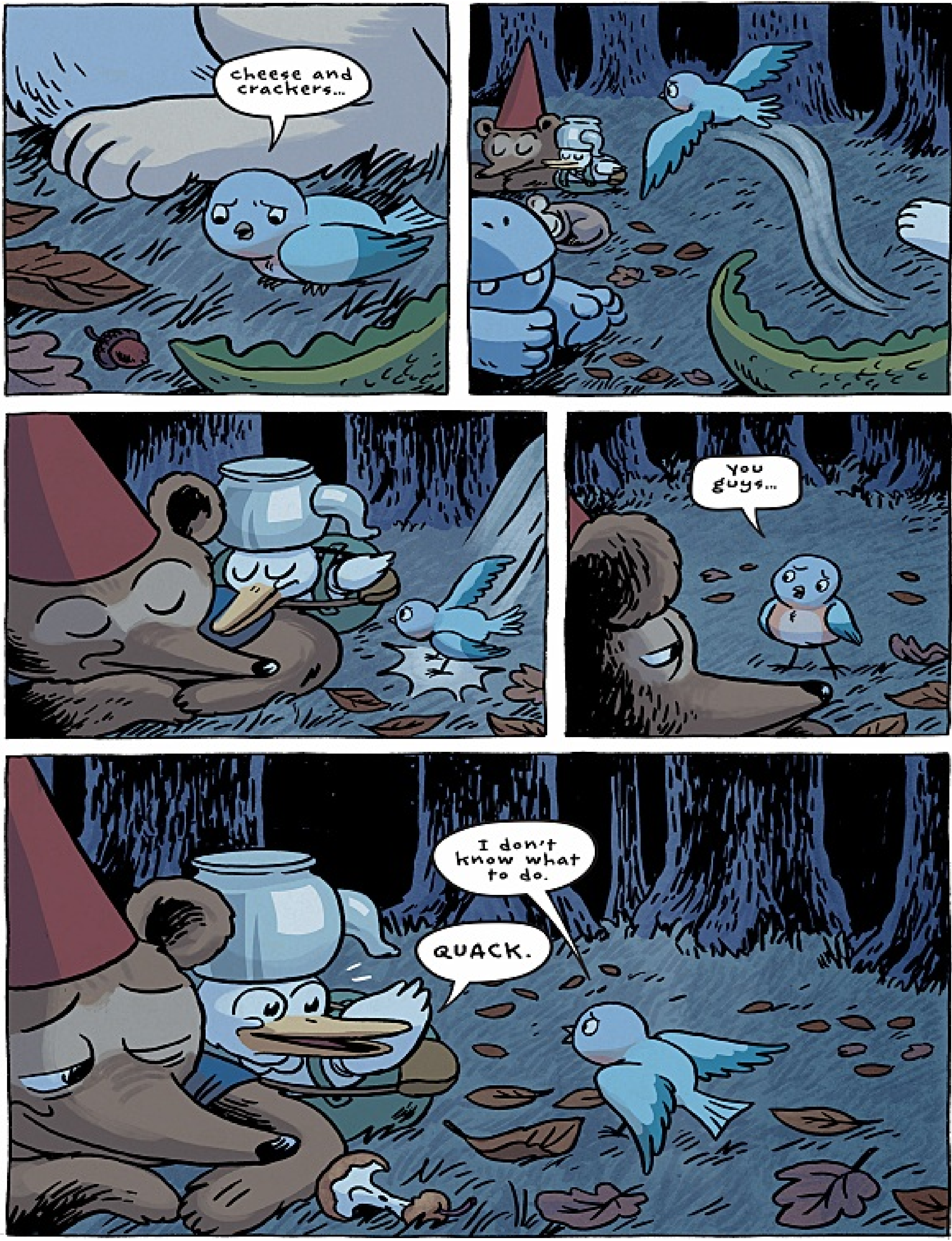

Nah, I don't have any teeth right now.
And...it's looking like I probably never will...

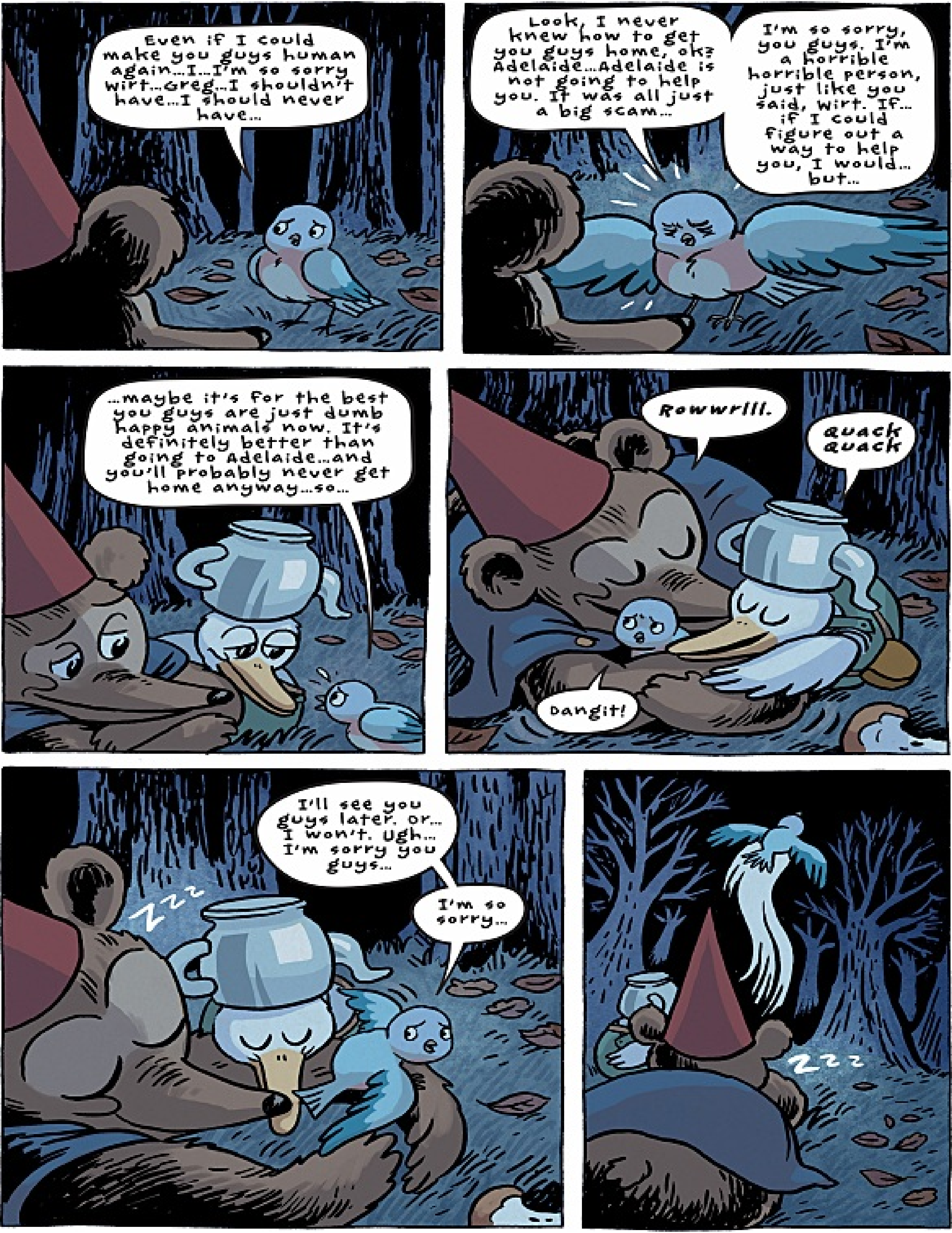

what in the whole wide world...!?
WHAT HAPPENED?! what happened to you guys!?
QUACK QUACK!
ROROP!
ROWWWRRRLLL!

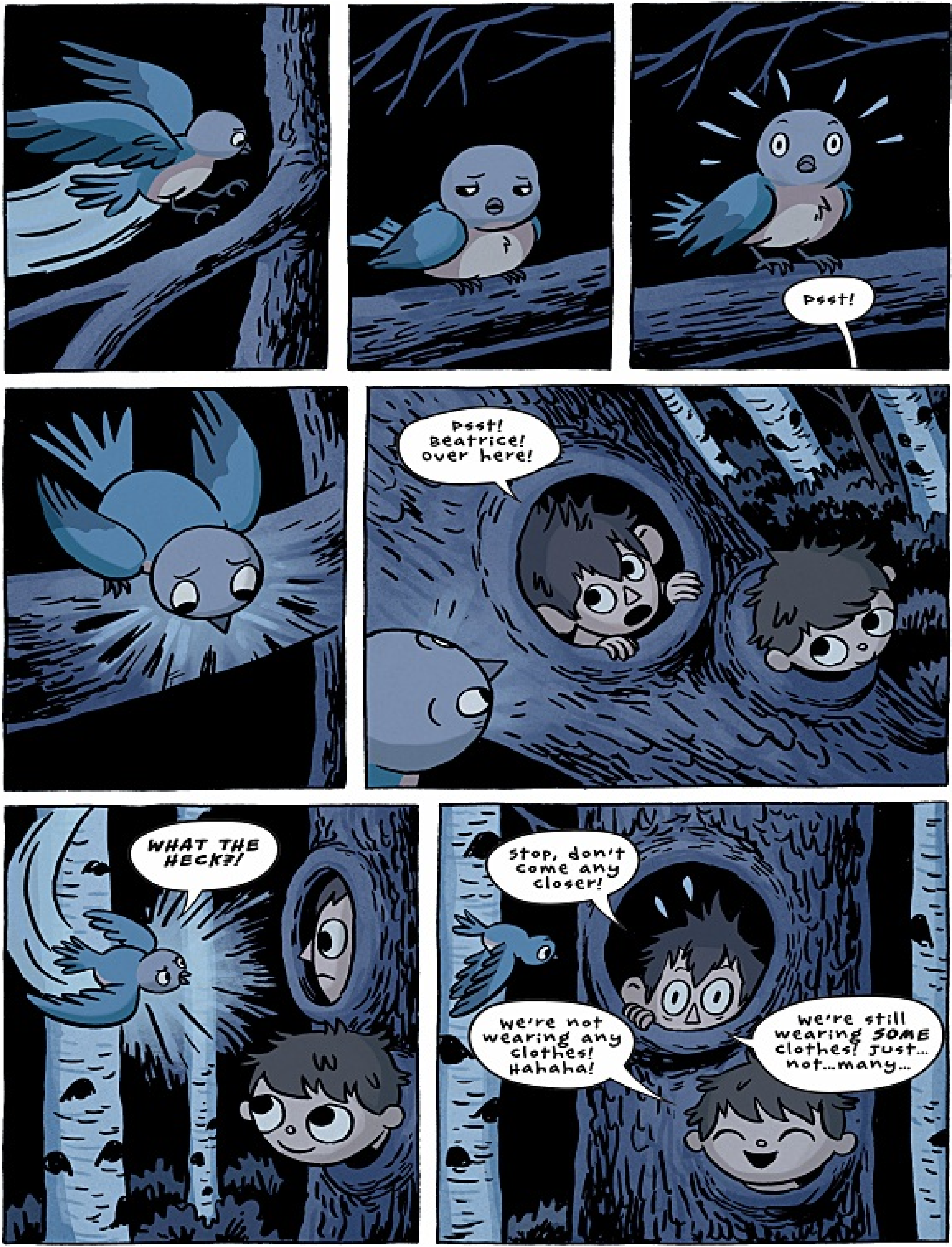

Aw the dang fruit is dang cursed, isn't it?! Dangit! Can you guys even understand me right now or do you have animal mush brains?
ROROP!
DANGIT!
What am I supposed to do now?
Hey! *YOU!* How do I make them human again?!

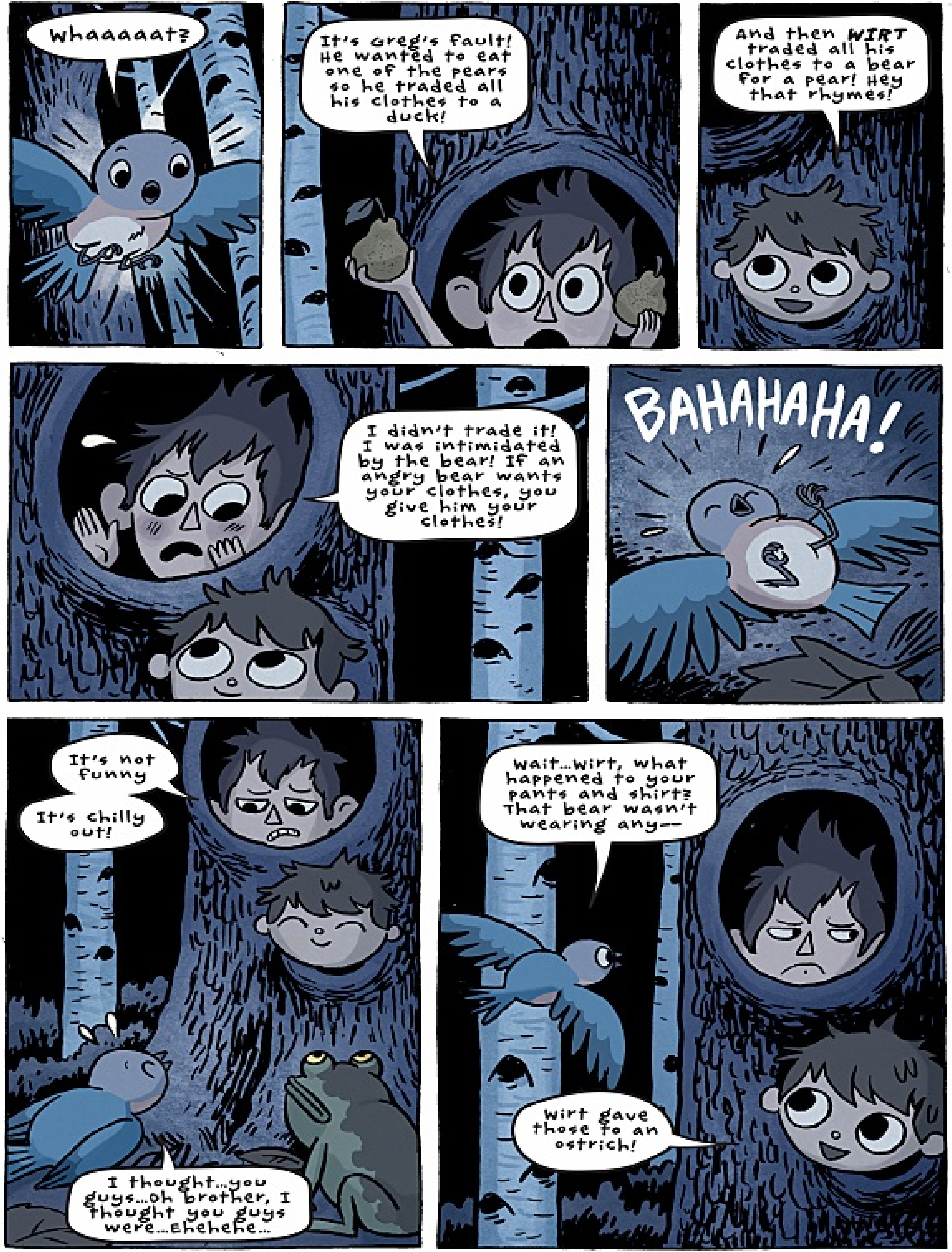

SMACK!
CRASH!
Tell me how to fix this or I'm gonna make your life a living nightmare!
Don't you ignore me you dog-dang pig-spawn! What the heck animal are you supposed to be anyway?!
Ughhh... what should I do now?

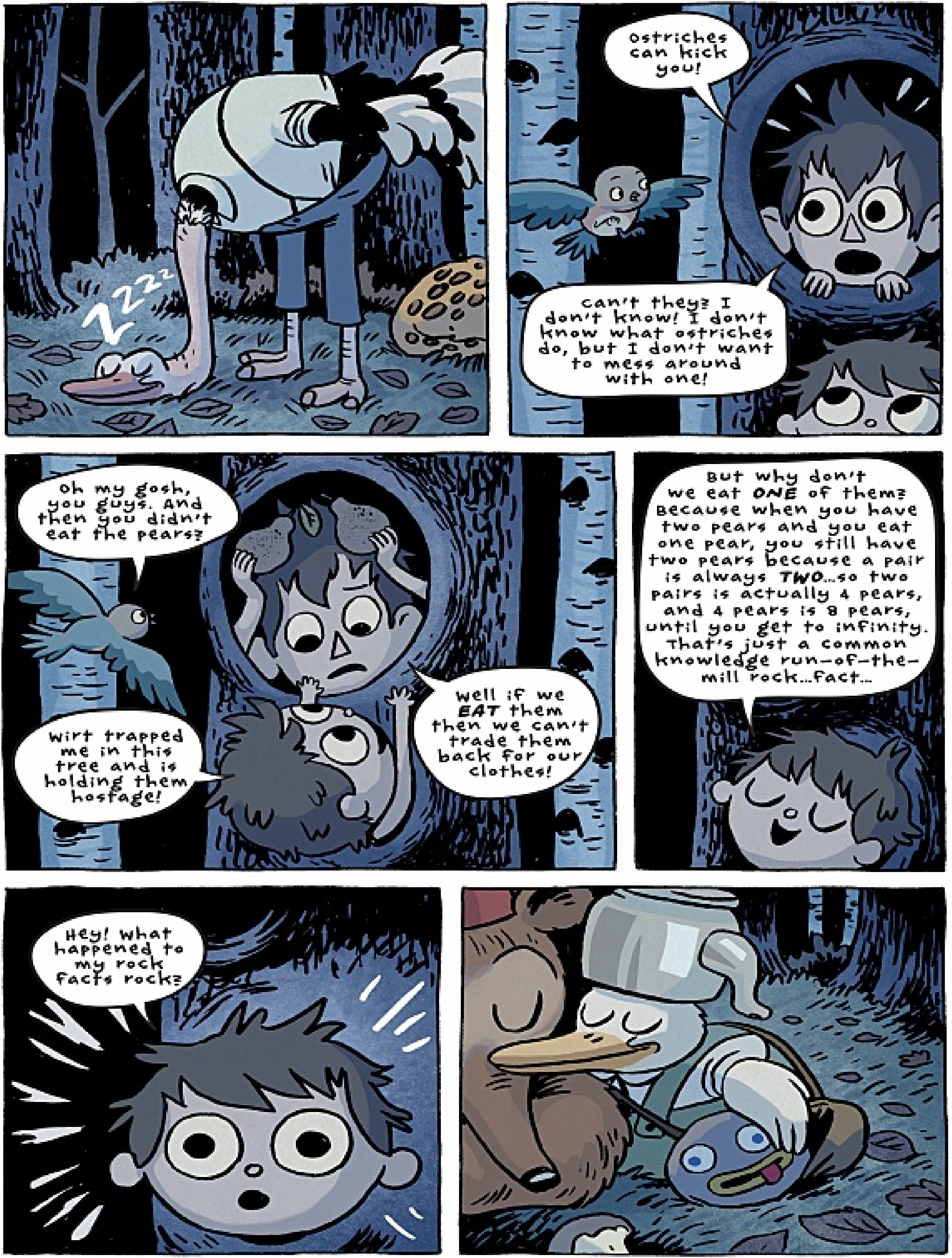

♫ Hush now, my little ones; ♫
Hush now, hush now.
Hush now my little ones;
Sun has gone home.
♪ Sleep now, my pretty ones;
Sleep now, sleep now. ♫
Sleep now, my pretty ones;
No more to roam.
♪ Dream now, my little ones;
Dream now, dream now.
Dream now, my little ones;
Sun has gone home. ♫

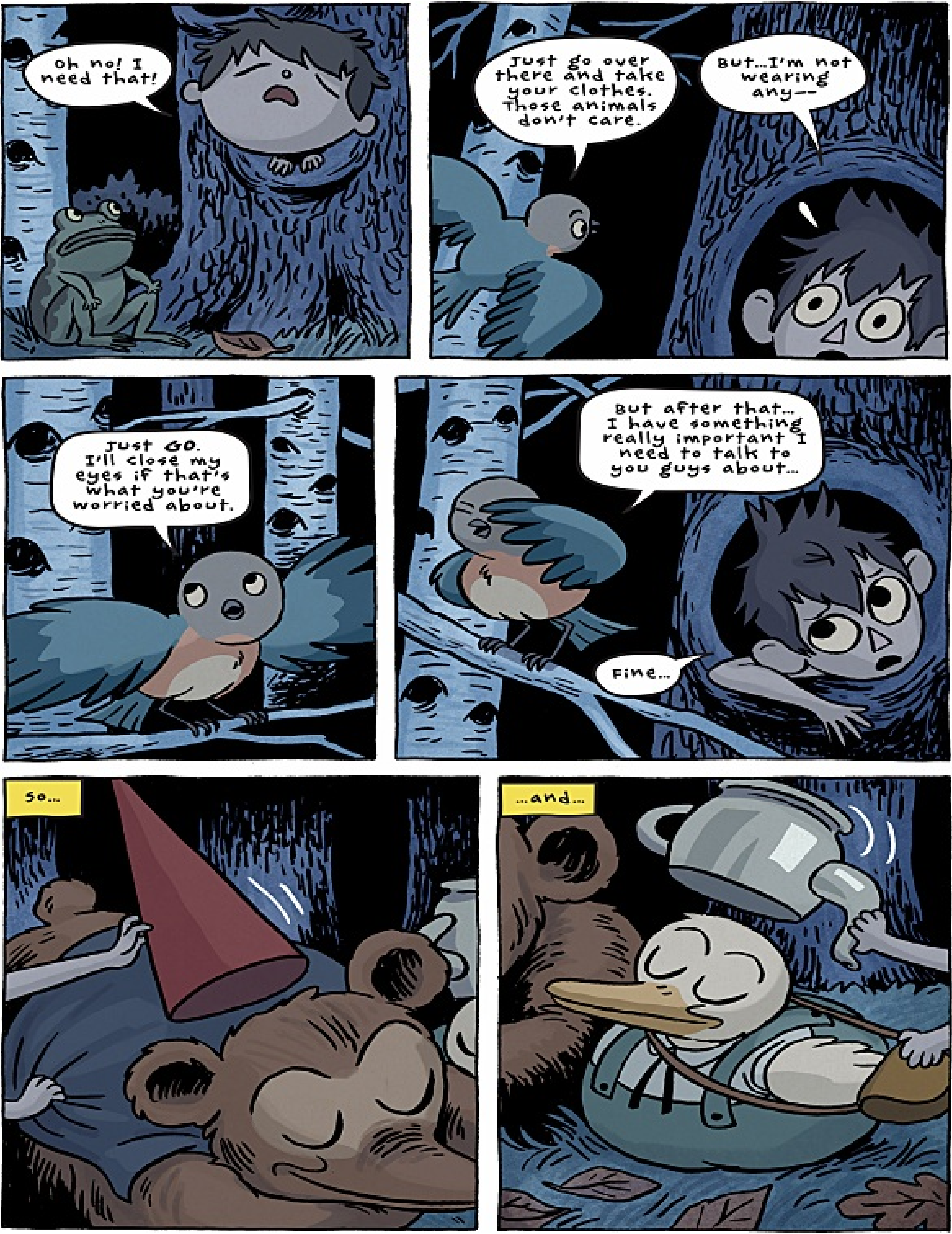

cheese and crackers...
you guys...
I don't know what to do.
QUACK.

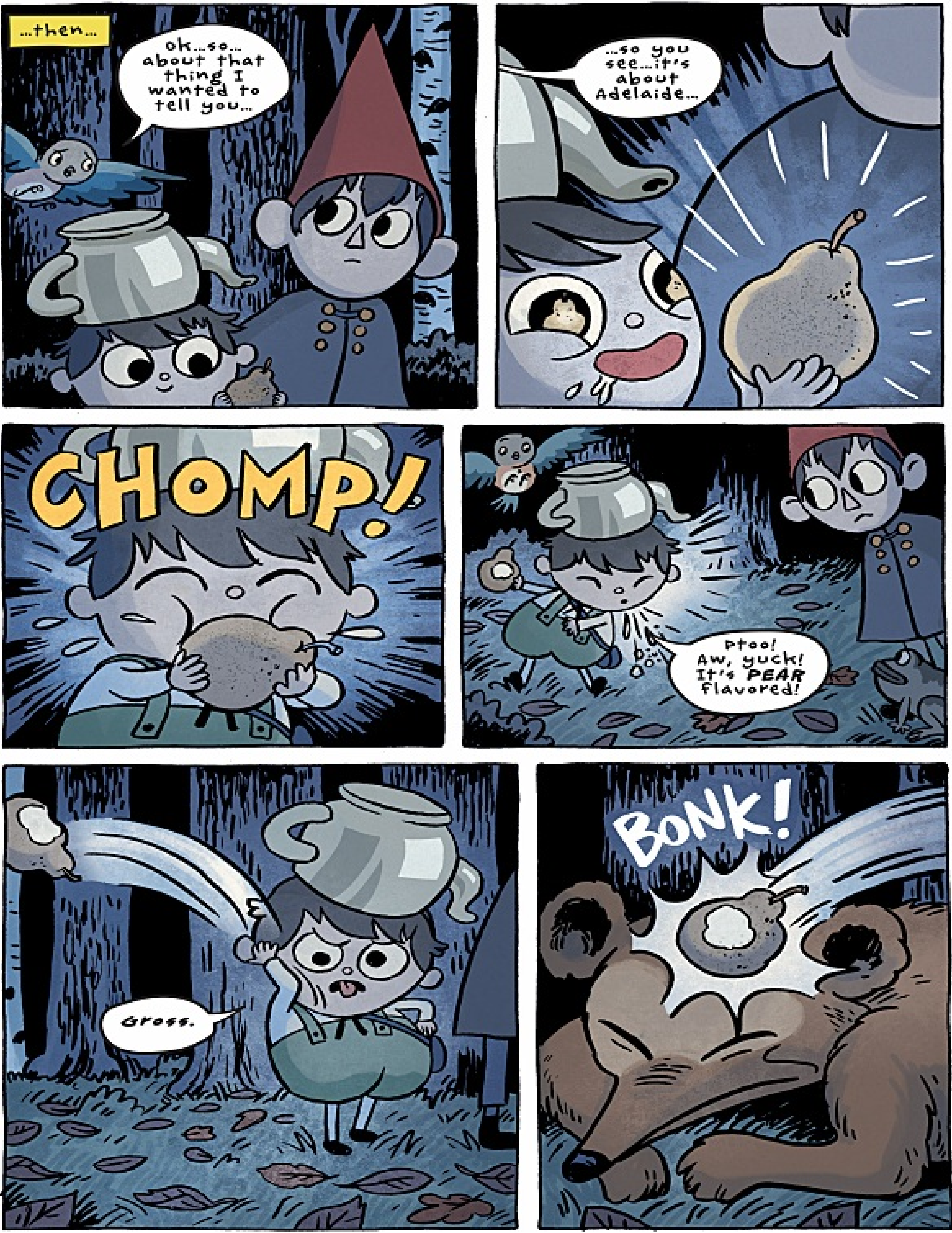

Even if I could make you guys human again...I...I'm so sorry Wirt...Greg...I shouldn't have...I should never have...
Look, I never knew how to get you guys home, ok? Adelaide...Adelaide is not going to help you. It was all just a big scam...
I'm so sorry, you guys. I'm a horrible horrible person, just like you said, Wirt. If... if I could figure out a way to help you, I would... but...
...maybe it's for the best you guys are just dumb happy animals now. It's definitely better than going to Adelaide...and you'll probably never get home anyway...so...
Rowwrlll.
Quack quack
Dangit!
Z z z
I'll see you guys later, or... I won't. Ugh... I'm sorry you guys...
I'm so sorry...
Z z z

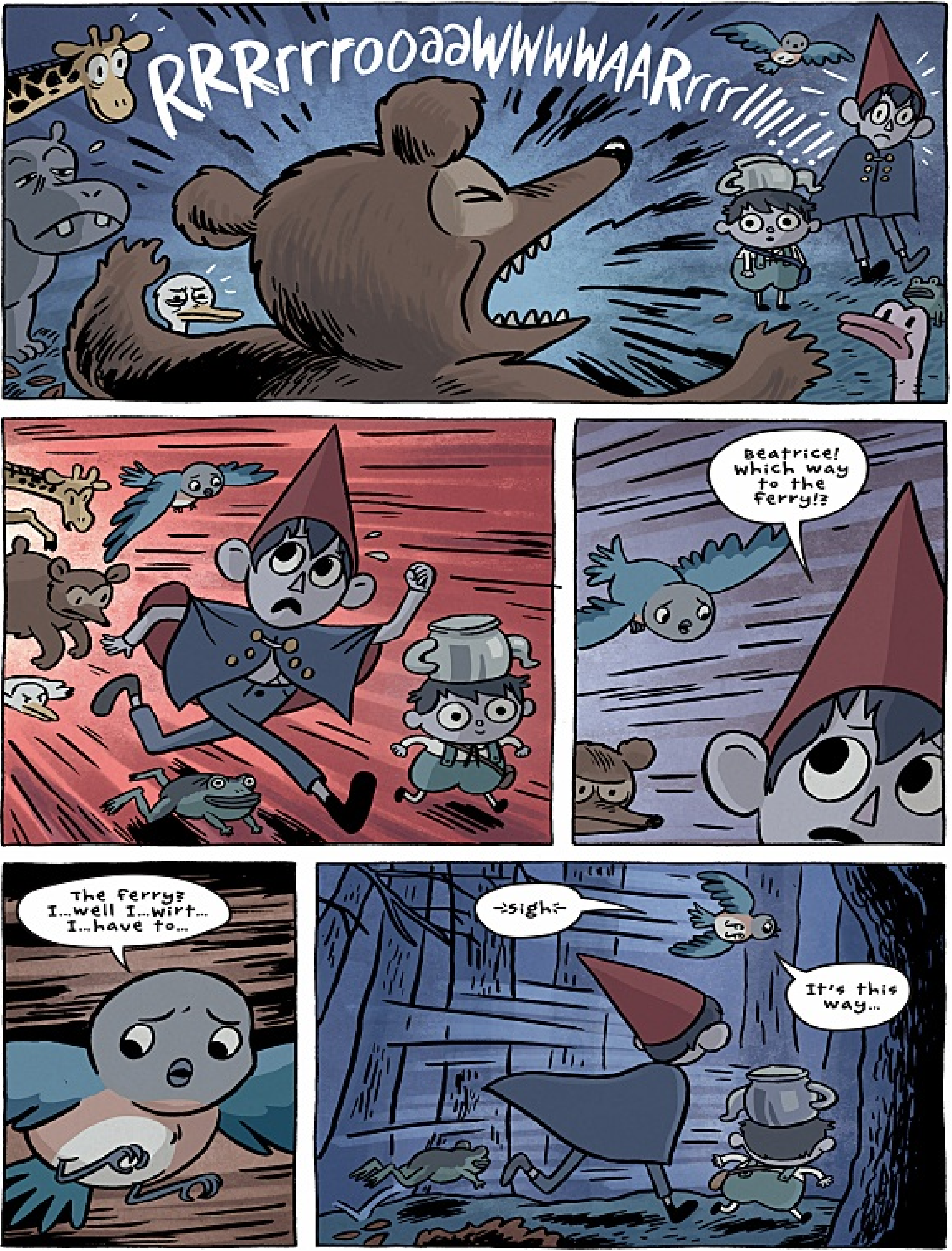

Psst!
Psst! Beatrice! Over here!
WHAT THE HECK?!
Stop, don't come any closer!
We're not wearing any clothes! Hahaha!
We're still wearing SOME clothes! Just... not...many...


Whaaaaat?
It's Greg's fault! He wanted to eat one of the pears so he traded all his clothes to a duck!
And then **WIRT** traded all his clothes to a bear for a pear! Hey that rhymes!
I didn't trade it! I was intimidated by the bear! If an angry bear wants your clothes, you give him your clothes!
BAHAHAHA!
It's not funny
It's chilly out!
I thought...you guys...oh brother, I thought you guys were...Ehehehe...
Wait...Wirt, what happened to your pants and shirt? That bear wasn't wearing any--
Wirt gave those to an ostrich!

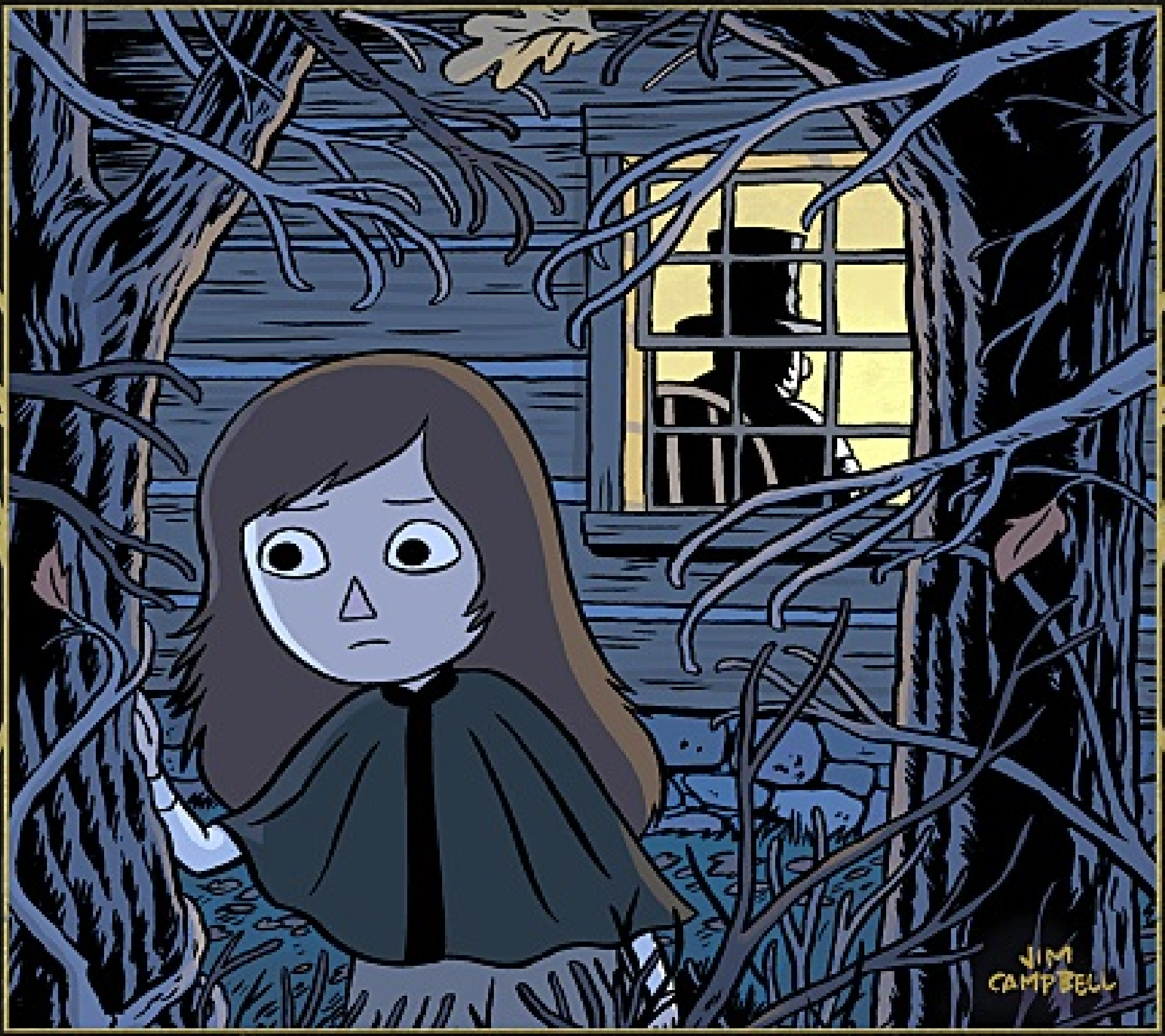

ZZZZZ
Ostriches can kick you!
Can't they? I don't know! I don't know what ostriches do, but I don't want to mess around with one!
Oh my gosh, you guys. And then you didn't eat the pears?
Wirt trapped me in this tree and is holding them hostage!
Well if we EAT them then we can't trade them back for our clothes!
But why don't we eat ONE of them? Because when you have two pears and you eat one pear, you still have two pears because a pair is always TWO...so two pairs is actually 4 pears, and 4 pears is 8 pears, until you get to infinity. That's just a common knowledge run-of-the-mill rock...fact...
Hey! What happened to my rock facts rock?

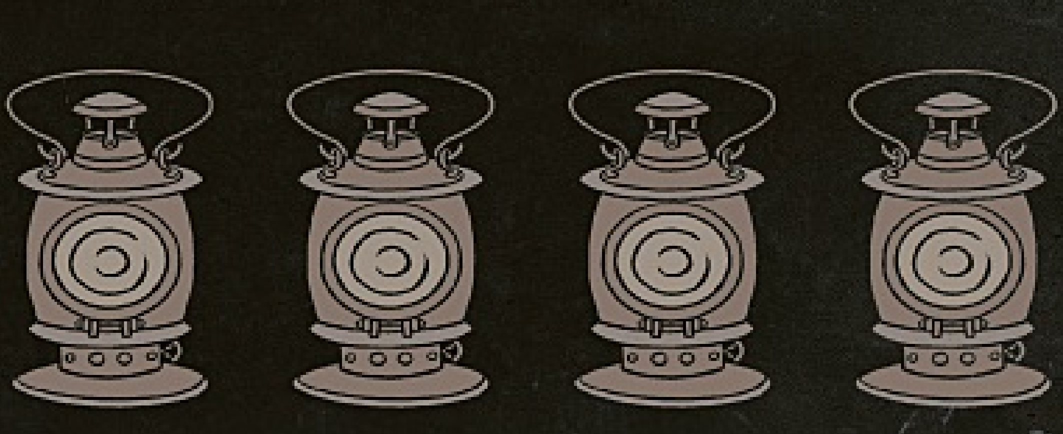

Oh no! I need that!
Just go over there and take your clothes. Those animals don't care.
But...I'm not wearing any--
Just GO. I'll close my eyes if that's what you're worried about.
But after that... I have something really important I need to talk to you guys about...
Fine...
So...
...and...


...then...
ok...so... about that thing I wanted to tell you...
...so you see...it's about Adelaide...
CHOMP!
Ptoo! Aw, yuck! It's PEAR flavored!
Gross.
BONK!

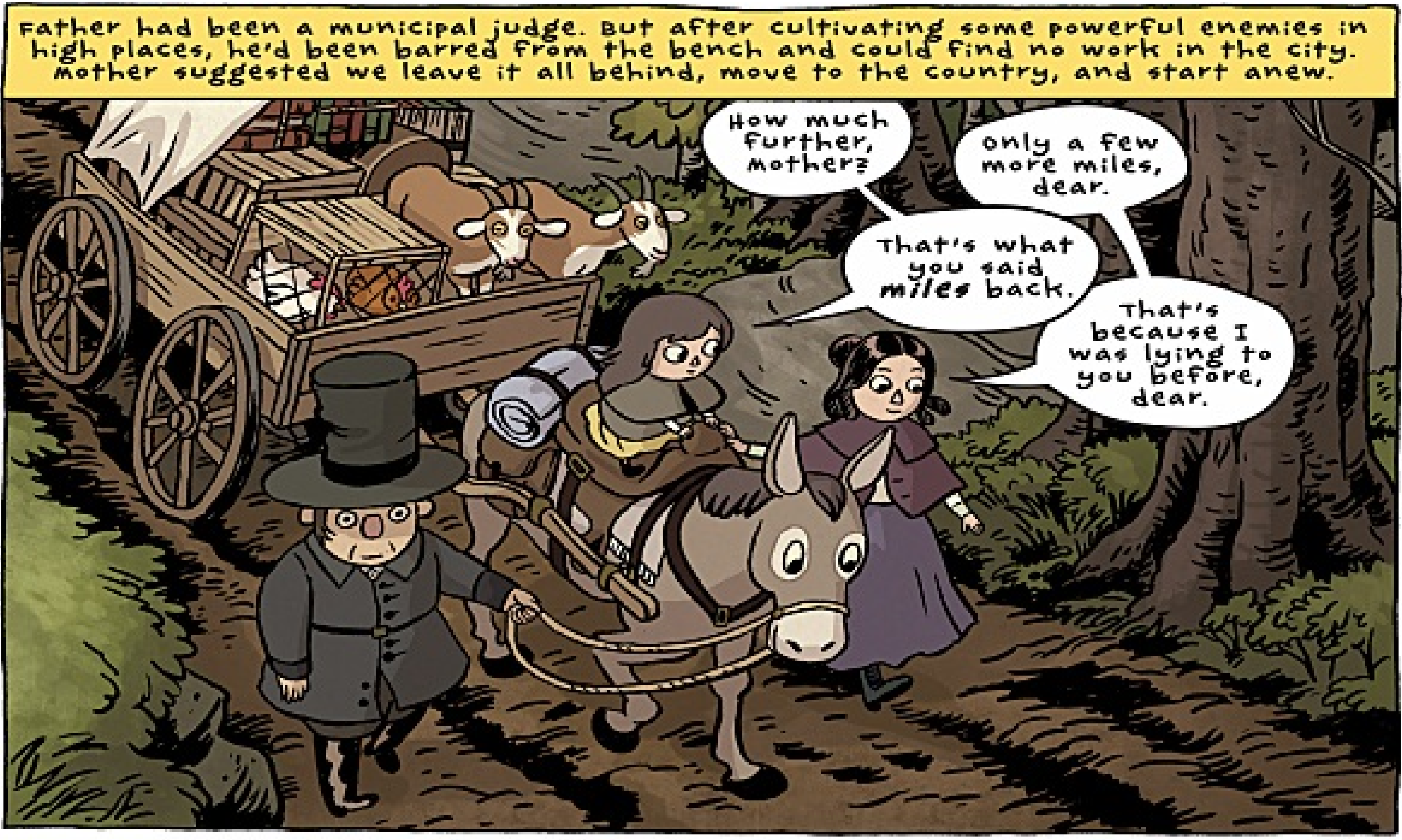

RRRrrrooaaWWWWAARrrrr!!!!!
Beatrice! Which way to the ferry!?
The ferry? I...well I...Wirt... I...have to...
~sigh~
It's this way...

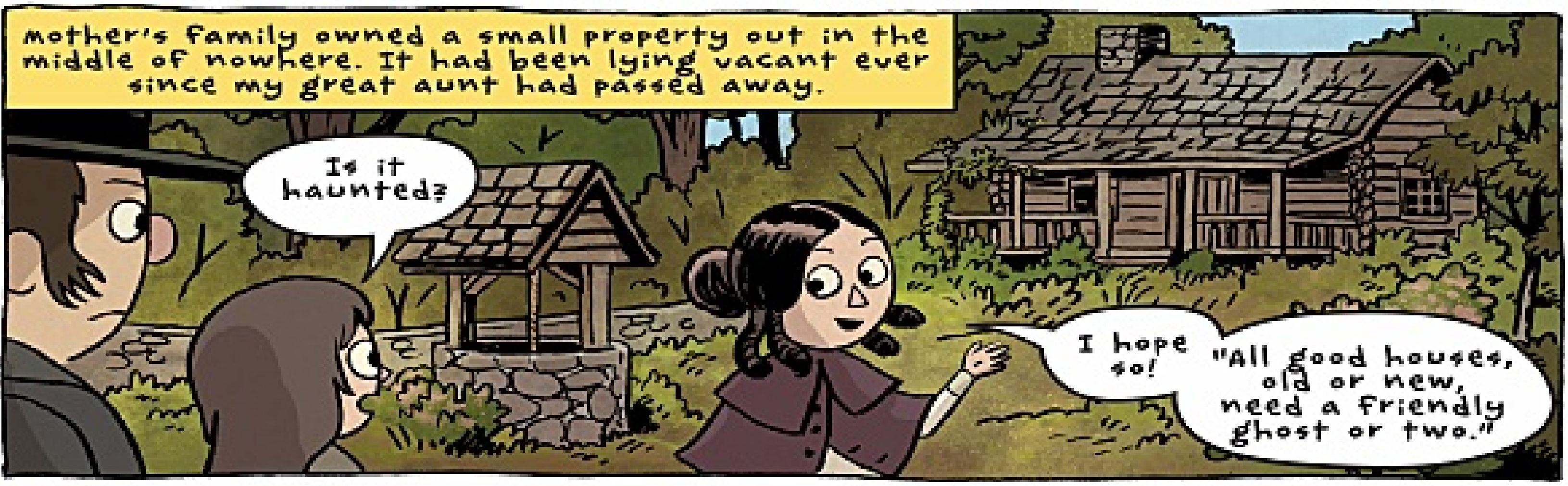
THE WOODSMAN'S DAUGHTER

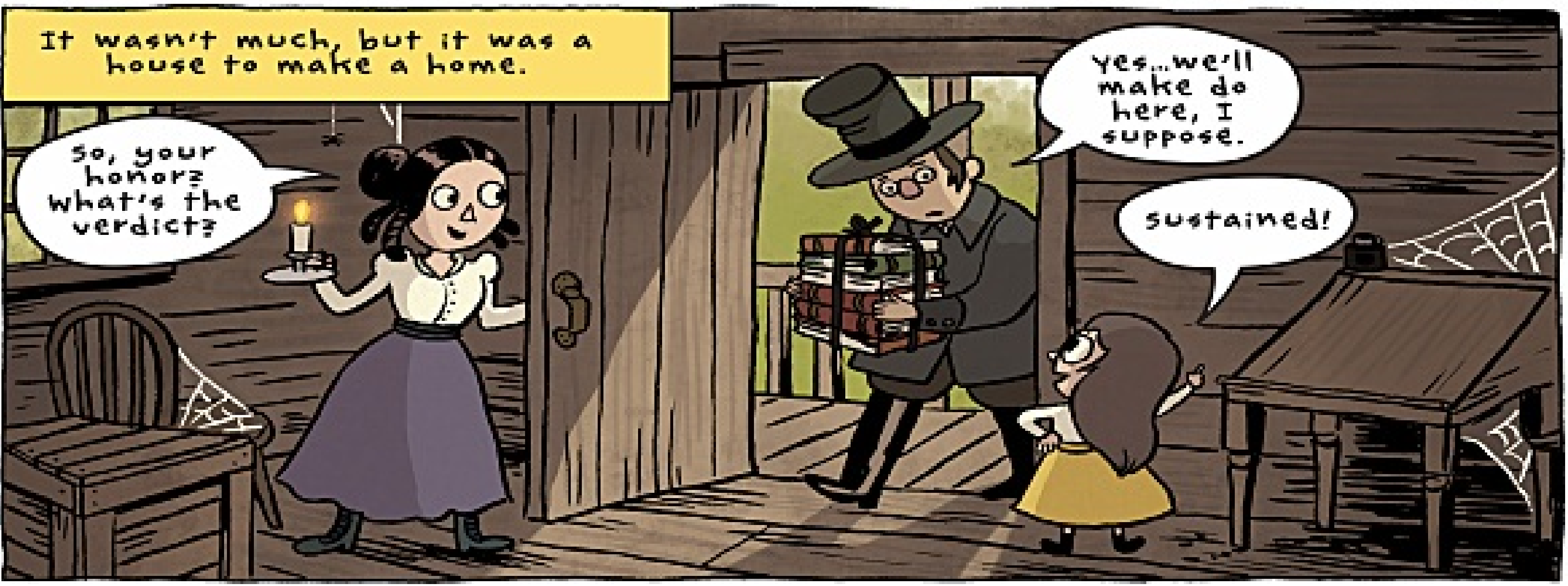

JIM CAMPBELL

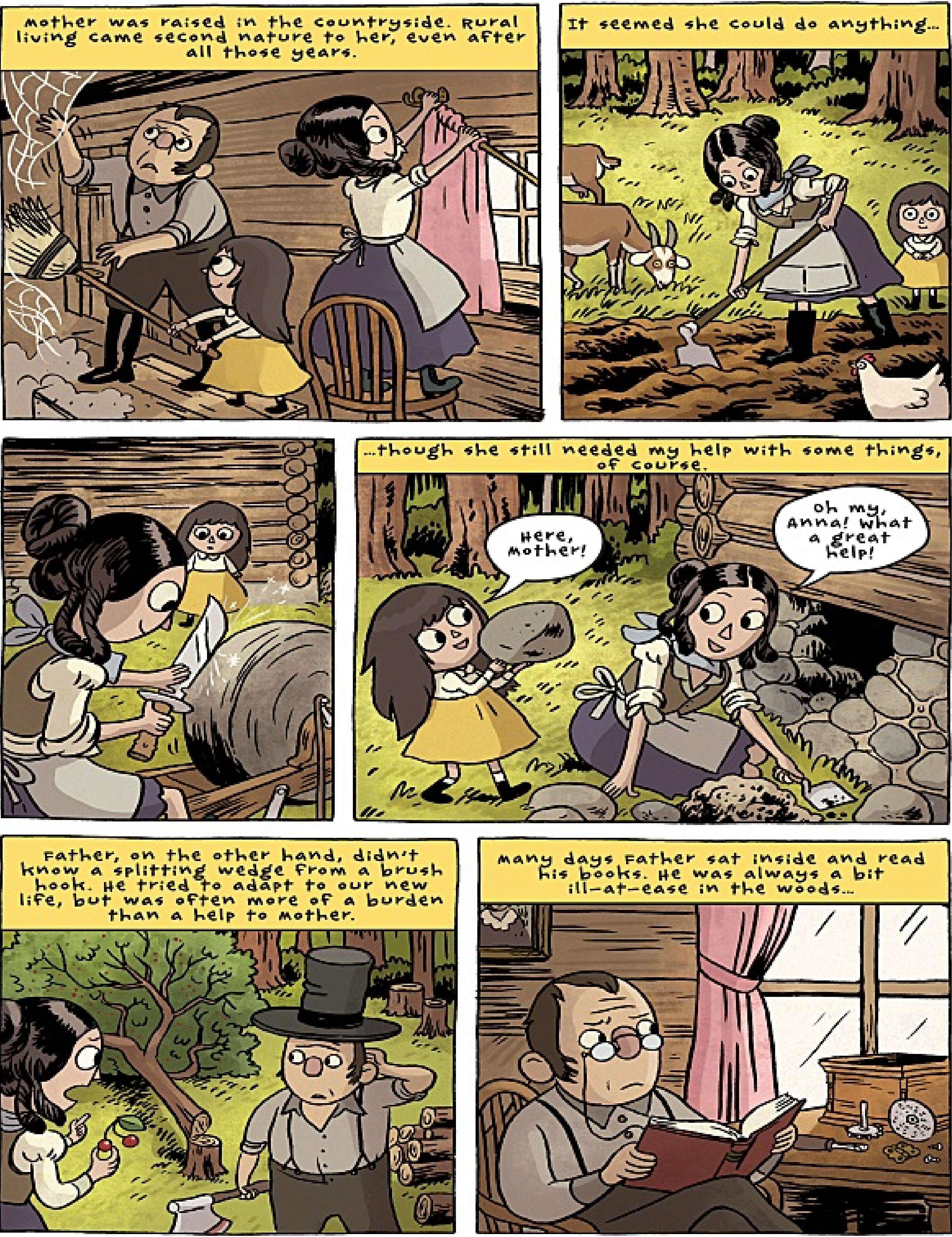


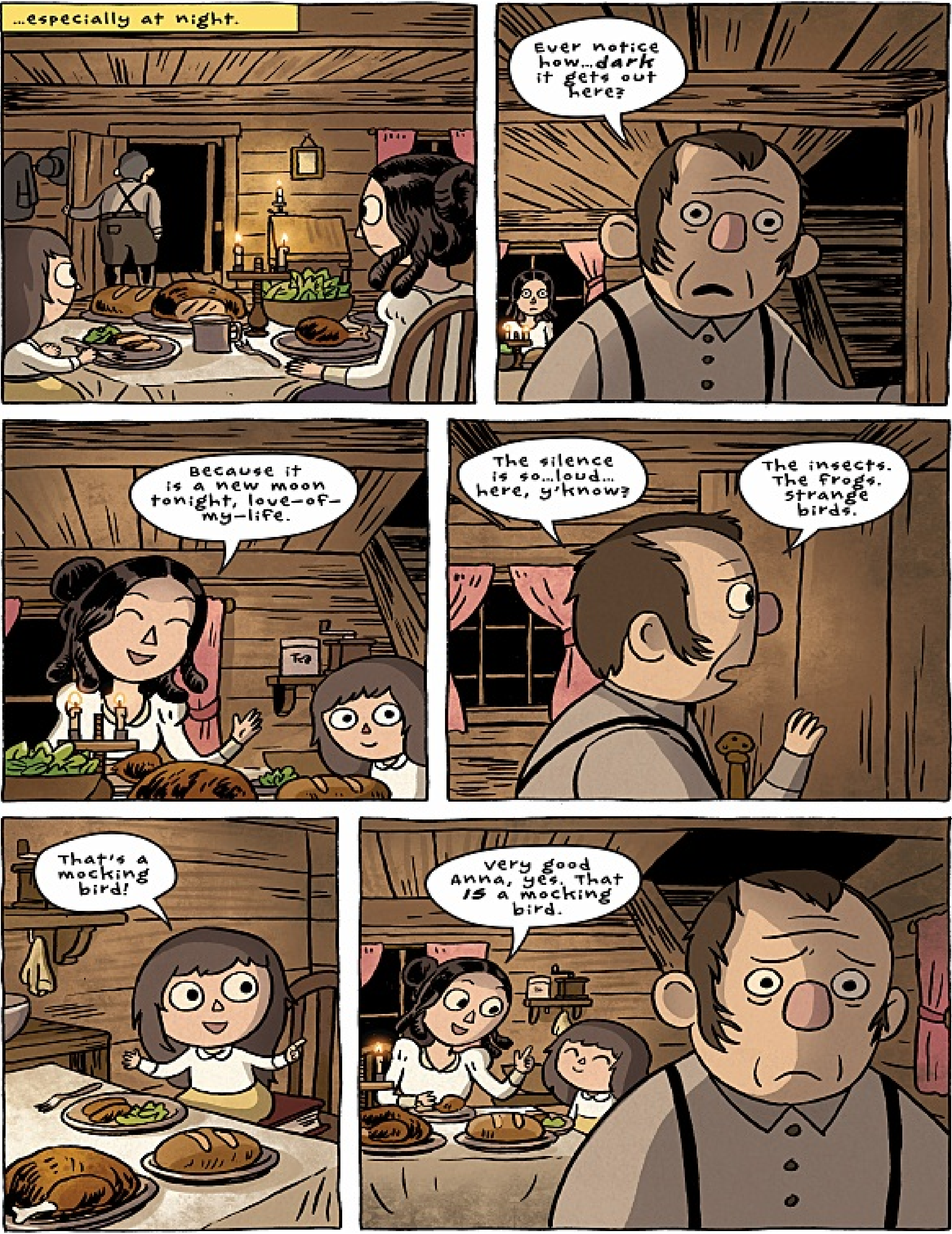
ISSUE #4 COVER BY JIM CAMPBELL

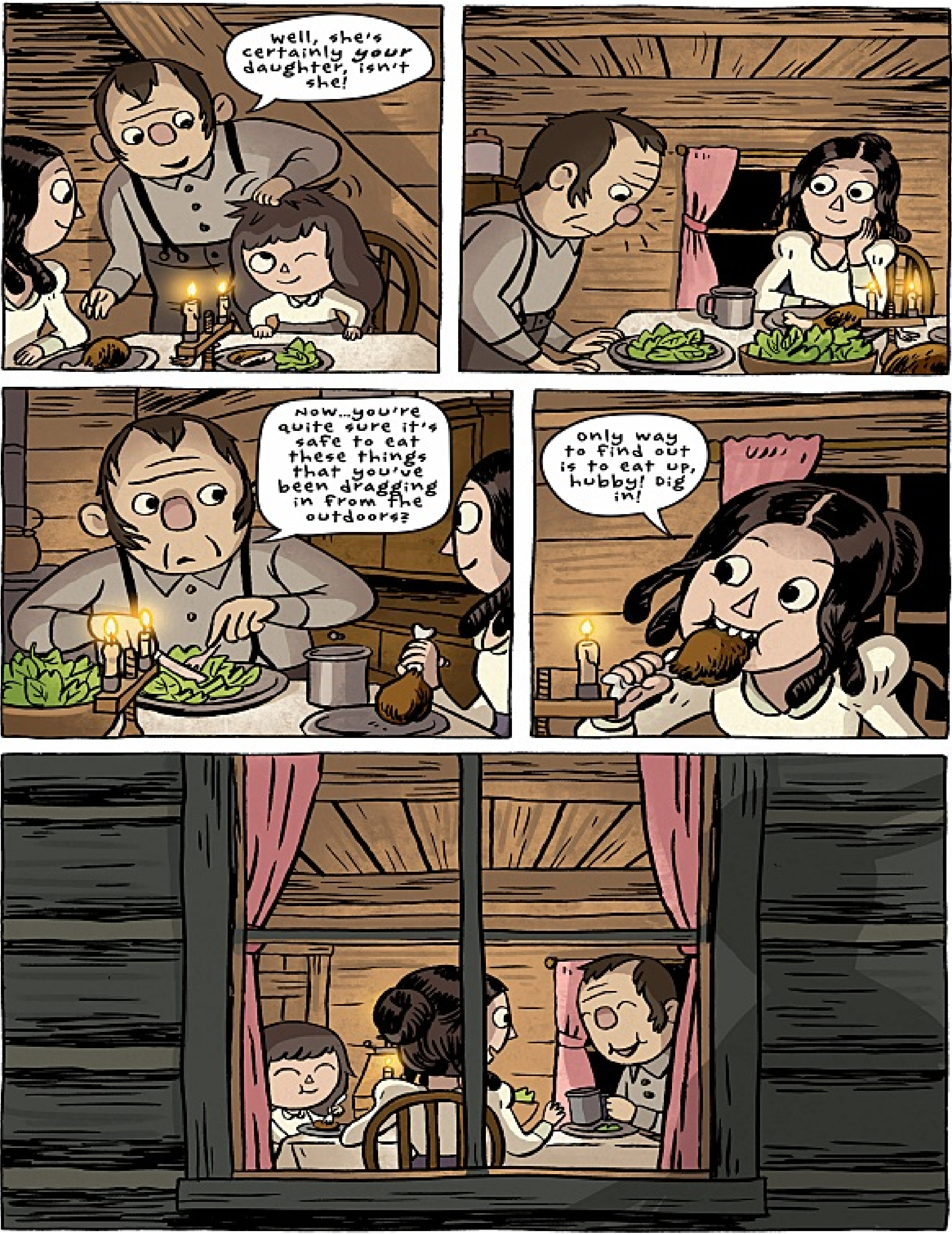

Father had been a municipal judge. But after cultivating some powerful enemies in high places, he'd been barred from the bench and could find no work in the city. Mother suggested we leave it all behind, move to the country, and start anew.
How much further, Mother?
Only a few more miles, dear.
That's what you said *miles* back.
That's because I was lying to you before, dear.

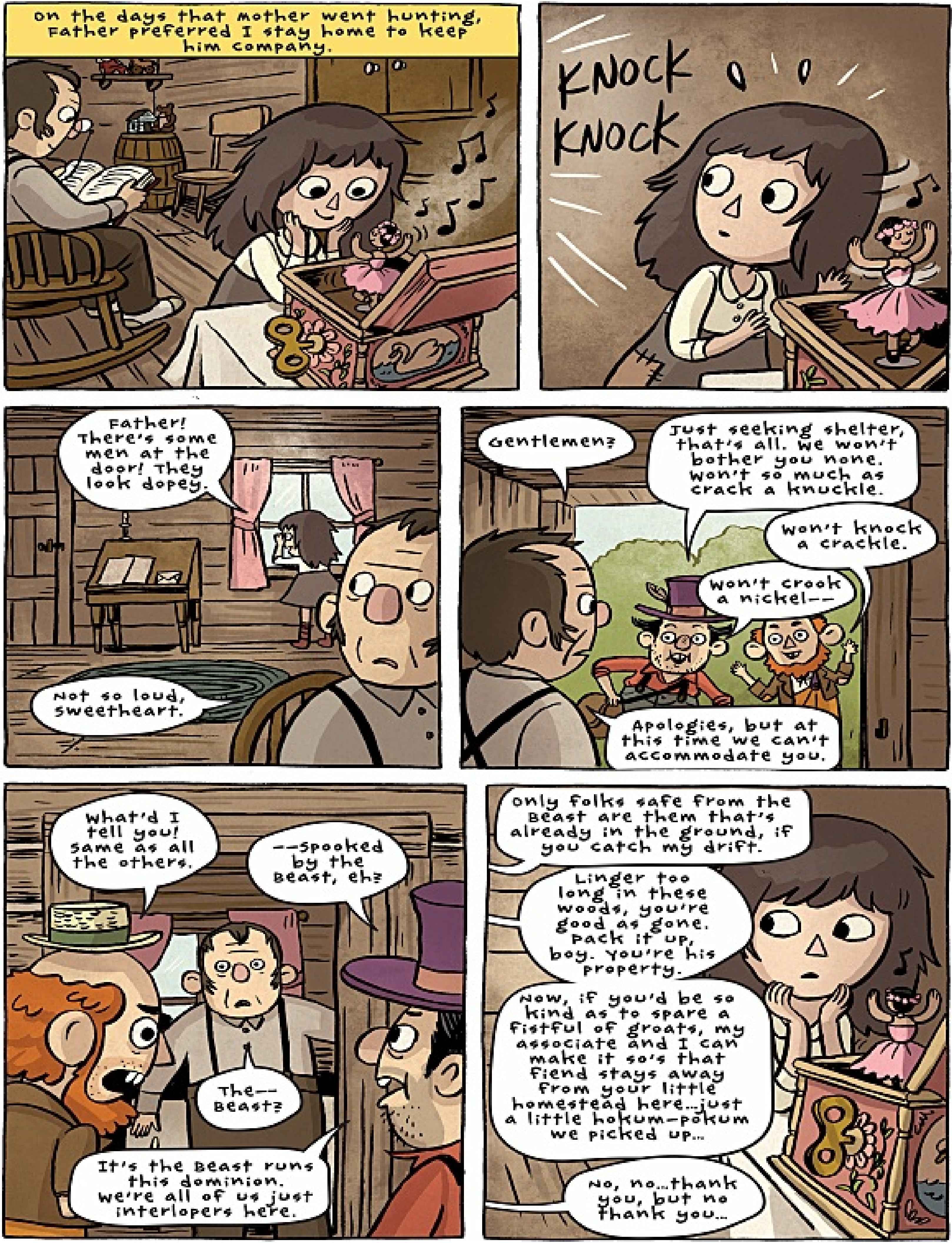

Mother's family owned a small property out in the middle of nowhere. It had been lying vacant ever since my great aunt had passed away.
Is it haunted?
I hope so!
"All good houses, old or new, need a friendly ghost or two."

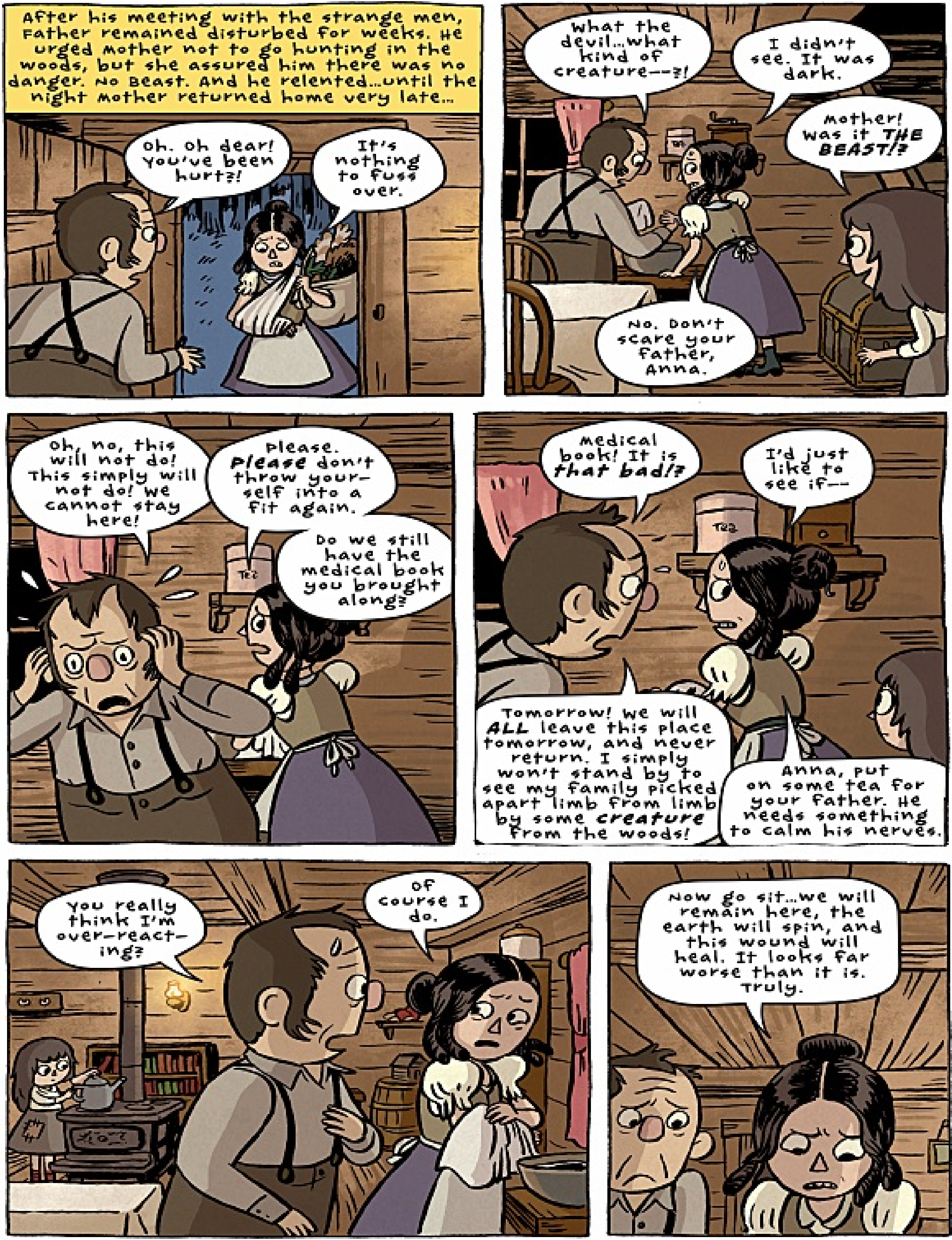

It wasn't much, but it was a house to make a home.
So, your honor? What's the verdict?
Yes...we'll make do here, I suppose.
Sustained!

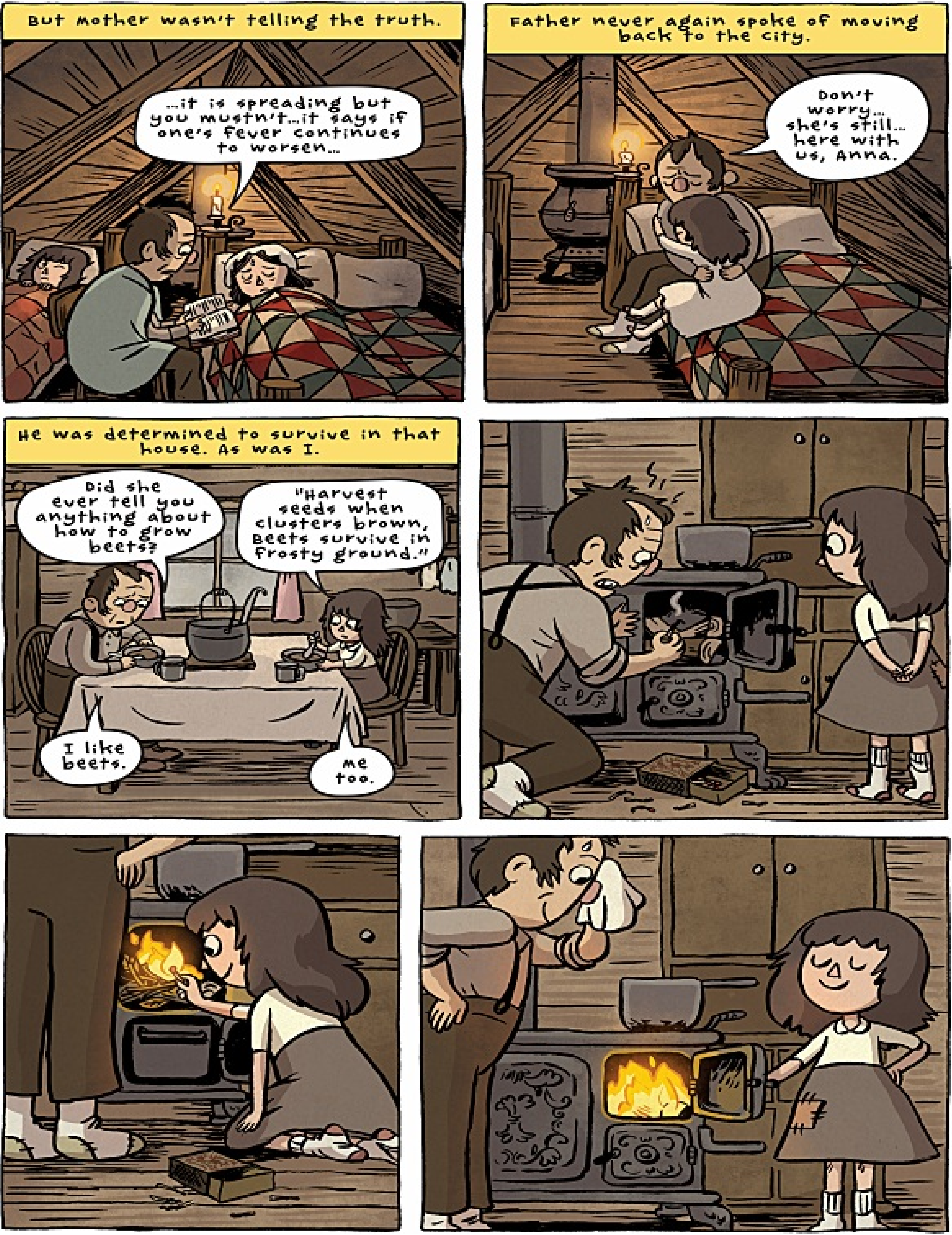

Mother was raised in the countryside. Rural living came second nature to her, even after all those years.
It seemed she could do anything...
...though she still needed my help with some things, of course.
Here, Mother!
Oh my, Anna! What a great help!
Father, on the other hand, didn't know a splitting wedge from a brush hook. He tried to adapt to our new life, but was often more of a burden than a help to mother.
Many days Father sat inside and read his books. He was always a bit ill-at-ease in the woods...

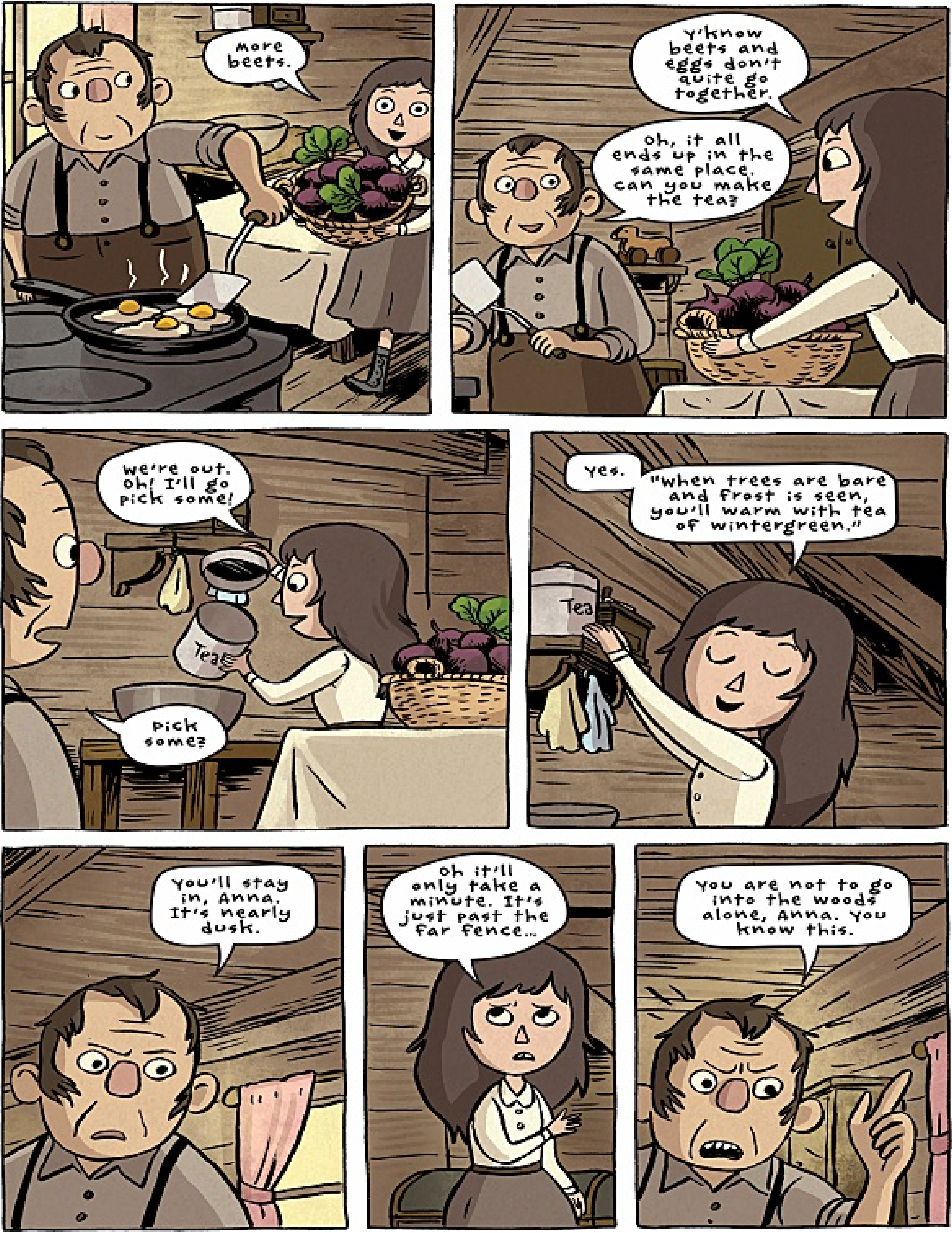

...especially at night.
Ever notice how...**dark** it gets out here?
Because it is a new moon tonight, love-of-my-life.
The silence is so...loud... here, y'know?
The insects. The frogs. Strange birds.
That's a mocking bird!
Very good Anna, yes. That *IS* a mocking bird.

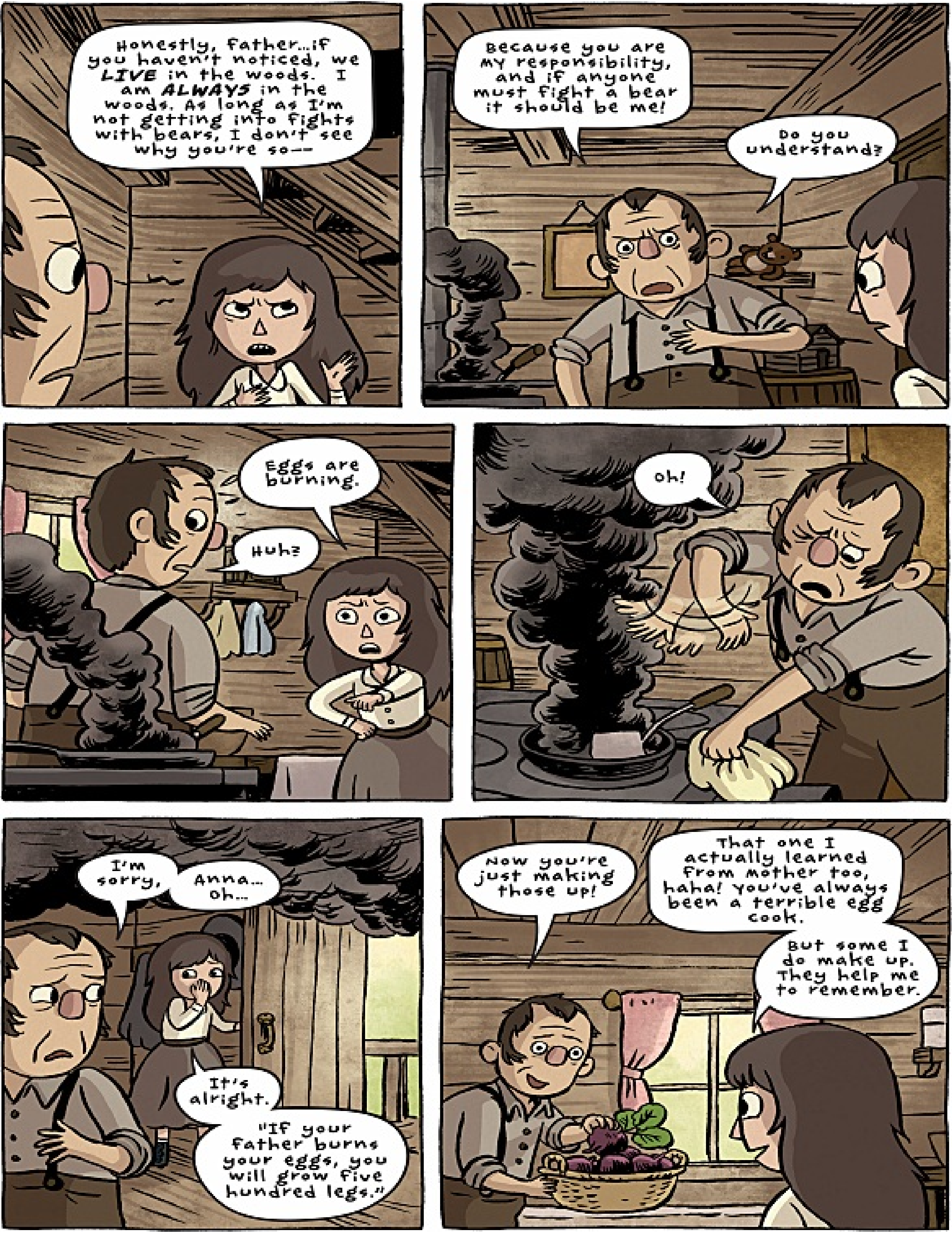

Well, she's certainly *your* daughter, isn't she!
Now...you're quite sure it's safe to eat these things that you've been dragging in from the outdoors?
Only way to find out is to eat up, hubby! Dig in!

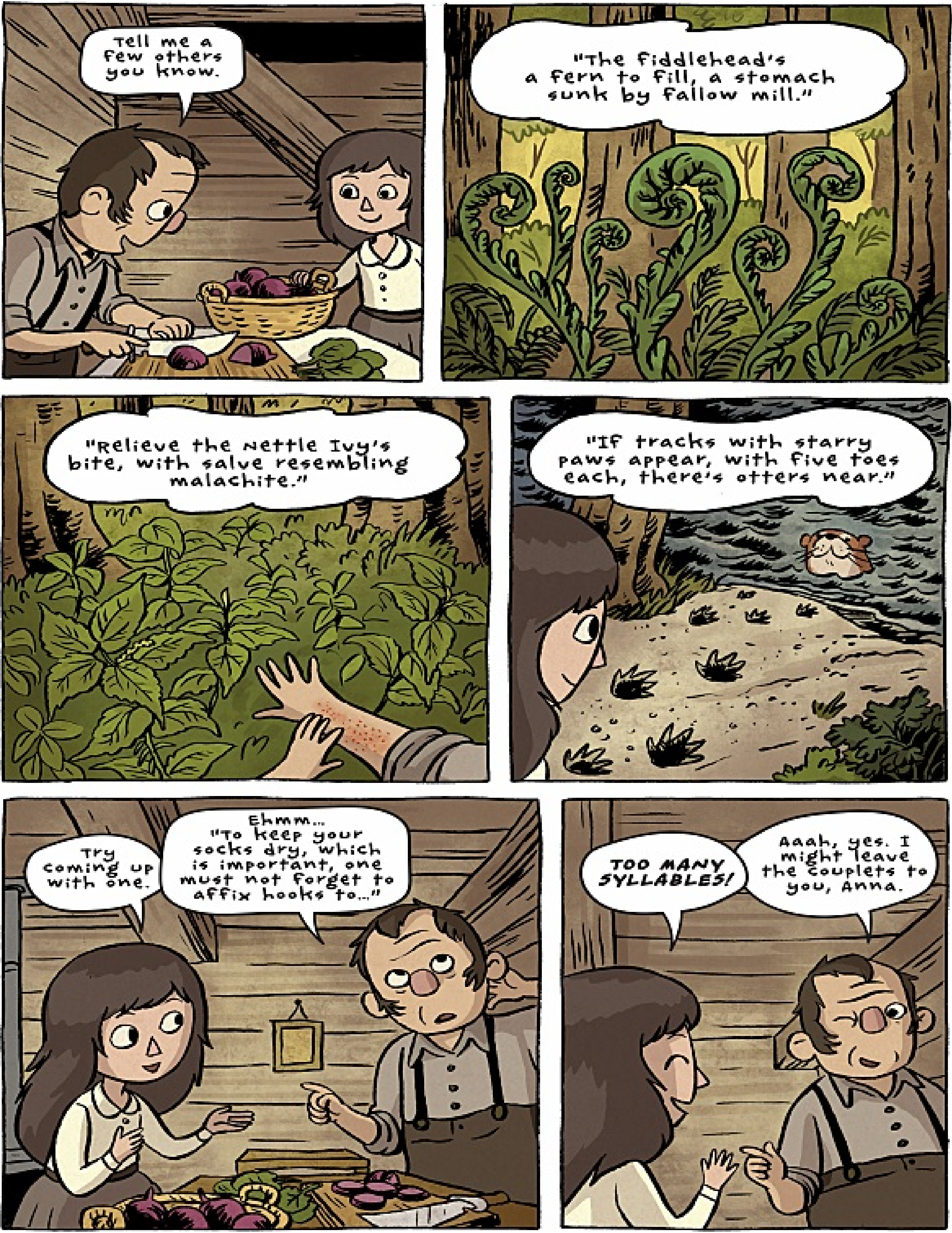

On the days that mother went hunting, Father preferred I stay home to keep him company.
KNOCK KNOCK
Father! There's some men at the door! They look dopey.
Not so loud, sweetheart.
Gentlemen?
Just seeking shelter, that's all. We won't bother you none. Won't so much as crack a knuckle.
Won't knock a crackle.
Won't crook a nickel--
Apologies, but at this time we can't accommodate you.
What'd I tell you! Same as all the others.
--Spooked by the Beast, eh?
The-- Beast?
It's the Beast runs this dominion. We're all of us just interlopers here.
Only folks safe from the Beast are them that's already in the ground, if you catch my drift.
Linger too long in these woods, you're good as gone. Pack it up, boy. You're his property.
Now, if you'd be so kind as to spare a fistful of groats, my associate and I can make it so's that fiend stays away from your little homestead here...just a little hokum-pokum we picked up...
No, no...thank you, but no thank you...

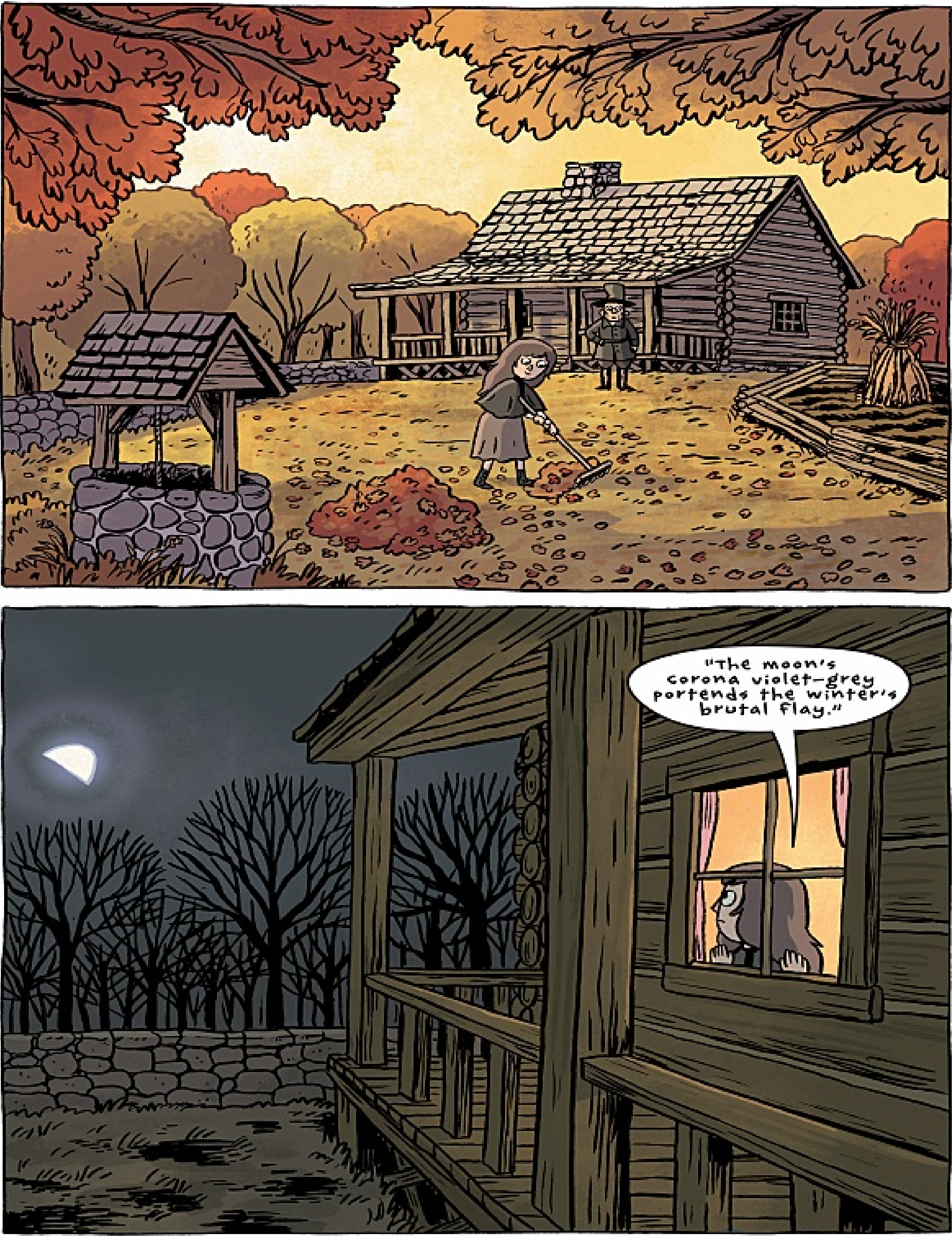

After his meeting with the strange men, Father remained disturbed for weeks. He urged Mother not to go hunting in the woods, but she assured him there was no danger. No Beast. And he relented...until the night Mother returned home very late...
Oh. Oh dear! You've been hurt?!
It's nothing to fuss over.
What the devil...what kind of creature--?!
I didn't see. It was dark.
Mother! Was it *THE BEAST!?*
No. Don't scare your father, Anna.
Oh, no, this will not do! This simply will not do! We cannot stay here!
Please. *Please* don't throw yourself into a fit again.
Do we still have the medical book you brought along?
Medical book! It is *that bad!?*
I'd just like to see if--
Tomorrow! We will *ALL* leave this place tomorrow, and never return. I simply won't stand by to see my family picked apart limb from limb by some *creature* from the woods!
Anna, put on some tea for your father. He needs something to calm his nerves.
You really think I'm over-reacting?
Of course I do.
Now go sit...we will remain here, the earth will spin, and this wound will heal. It looks far worse than it is. Truly.

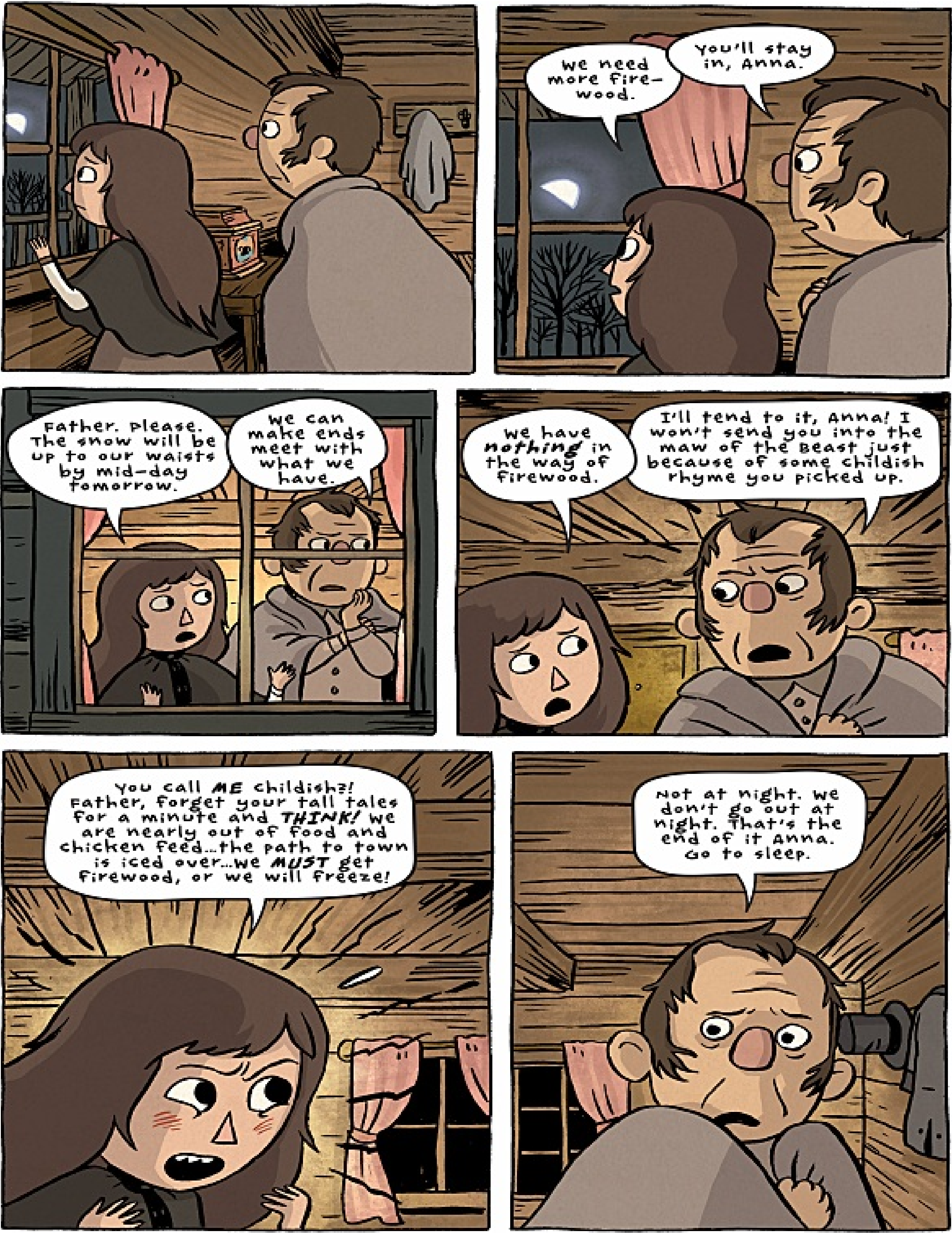

But mother wasn't telling the truth.
...it is spreading but you mustn't...it says if one's fever continues to worsen...
Father never again spoke of moving back to the city.
Don't worry... she's still... here with us, Anna.
He was determined to survive in that house. As was I.
Did she ever tell you anything about how to grow beets?
"Harvest seeds when clusters brown, Beets survive in frosty ground."
I like beets.
Me too.

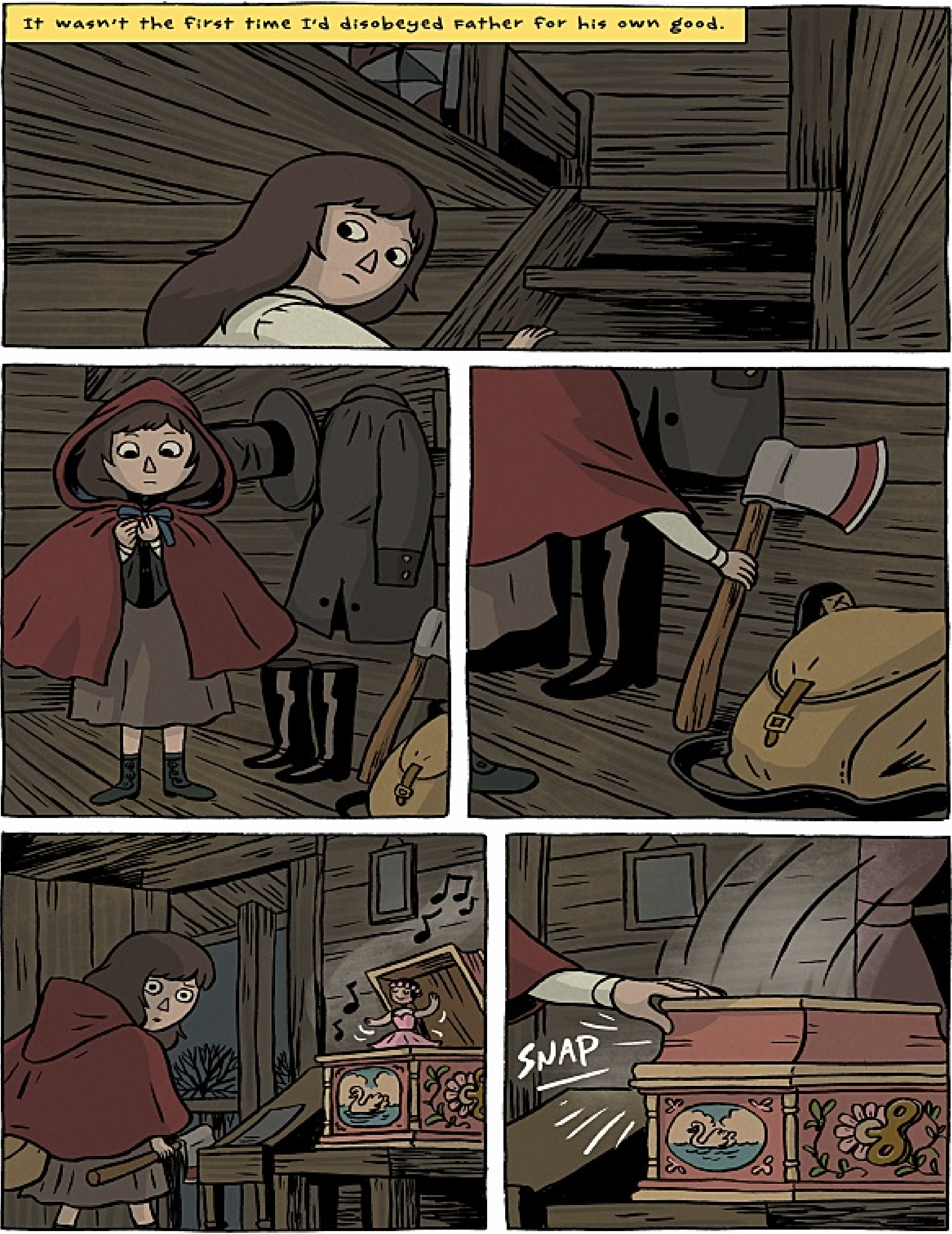

more beets.
Y'know beets and eggs don't quite go together.
Oh, it all ends up in the same place. can you make the tea?
we're out. Oh! I'll go pick some!
Tea
Pick some?
Yes.
"When trees are bare and frost is seen, you'll warm with tea of wintergreen."
Tea
You'll stay in, Anna. It's nearly dusk.
Oh it'll only take a minute. It's just past the far fence...
You are not to go into the woods alone, Anna. You know this.

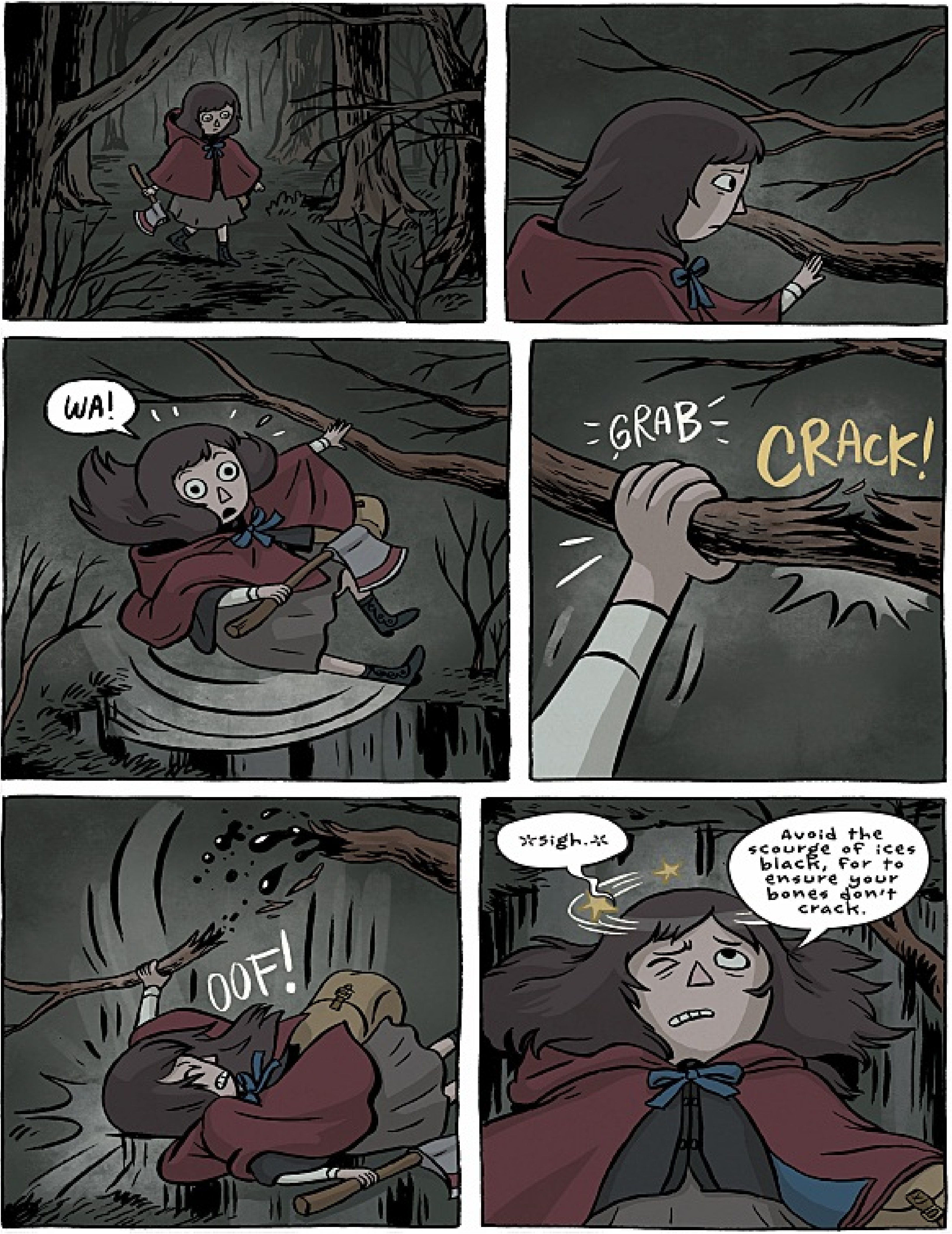

Honestly, father...if you haven't noticed, we *LIVE* in the woods. I am *ALWAYS* in the woods. As long as I'm not getting into fights with bears, I don't see why you're so--
Because you are my responsibility, and if anyone must fight a bear it should be me!
Do you understand?
Eggs are burning.
Huh?
Oh!
I'm sorry,
Anna... oh...
It's alright.
"If your father burns your eggs, you will grow five hundred legs."
Now you're just making those up!
That one I actually learned from mother too, haha! You've always been a terrible egg cook.
But some I do make up. They help me to remember.

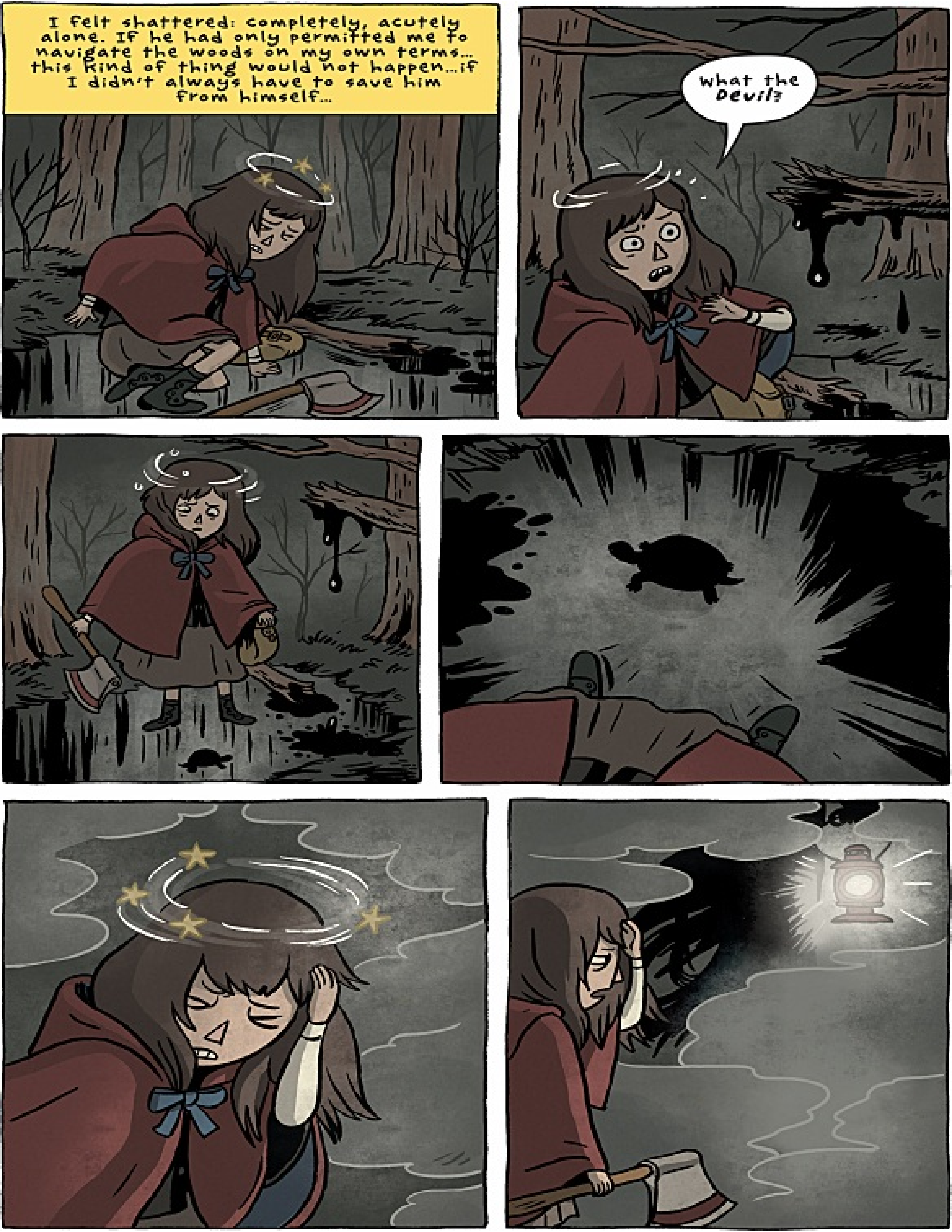

Tell me a few others you know.
"The fiddlehead's a fern to fill, a stomach sunk by fallow mill."
"Relieve the Nettle Ivy's bite, with salve resembling malachite."
"If tracks with starry paws appear, with five toes each, there's otters near."
Try coming up with one.
Ehmm... "To keep your socks dry, which is important, one must not forget to affix hooks to..."
TOO MANY SYLLABLES!
Aaah, yes. I might leave the couplets to you, Anna.

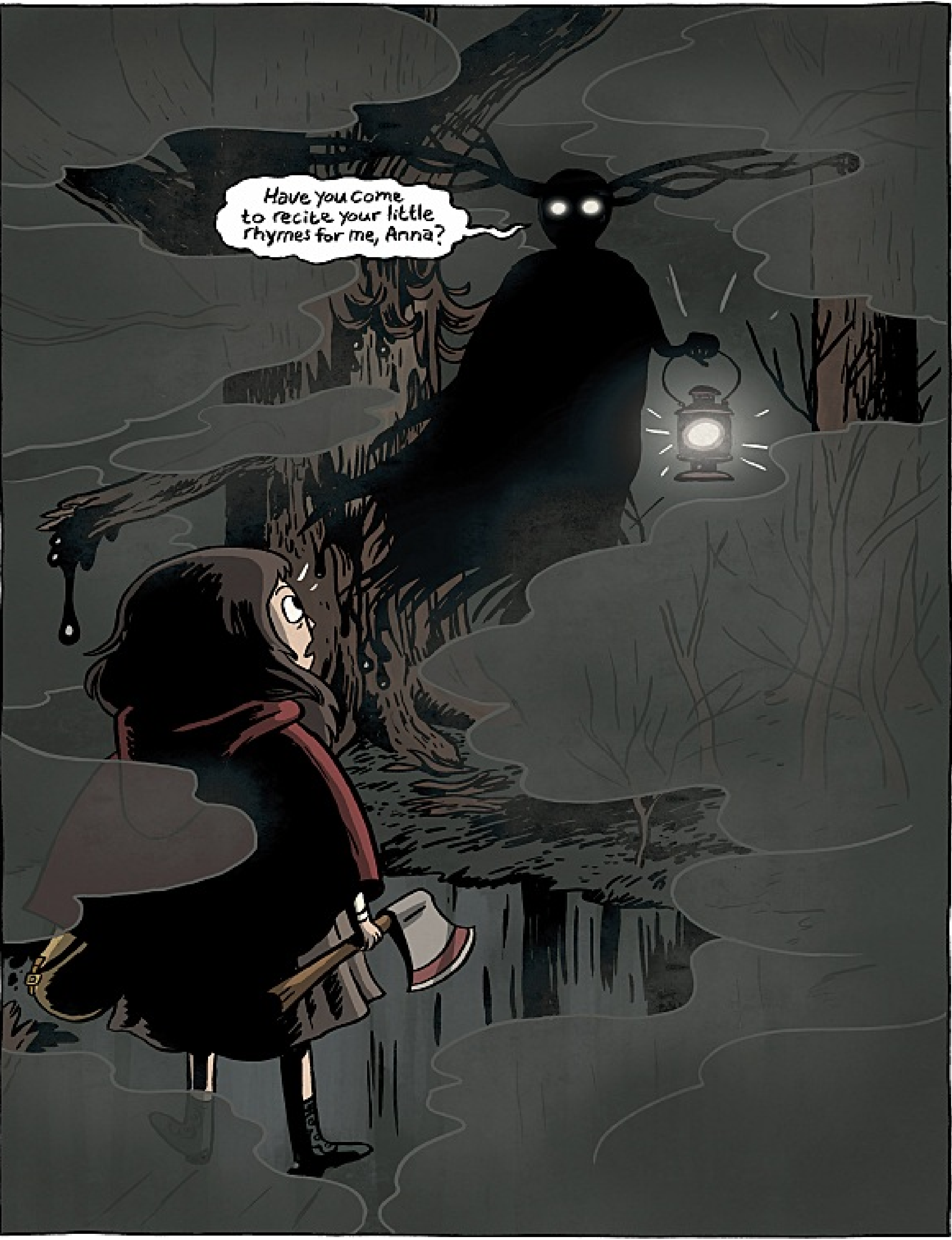

"The moon's corona violet-grey portends the winter's brutal flay."

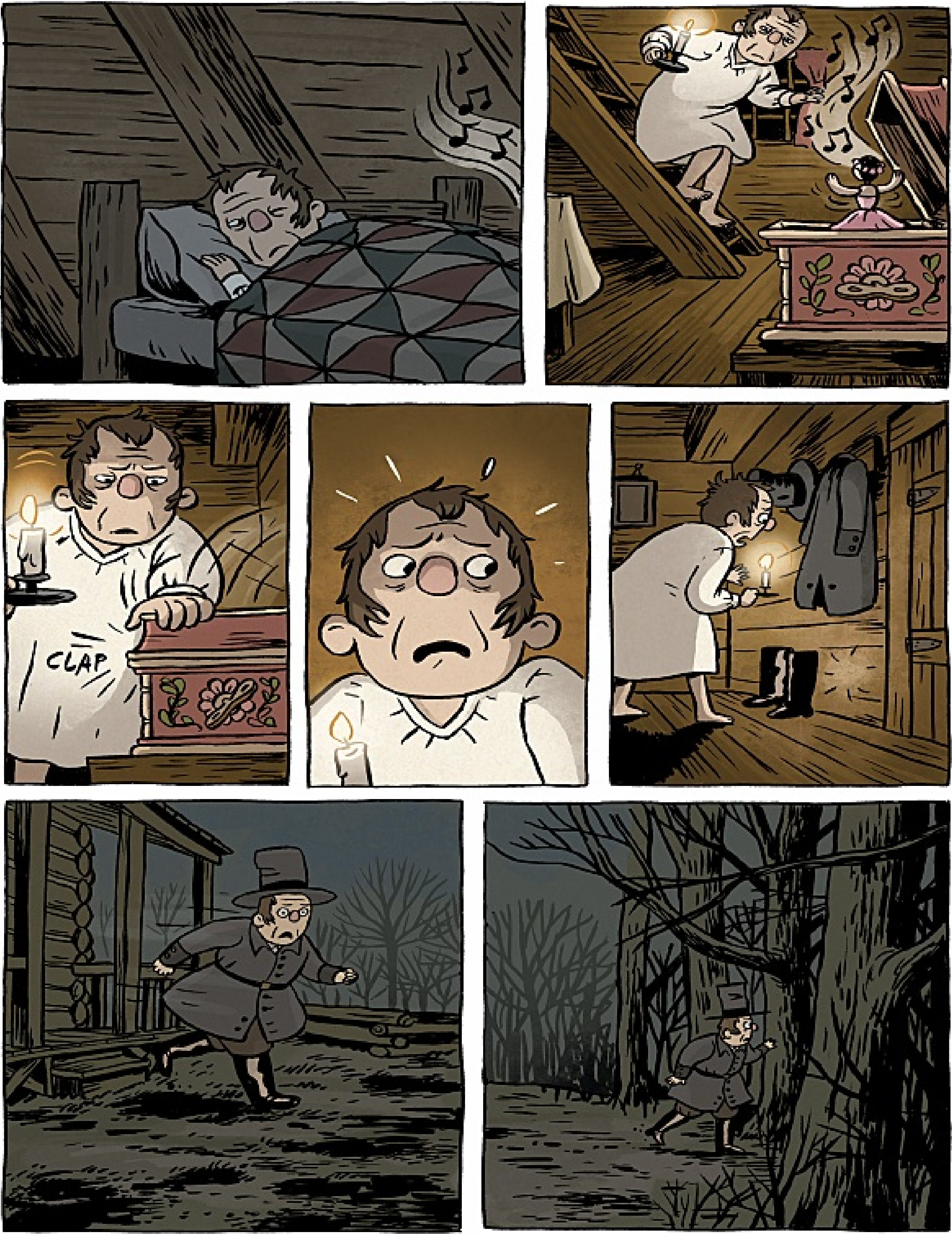

We need more firewood.
You'll stay in, Anna.
Father. Please. The snow will be up to our waists by mid-day tomorrow.
We can make ends meet with what we have.
We have *nothing* in the way of firewood.
I'll tend to it, Anna! I won't send you into the maw of the Beast just because of some childish rhyme you picked up.
You call *ME* childish?! Father, forget your tall tales for a minute and *THINK!* We are nearly out of food and chicken feed...the path to town is iced over...we *MUST* get firewood, or we will freeze!
Not at night. We don't go out at night. That's the end of it Anna. Go to sleep.

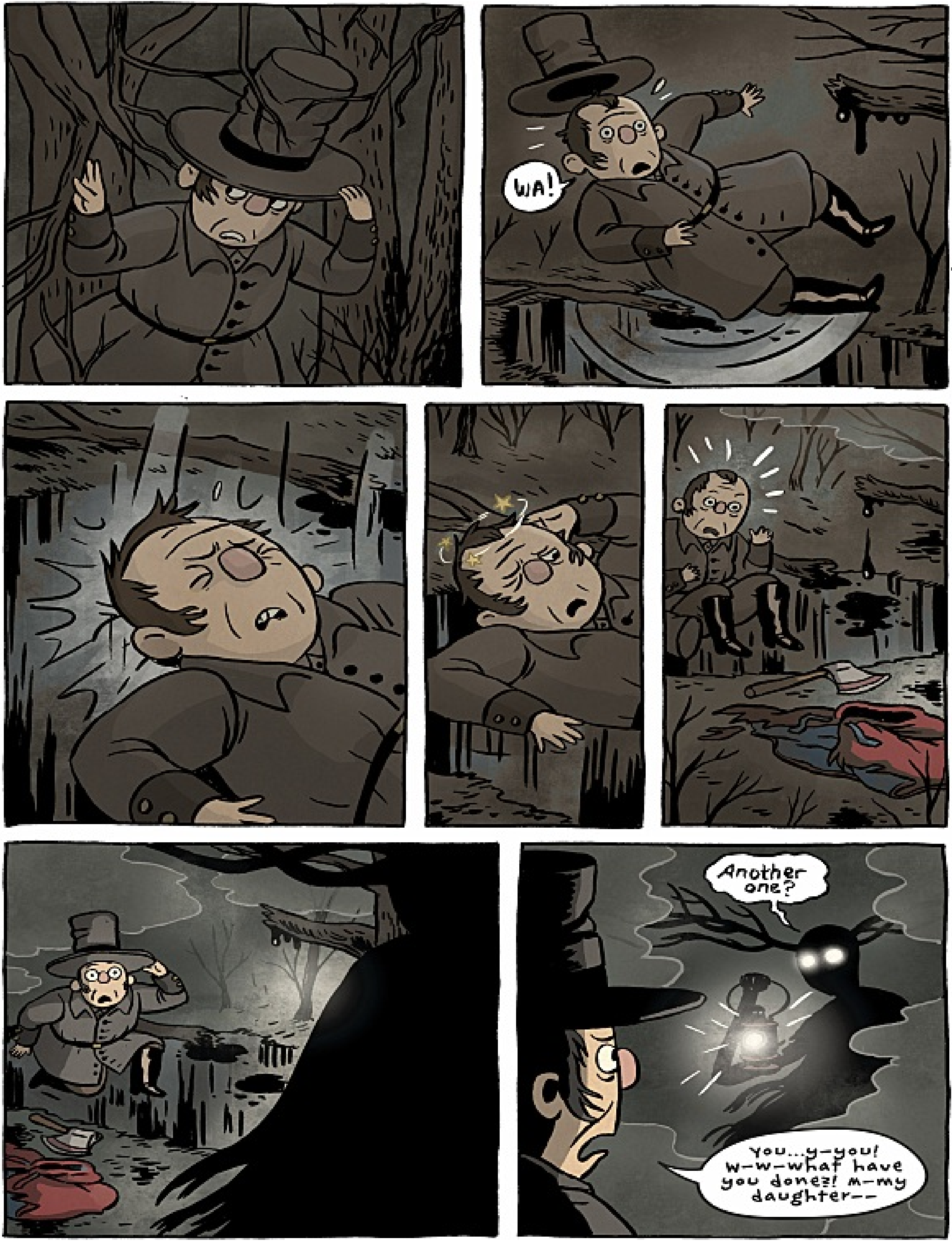

It wasn't the first time I'd disobeyed Father for his own good.
SNAP

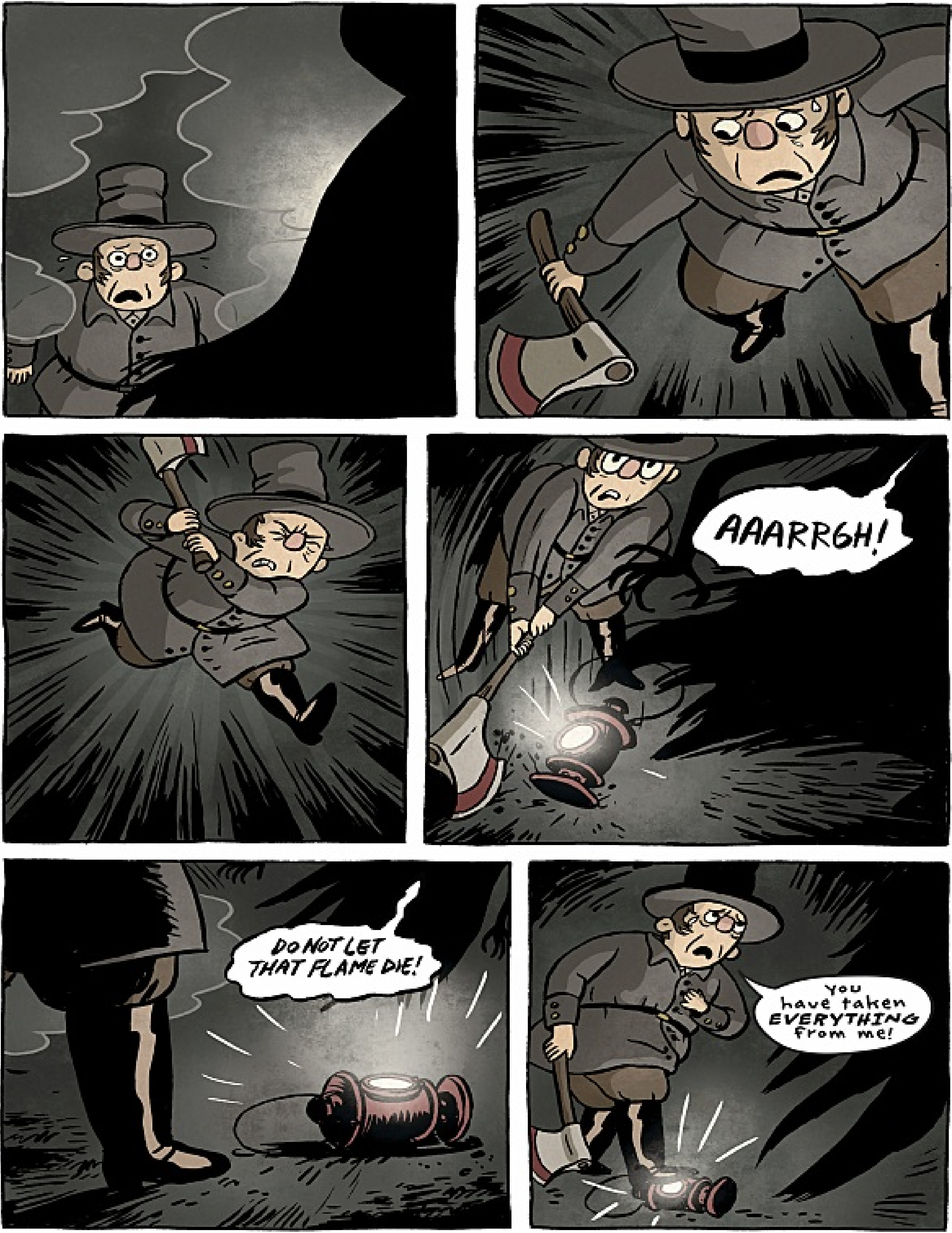

WA!
GRAB
CRACK!
OOF!
✲sigh.✲
Avoid the scourge of ices black, for to ensure your bones don't crack.

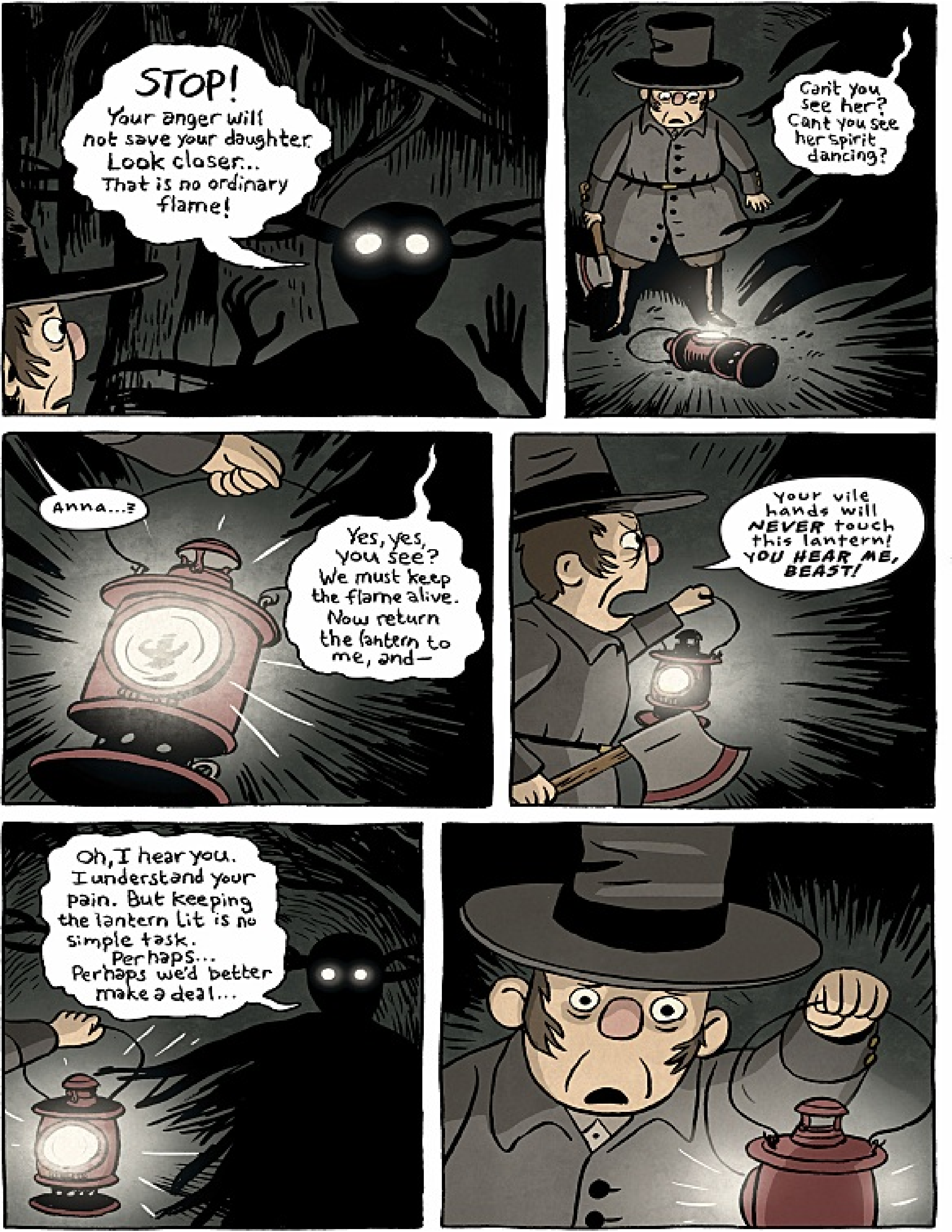

I felt shattered: completely, acutely alone. If he had only permitted me to navigate the woods on my own terms… this kind of thing would not happen…if I didn't always have to save him from himself…
What the *Devil?*

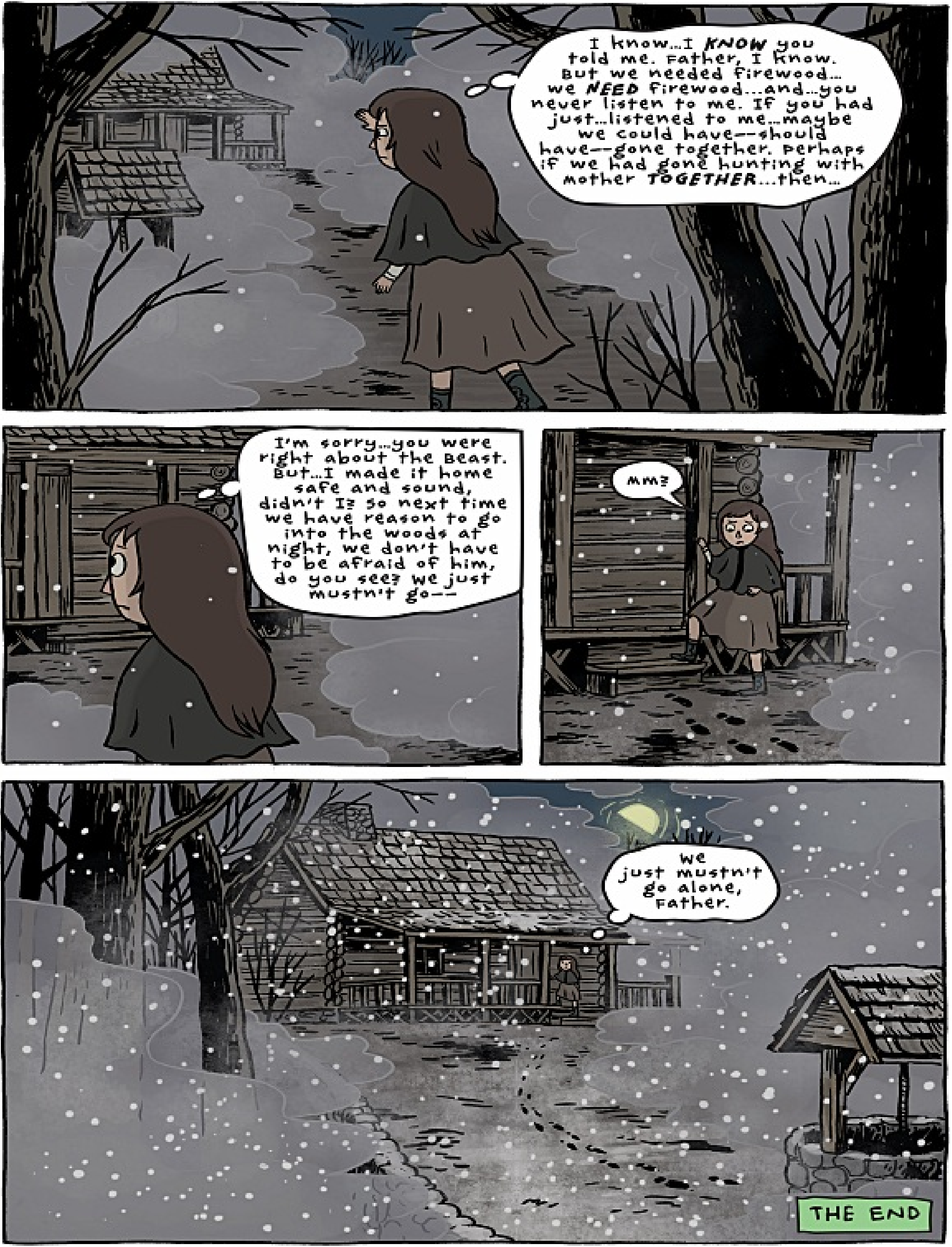

Have you come to recite your little rhymes for me, Anna?


CLAP

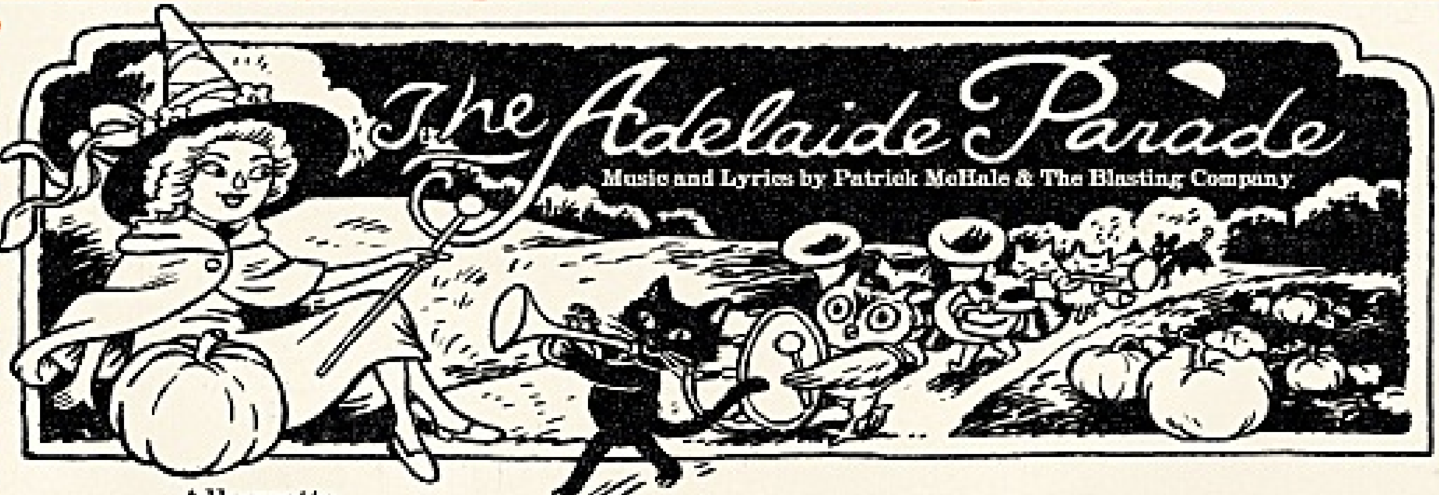

WA!
Another one?
You...y-you! W-w-what have you done?! M-my daughter--


AAARRGH!
DO NOT LET THAT FLAME DIE!
You have taken EVERYTHING from me!


STOP! Your anger will not save your daughter. Look closer... That is no ordinary flame!
Can't you see her? Cant you see her spirit dancing?
Anna...?
Yes, yes, you see? We must keep the flame alive. Now return the lantern to me, and—
Your vile hands will NEVER touch this lantern! YOU HEAR ME, BEAST!
Oh, I hear you. I understand your pain. But keeping the lantern lit is no simple task. Perhaps... Perhaps we'd better make a deal...

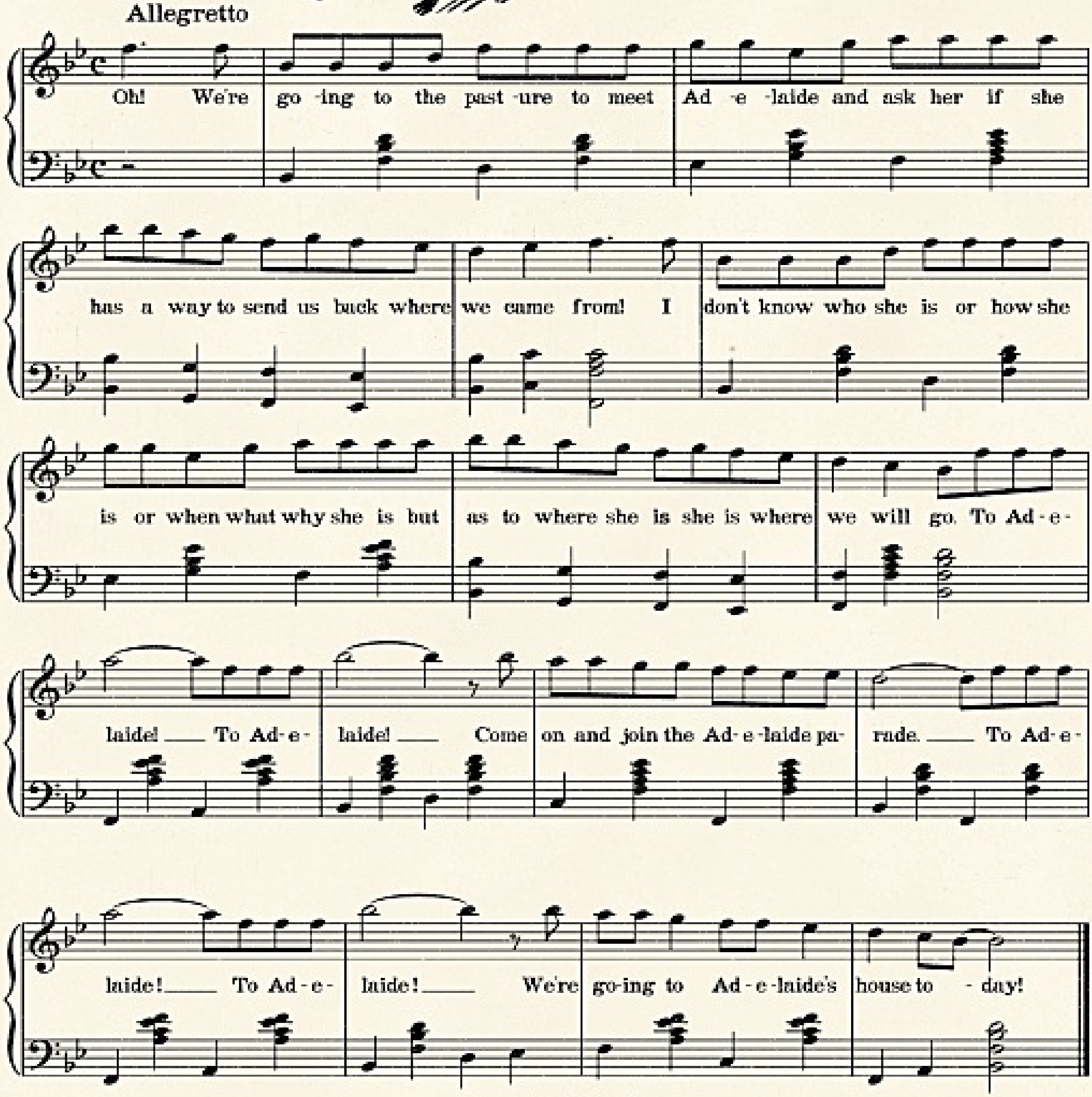

I know...I *KNOW* you told me. Father, I know. But we needed firewood... we *NEED* firewood...and...you never listen to me. If you had just...listened to me...maybe we could have--should have--gone together. Perhaps if we had gone hunting with mother *TOGETHER*....then...
I'm sorry...you were right about the Beast. But...I made it home safe and sound, didn't I? So next time we have reason to go into the woods at night, we don't have to be afraid of him, do you see? We just mustn't go--
Mm?
We just mustn't go alone, Father.
THE END

The Music



The Adelaide Parade

Music and Lyrics by Patrick McHale & The Blasting Company


Allegretto
Oh! We're go-ing to the past-ure to meet Ad-e-laide and ask her if she
has a way to send us back where we came from! I don't know who she is or how she
is or when what why she is but as to where she is she is where we will go. To Ad-e-
laide! To Ad-e-laide! Come on and join the Ad-e-laide pa-rade. To Ad-e-
laide! To Ad-e-laide! We're go-ing to Ad-e-laide's house to-day!

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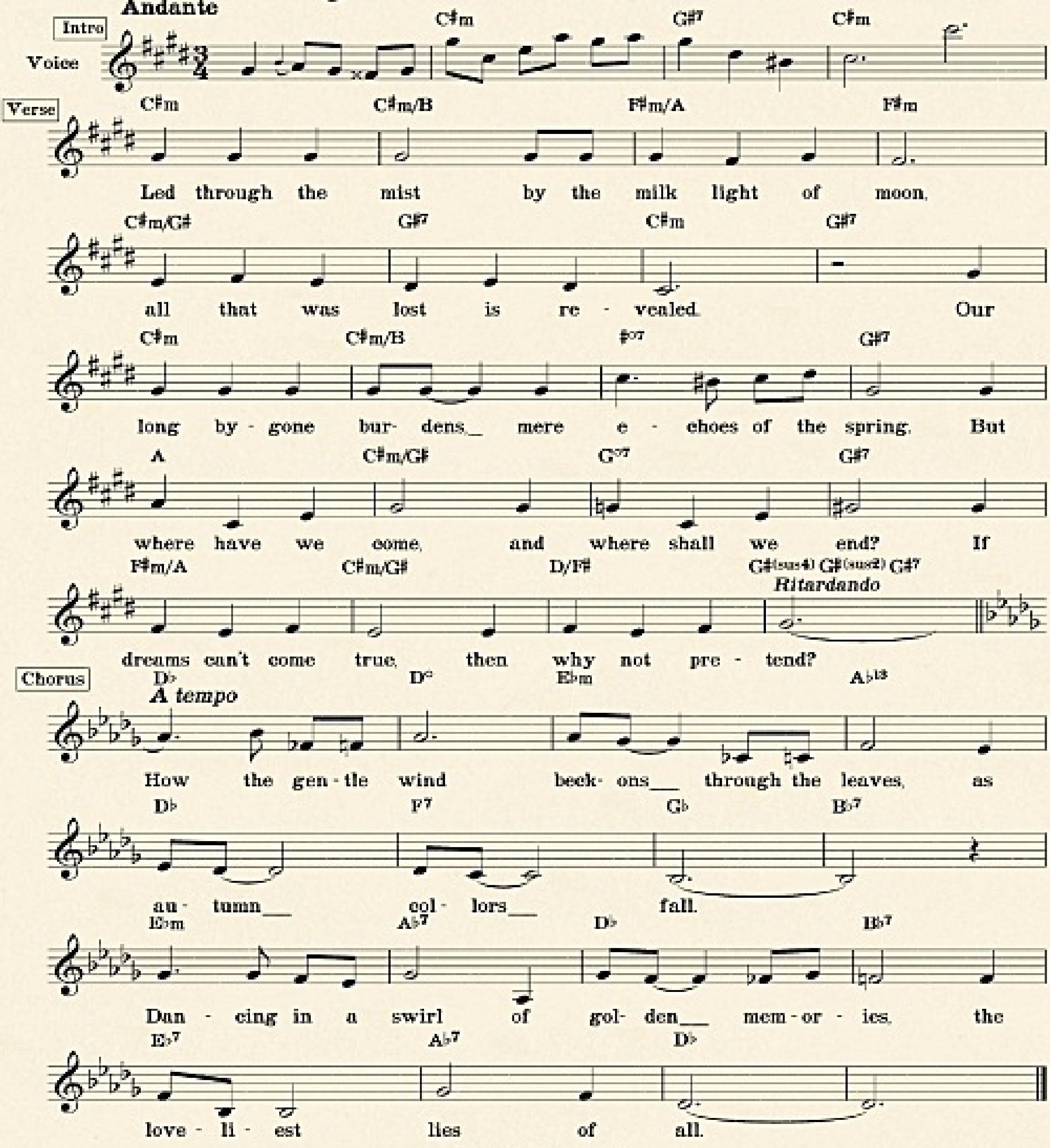
Into The Unknown

Theme From Over The Garden Wall

Music & Lyrics:
Brandon Armstrong
Joshua Kaufman
Patrick McHale
Justin Rubenstein


Andante
Intro
Voice
C♯m G♯7 C♯m
Verse
C♯m C♯m/B F♯m/A F♯m
Led through the mist by the milk light of moon,
C♯m/G♯ G♯7 C♯m G♯7
all that was lost is re - vealed. Our
C♯m C♯m/B ♯o7 G♯7
long by - gone bur- dens__ mere e - choes of the spring. But
A C♯m/G♯ Go7 G♯7
where have we come, and where shall we end? If
F♯m/A C♯m/G♯ D/F♯ G♯(sus4) G♯(sus2) G♯7
Ritardando
dreams can't come true, then why not pre - tend?
Chorus
D♭ D° E♭m A♭13
A tempo
How the gen - tle wind beck- ons__ through the leaves, as
D♭ F7 G♭ B♭7
au - tumn__ col - lors__ fall.
E♭m A♭7 D♭ B♭7
Dan - cing in a swirl of gol- den__ mem - or - ies, the
E♭7 A♭7 D♭
love - li - est lies of all.

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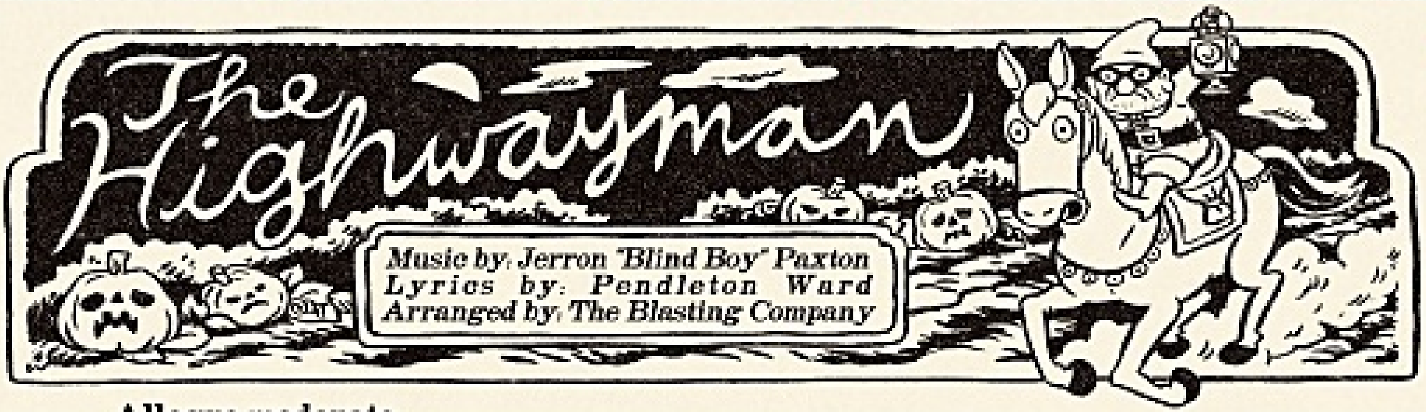
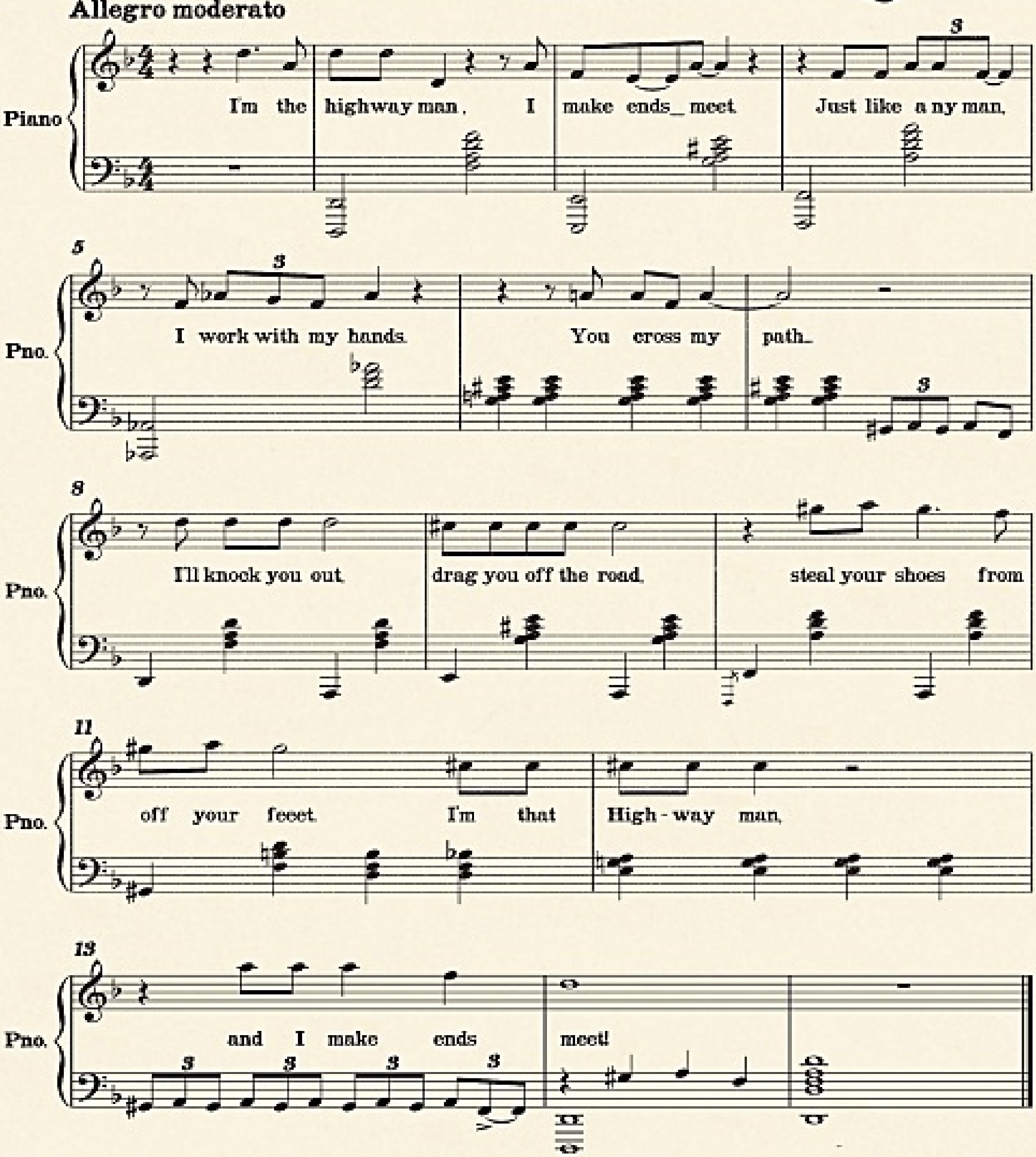


The Highwayman

Music by: Jerron "Blind Boy" Paxton
Lyrics by: Pendleton Ward
Arranged by: The Blasting Company


Allegro moderato
Piano
I'm the highway man, I make ends_ meet. Just like any man,
5
Pno.
I work with my hands. You cross my path_
8
Pno.
I'll knock you out, drag you off the road, steal your shoes from
11
Pno.
off your feeet. I'm that High-way man,
13
Pno.
and I make ends meet!
3

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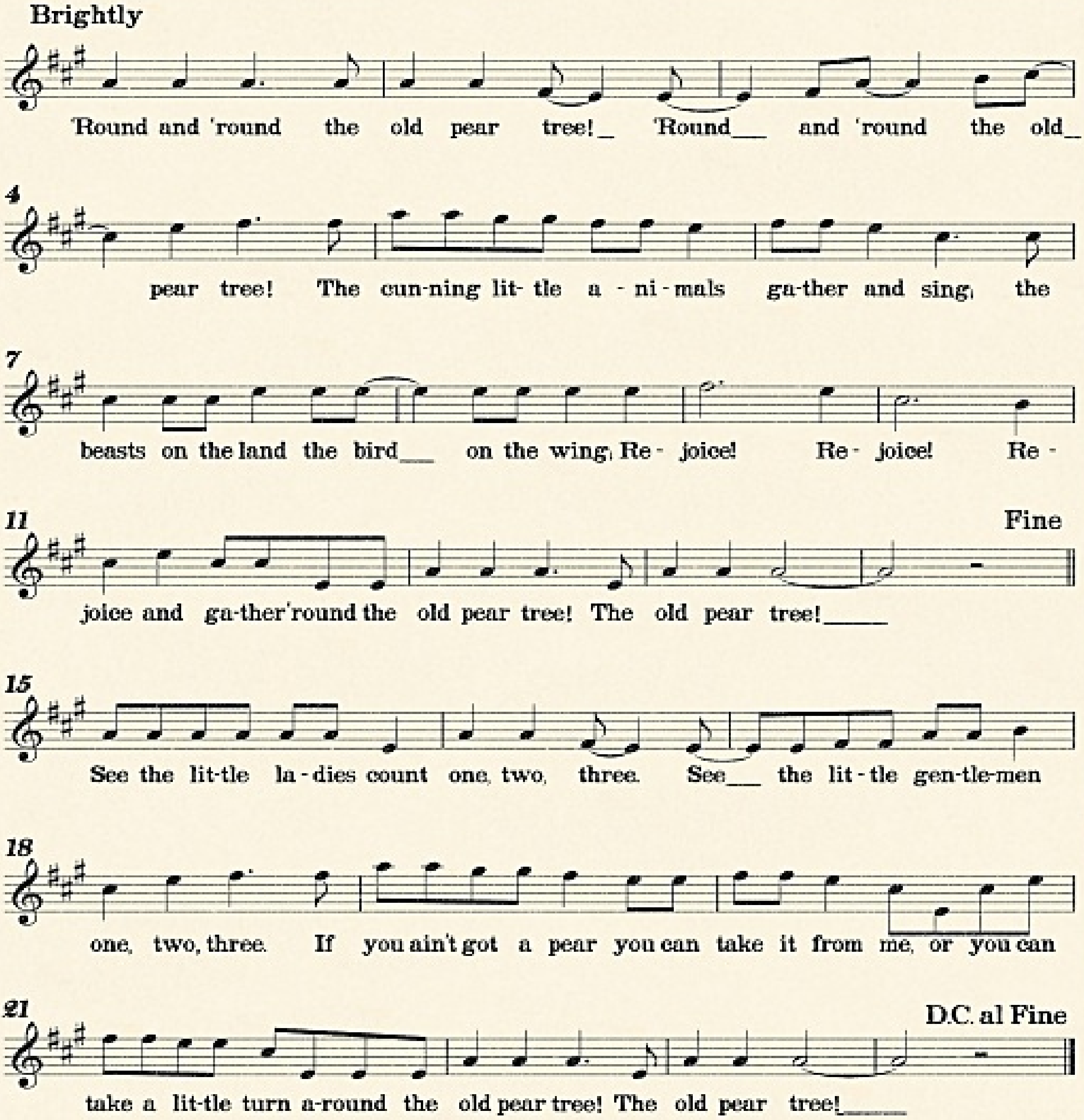
Round the Old Pear Tree

Play it on the Fiddle, or Sing it Around!

By: Patrick McHale
Arranged By:
The Blasting Company


Brightly
'Round and 'round the old pear tree! _ 'Round__ and 'round the old_
4
pear tree! The cun-ning lit-tle a - ni - mals ga-ther and sing, the
7
beasts on the land the bird__ on the wing, Re - joice! Re - joice! Re -
11
Fine
joice and ga-ther 'round the old pear tree! The old pear tree!____
15
See the lit-tle la - dies count one, two, three. See__ the lit - tle gen-tle-men
18
one, two, three. If you ain't got a pear you can take it from me, or you can
21
D.C. al Fine
take a lit-tle turn a-round the old pear tree! The old pear tree!____

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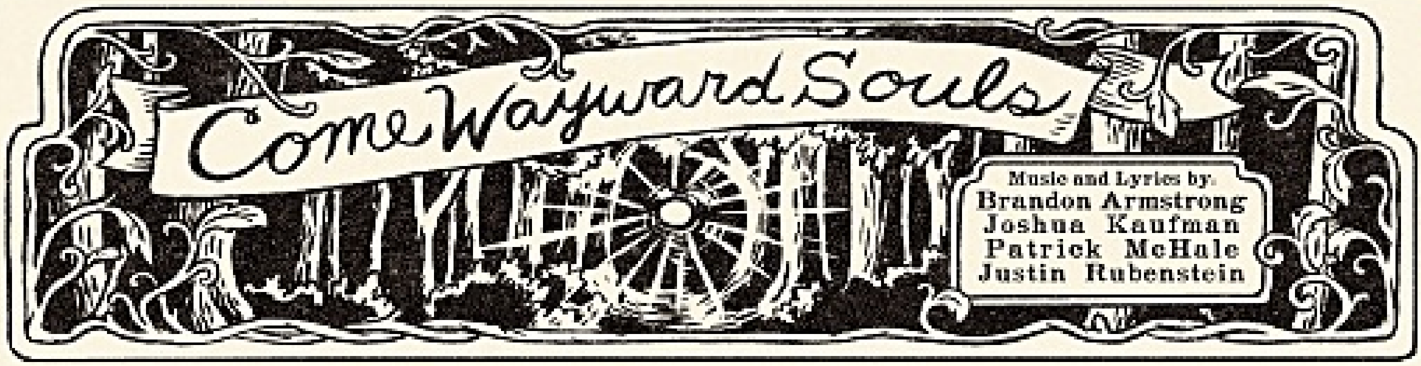
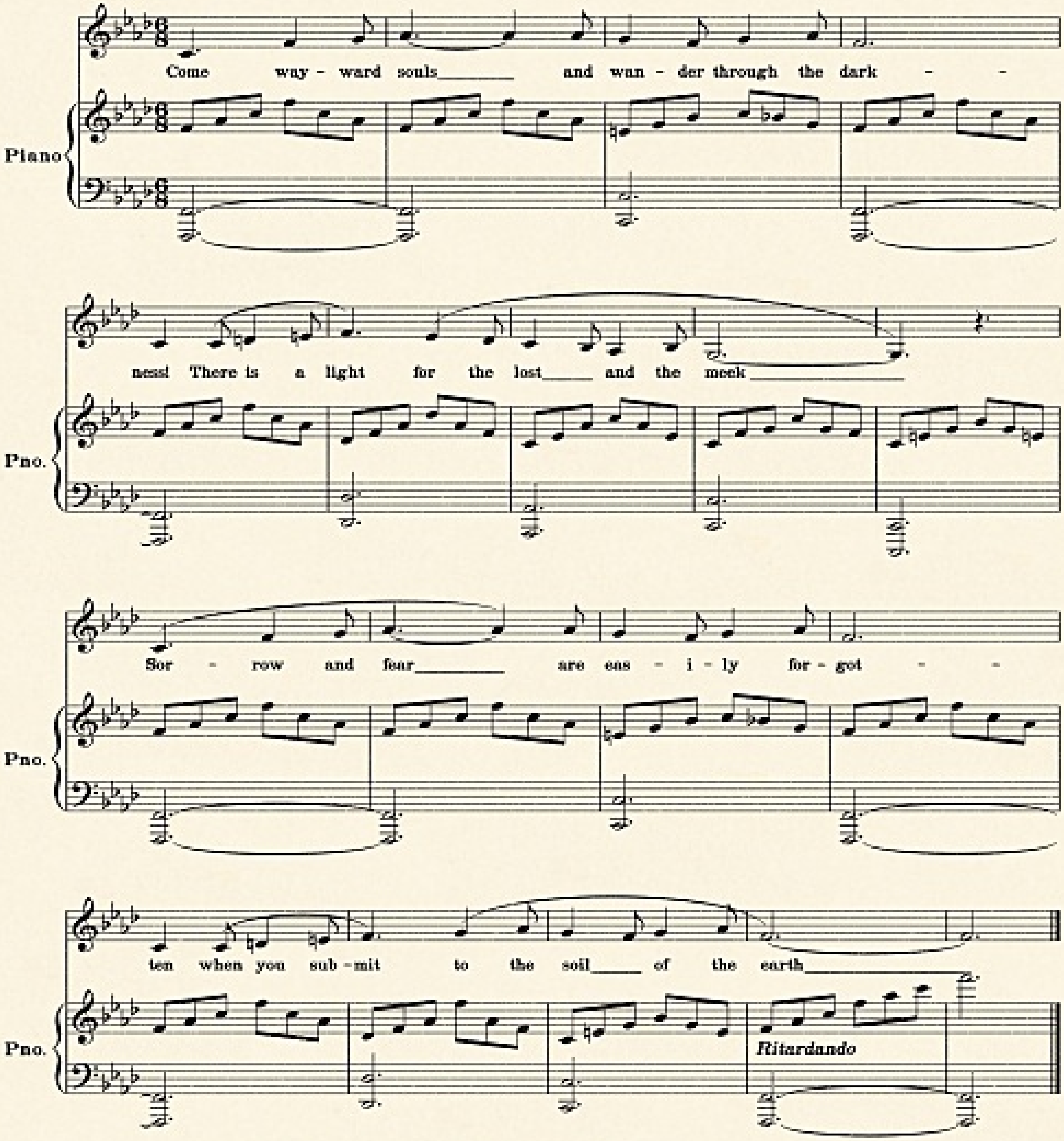


Come Wayward Souls

Music and Lyrics by:
Brandon Armstrong
Joshua Kaufman
Patrick McHale
Justin Rubenstein

Larghetto Mesto


Come way - ward souls and wan - der through the dark - -
Piano
ness! There is a light for the lost and the meek
Pno.
Sor - row and fear are eas - i - ly for - got - -
Pno.
ten when you sub - mit to the soil of the earth
Pno.
Ritardando

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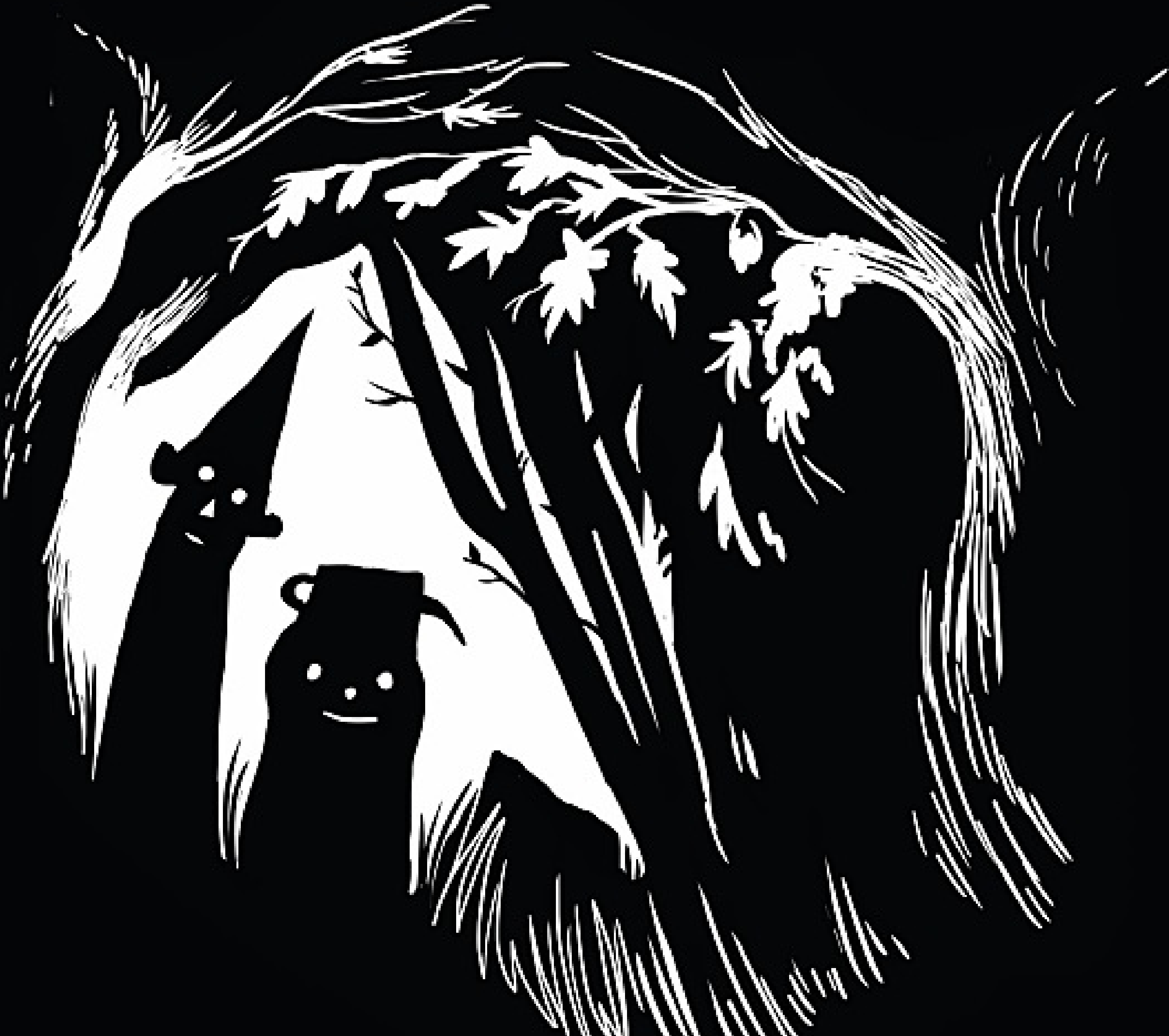
Cover Gallery

SPECIAL #1 VARIANT COVER

Pat McHale



ISSUE #1 BOOM! TEN YEARS VARIANT COVER
JEFFREY BROWN

10

ISSUE #1 VARIANT COVER
CAREY PIETSCH

ISSUE #1 VARIANT COVER
MICHAEL DIMOTTA

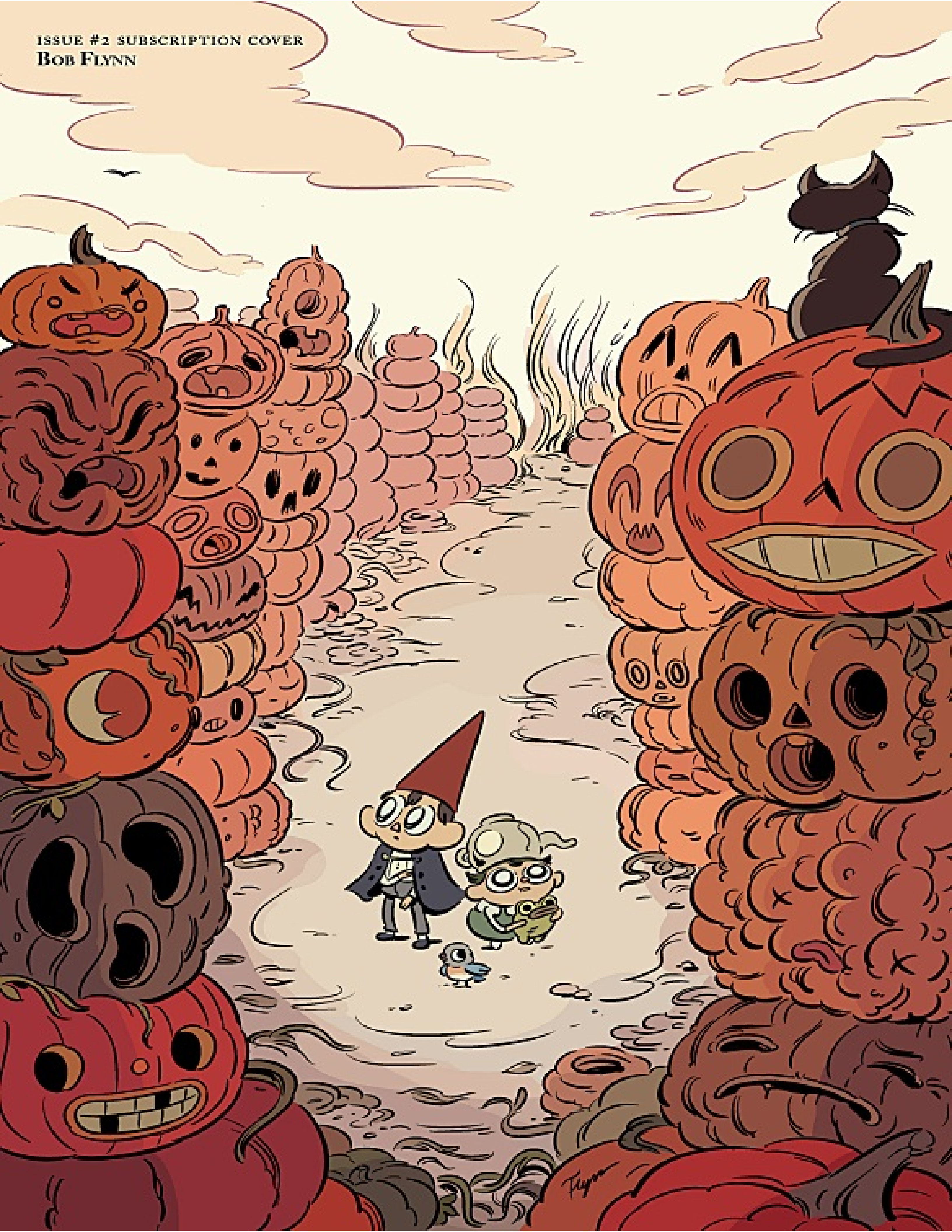
ISSUE #1 SUBSCRIPTION COVER
STEVE WOLFHARD

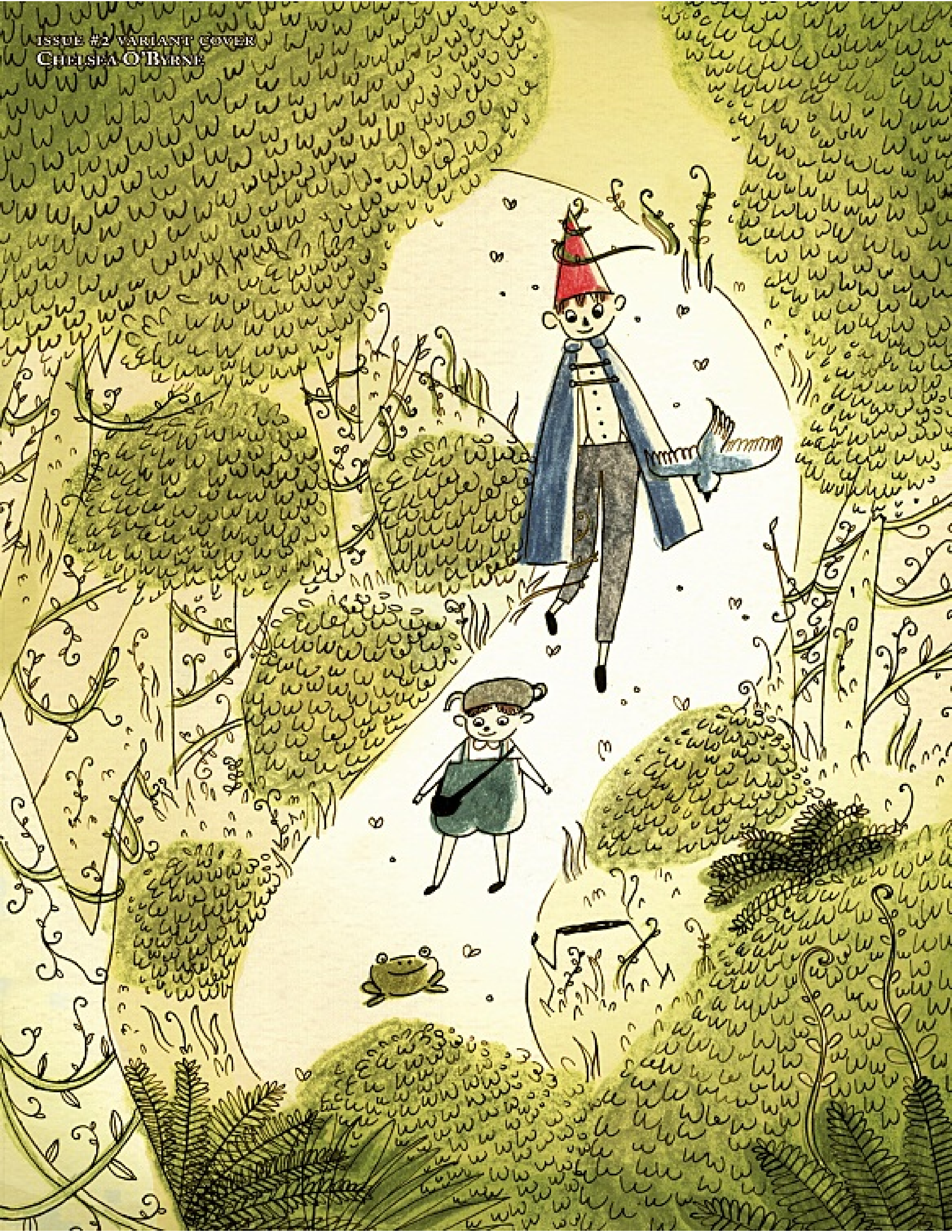
ISSUE #1 DIAMOND RETAILER SUMMIT EXCLUSIVE COVER

Kara Leopard

ISSUE #2 SUBSCRIPTION COVER

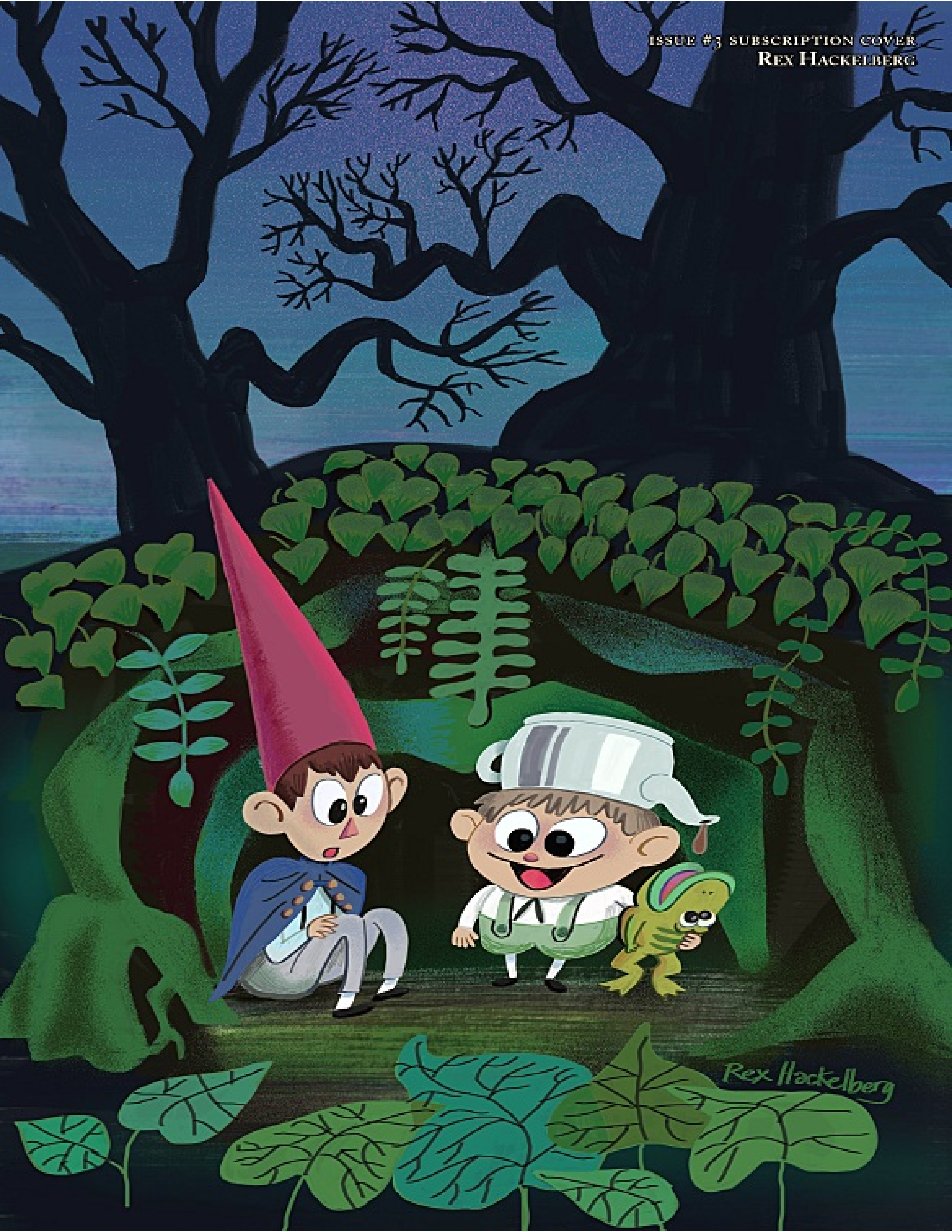
Bob Flynn





ISSUE #2 VARIANT COVER

Chelsea O'Byrne

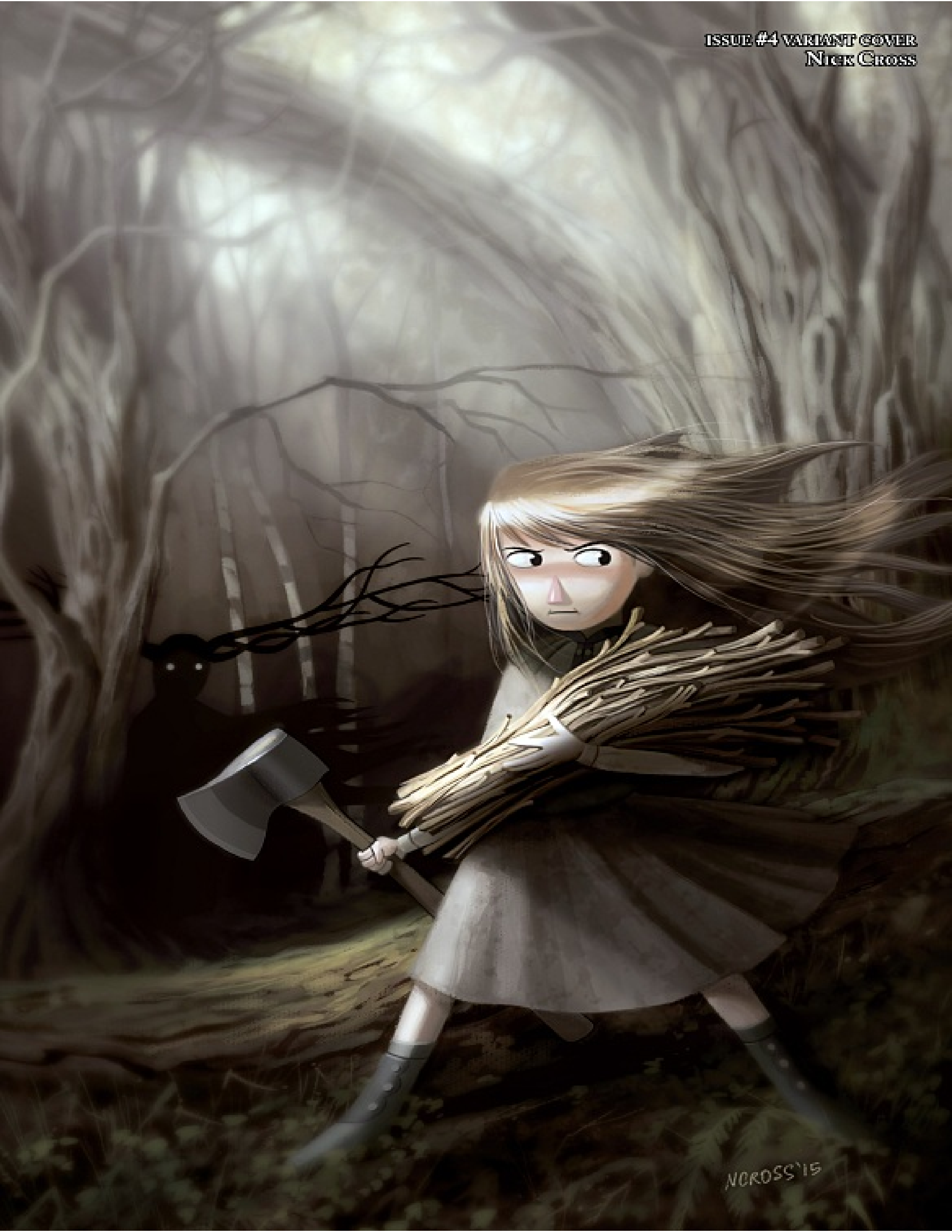


ISSUE #3 SUBSCRIPTION COVER
REX HACKELBERG

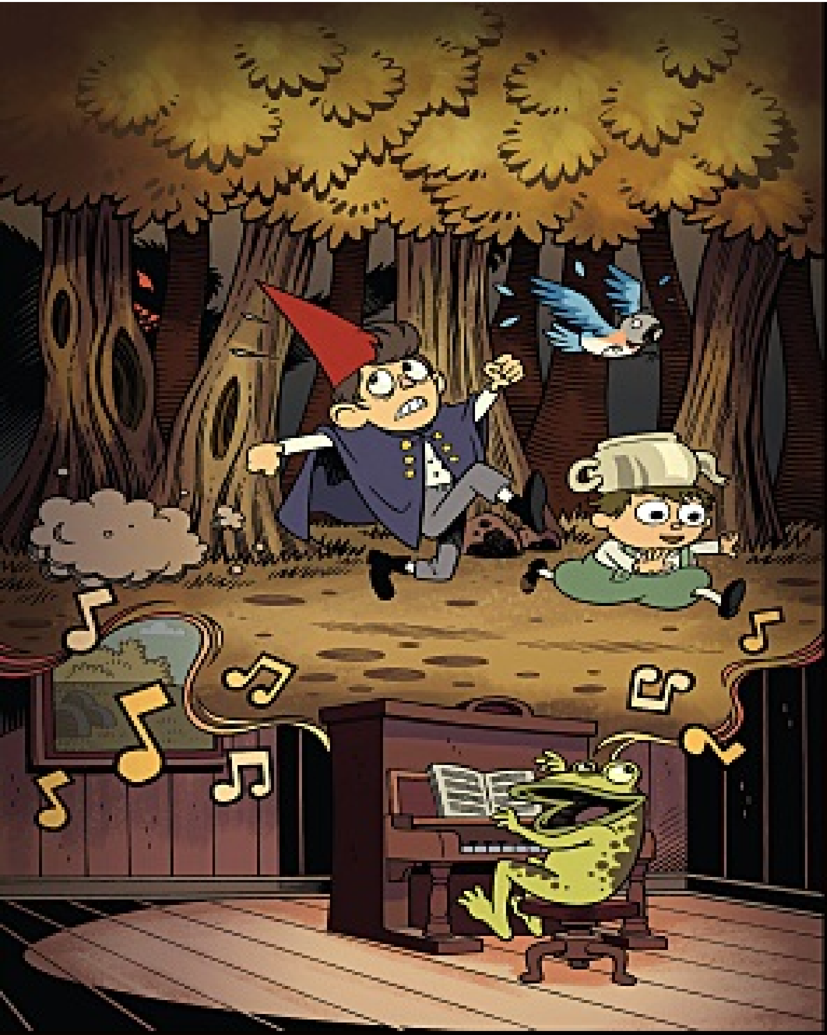
Rex Hackelberg

ISSUE #3 VARIANT COVER
MATT FORSYTHE

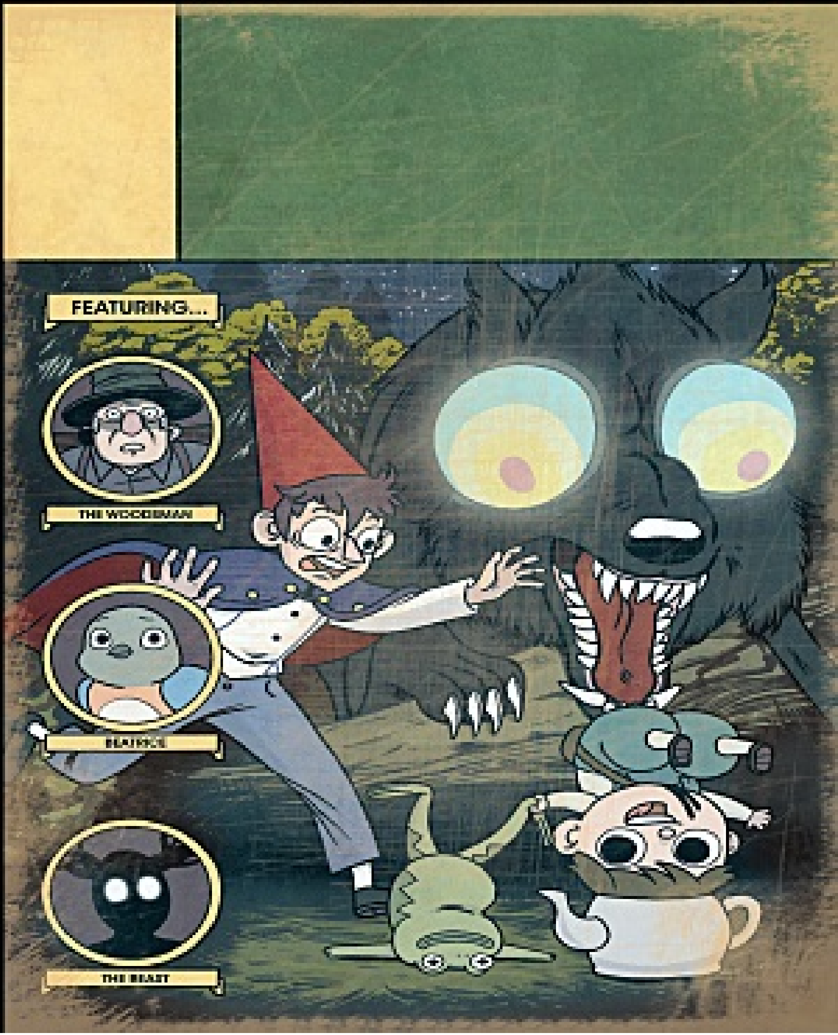
ISSUE #4 VARIANT COVER
NICK CROSS



ISSUE #4 VARIANT COVER
LEVON JIHANIAN



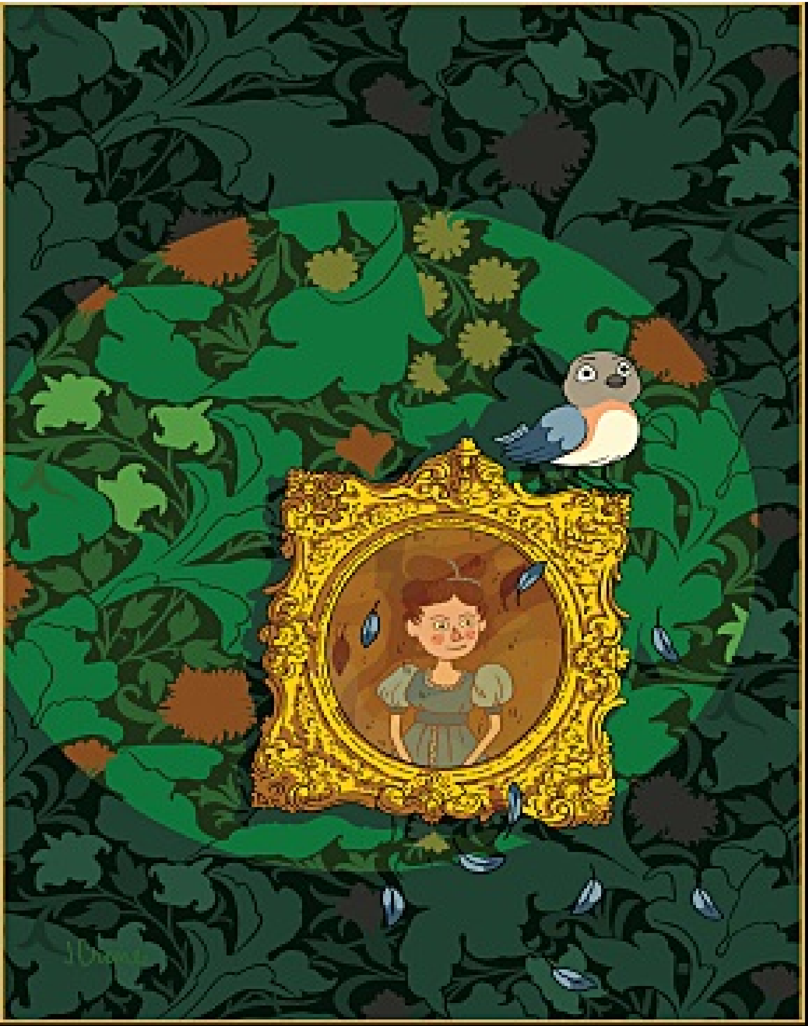
ISSUE #1 BALTIMORE COMIC CON EXCLUSIVE COVER
ROGER LANGRIDGE


FEATURING...
THE WOODSMAN
BEATRICE
THE BEAST

ISSUE #1 LARRY'S COMICS EXCLUSIVE COVER
RACHEL DUKES

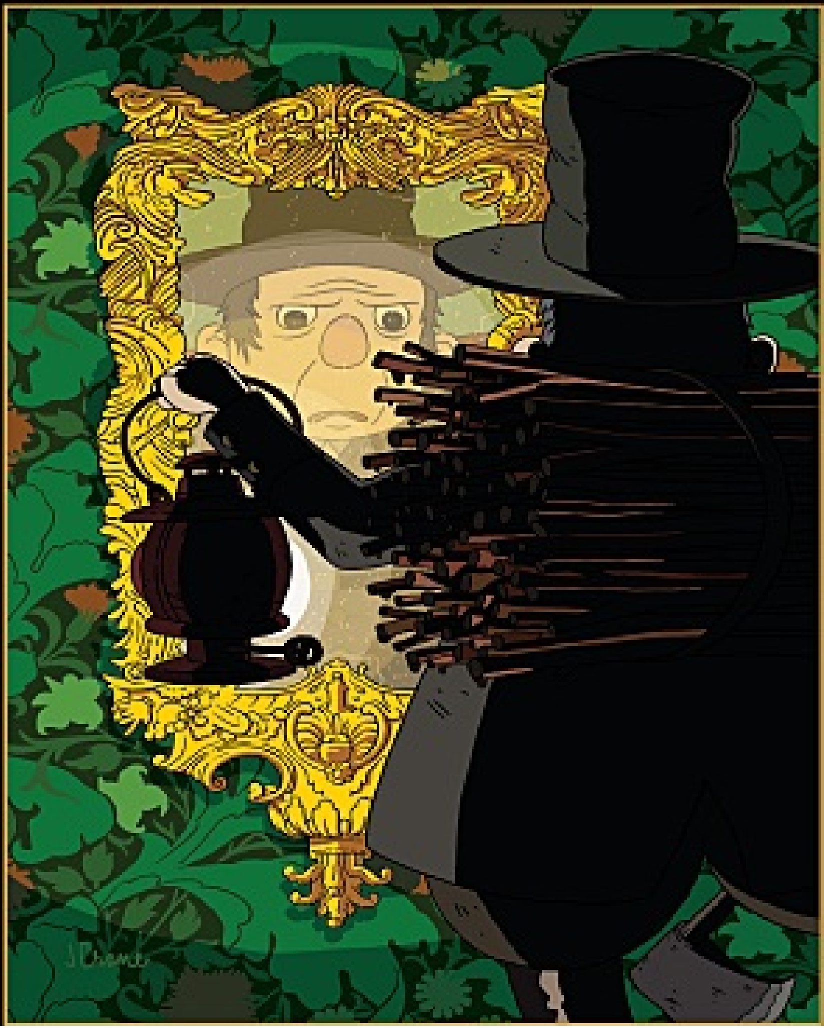
ISSUE #1 BOOM! STUDIOS EXCLUSIVE COVER
JORDAN CRANE

ISSUE #2 BOOM! STUDIOS EXCLUSIVE COVER
JORDAN CRANE



ISSUE #3 BOOM! STUDIOS EXCLUSIVE COVER
JORDAN CRANE

ISSUE #4 BOOM! STUDIOS EXCLUSIVE COVER
JORDAN CRANE



Based on the Emmy Award-winning Cartoon Network miniseries, this companion graphic novel follows Wirt and Greg, two half-brothers lost in a strange and endless wood called the Unknown. To find their way home, they must make it through this eerie place, where their only guide is a sardonic bluebird named Beatrice, and an elderly Woodsman. But as things become stranger and stranger, can they find their way out...alive?

Written by the show creator Pat McHale (***Adventure Time***™) and illustrated by show storyboard artist Jim Campbell, ***Over the Garden Wall***™ features tales that fill in the blanks of the critically acclaimed miniseries, making it an essential guidebook for your own journey into the Unknown!